

# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



Madame Schumann-Heink · George Creel · Karl W. Detzer  
Robert E. Sherwood · Richard Washburn Child

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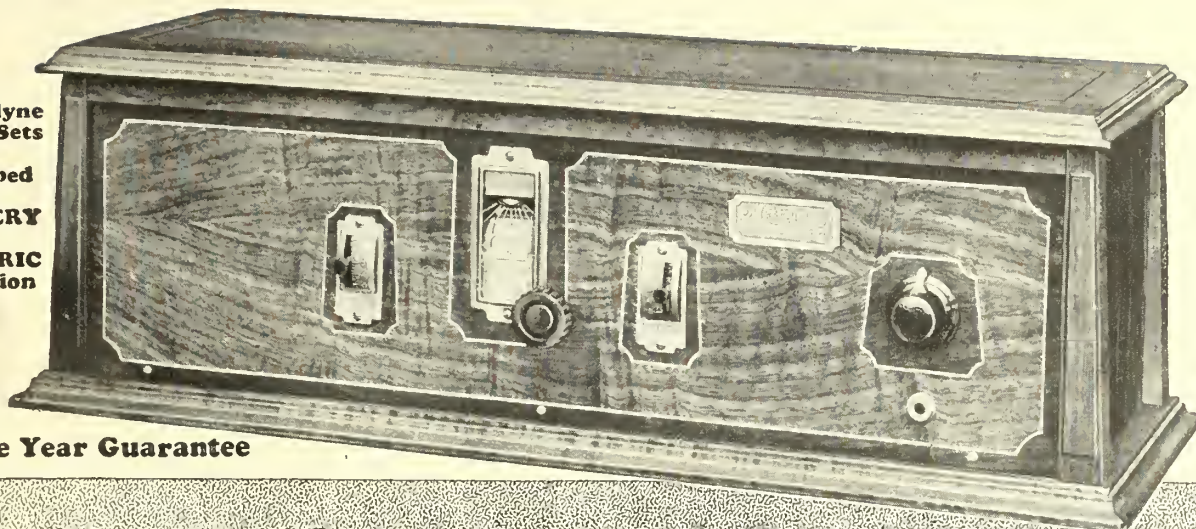
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# The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

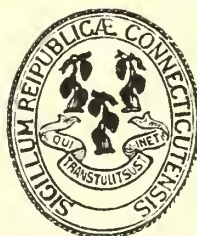


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## THE STARS IN THE FLAG

CONNECTICUT: One of the thirteen original colonies. Adrian Block discovered the Connecticut River in 1614 and the Dutch established a trading post. In 1636, colonists from Massachusetts founded the towns of Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield, and to govern them framed the first popular constitution in America. In 1638 Lord Saye and Sele, who wished to found a commonwealth based on the Bible as law, established the colony of New Haven. In 1662 King Charles II granted a charter to John Winthrop, who founded the colony of Connecticut. The new colony absorbed the older ones, and its boundaries extended to Lake Erie. The colonial authorities sold the land outside the present boundaries of the State and spent the money for public schools. Population, 1700, 237,046; 1926 (U. S. Census), 1,606,401. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1000, 50.9; 1910, 65.6; 1920, 67.8. Area, 4,965 sq. miles. Density of population, 1920, 286.4 per sq. mile. Rank among



the States, 20th in population, 46th in area, fourth in density. Capital, Hartford (1026 U. S.), 164,000. Three largest cities, New Haven, 182,000; Hartford, Bridgeport, 152,500. Estimated wealth (U. S. Census 1923), \$5,286,445,000. Principal sources of wealth (U. S. Census 1923), brass products, \$164,307,676; machine-shop products, \$84,386,621; hardware, \$83,643,013. All crops in the State, according to the 1920 census, were valued at \$44,472,644, with tobacco (1921 figures), leading with a production of 45,074,000 pounds, and next in order fruits, nuts, and garden truck. Connecticut had 67,700 men in the service during the World War. The State motto, adopted in 1842, is "Qui transtulit sustinet" — "He who transplanted still sustains." The name Connecticut is derived from the Indian word *quoneckcut*, meaning long river, or river of pines. The nickname is the Nutmeg State, based on the alleged practice of Yankee traders of selling wooden nutmegs for the genuine article.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*

T. H. LAINE, *Advertising Manager*

JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*

The American Legion Monthly is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1927, by the Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Post Office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents; yearly subscription, in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 331 Madison Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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# THE MESSAGE CENTER



THE assembled delegates are asked to rise and stand at as close an approximation to attention as possible after the interval of several years. The gentleman coming up the aisle, the cause of all this ceremony and breath-bating, is James W. Burrows. Mr. Burrows is a reserve lieutenant colonel of infantry and a member of William Clinton Storey Post of Freeport, New York, but the tribute which the multitude is paying him has nothing to do with his military or Legion status.

TO GO back into history for a minute: In the March issue Gene Tunney mentioned the fact that he had read Edward Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" entire. This seemed to us so notable a feat that we offered to print the names of all Legionnaires who could say as much for themselves. Thirteen said so, as has been duly recorded on this page. Nine more Legionnaires have since qualified, raising the total to twenty-two. One of these nine is Mr. Burrows.

WHY, some agitated customer in the third row is beginning to ask, all this fuss about Mr. Burrows? Let him speak for himself: "Kindly mark me down as one who has read Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' every word of the six volumes, three several times. It contains an inexhaustible fund of instruction that is applicable to present-day conditions for those who can interpret it, and is full of meat to the student of military affairs." If that doesn't qualify Mr. Burrows for perpetual president of the Gibbon Society, summa cum laude with palm, we give up.

OTHER new members admitted into the Society this month are B. C. Gebert of Beaverton, Michigan, who qualified "years ago while I was going to high school"; Charles W. Montgomery of Newark (Ohio) Post, who "did this about fifteen years ago (I might not now have the patience to undertake it)," and L. C. Griffith of Spring City, Tennessee, a member of Fred W. Brady Post of Dayton, Tennessee. Mr. Griffith, like Mr. Burrows and several other members of the Society who have previously been accepted, points out the applicability of Gibbon's history to the problems of contemporary society. "Anyone reading it," he writes, "cannot help but have a better understanding of the problems of modern government as he reads of the

struggles of the Roman government with the divorce evil, crime waves, religious intolerance, the multitude of radical laws enacted, repealed, and enacted again, and the difficulties they had in enforcing them. One is inclined to think that progress in the regulation of human conduct is rather slow when we find we have exactly the same problems to solve and are apparently as far from a solution of them as those old Romans were two thousand years ago. I think that if some of our modern lawmakers would read Gibbon understandingly we would be spared some of the flood of fool laws which now afflict us."

WAIT, here are some more: H. E. Dobson of Greensboro, North Carolina, a member of Henry K. Burtner Post, writes: "The first two volumes I read in school—was not exactly required to, but my professor suggested it. I left school at the completion of the second volume to join the Navy, read volume three while in service, and have completed the others since my discharge. Am I a member or am I not?" Ans.: Yes. Harry L. Symonds of Pawhuska, Oklahoma, inherited a set of Gibbon from his father; "I had the set for twenty years without reading it," he says, "but I finally did so. My particular friend of the front in France, Donald E. Martin, now Deputy United States Marshal, Hyder, Alaska, writes that he read all of Gibbon a year or so before the war, but he seems to be too modest to tell you of it." The Marshal is admitted under Mr. Symonds's sponsorship. I. Abramhoff of Crosscup-Pishon Post, Boston, Massachusetts, qualified as far back as 1907, when he was seventeen years old. He read some Gibbon every day, Sundays included, for three months. He is going to read it again some day. "From what I have seen of the members of this post," he adds, "I feel certain there are quite a few of my comrades here whose modesty alone prevents their joining your honor roll." Come along in, boys. Howard B. Keasbey of Salem, New Jersey, qualifies and adds that he has also read Grote's "History of Greece." George I. Sullivan of Post 65, Frankford, Philadelphia, applies for part membership. "You will recall," he writes, "the blonde in the book where light-complexioned dames were given preference. She found the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini 'interesting in spots.' Well, I read every word of that part of Gibbon's work touching on the life of the Empress Theodora. If that will not entitle me to full membership it should at least qualify me for the job of janitor of the club. I don't want

to be bouncer if Tunney is a member." Sorry, Mr. Sullivan, but the eligibility committee says you've got to take all the degrees. You must read Gibbon entire, but you can skip the part about the Empress Theodora if you want to.

SINCE so much of Karl W. Detzer's earlier work in The American Legion Weekly was based on actual incidents in A.E.F. post-Armistice history, and since his first appearance in the Monthly (in the August issue) was with a fact story in which the heroes were not D. C. I. men but M. P.'s (hoora-a-a-ay!), it may not do any harm to announce that "The Murder of Captain Walsh" is straight fiction. We mention this lest some former Le Mansite get himself all het up trying to recall an episode that never happened.

MADAME Ernestine Schumann-Heink is one of the best-known and best-loved American women . . . Robert E. Sherwood is editor of *Life* and a veteran of the Canadian Black Watch. His first play, "The Road to Rome," produced a few months back, and a striking success, is about Hannibal—maybe Mr. Sherwood has read Gibbon . . . Chet Shafer of Three Rivers, Michigan, was an A. E. F. private and is now Grand Diapason of the Guild of Former Pipe-Organ Pumpers. We shall be glad to pass on to him the names of any Legionnaire eligibles. (Free ad.) . . . Robert R. McCormick is editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. He was a member of General Pershing's staff in 1917, and subsequently served with various artillery outfits in the A. E. F., last as colonel of the 61st Field. He is a Chicagoan who was born in Chicago . . . Willard Cooper is editor of the New London (Connecticut) *Day* . . . The names of Karl W. Detzer, Joseph Mills Hanson, and George Creel are already familiar to readers of the Monthly.

NEXT month: Part One of a new A. E. F. serial by Hugh Wiley, Part Two of Mr. Detzer's mystery story, a Christmas story by Arthur Somers Roche, and a full account of the proceedings of the Ninth National Convention of The American Legion—held, you may recall, in Paris.

*The Editor*

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

# THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES

IN a *pavillon d'amour* in the walled garden of a house of mystery, guarded by ferocious bloodhounds, was a perfume-laden boudoir luxuriously furnished in white, rose, and gold; with roses everywhere. It was a retreat which no one could penetrate without the secret password; a love-nest from which no sound could escape; one where even shrieks would be of no more avail than in the middle of the Sahara.

Here love and jealousy fight a fatal battle for life and here the fascinating story of *The Girl with the Golden Eyes* reaches its climax. It is a story of love-notes, mysterious blindfolded carriage rides, and clandestine meetings. It is a story of passion, jealousy, perfidy, and vengeance never equalled in all literature.

You can read this strange story of one of the many undercurrents of life in Paris and many other thrilling stories of love, mystery, and adventure in

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You will read of the fascinating Valerie, who had four lovers at once, none suspecting the others and each believing himself favored, until a Brazilian baron surprised her with a young sculptor—and of his terrible revenge.

### LOVE AND ADVENTURE

You will read of the mysterious Ferragus—of the visits of a pretty lady, of their discovery and the tragic result. You will see how the Duchesse de Langeais trifled with her lovers, how she toyed with one once too often, how he abducted her and—but read for yourself this story of love and passion. Balzac will also show you Rome and Venice. You will read how Sarra sine fell in love with Zambinella, the beautiful Roman singer, how he kidnapped her—and of the strange disclosure. You will be with Facino Cane as he digs his way out of his dungeon in the Doge's palace in Venice and finally breaks through the last wall, to see—but let him tell you himself.

### FROM THE UNDERWORLD TO PALACES

Follow Balzac through the mazes of Parisian life. He will take you down into the underworld with its dark alleys and its infamous houses and gambling dens at night when the vices of Paris throw off all restraint.

You will penetrate the attics of the Latin Quarter. You will go with Balzac to the balls of the nobility. You will join him in the cafés and clubs. You will go through the courts, prisons, and convents. You will go behind the scenes of the theatre and opera and peek into the boudoirs and the love-nests.



### NOTHING HIDDEN. LIFE AS IT IS

You will meet desperate thieves and cut-throats, detectives, rakes and roués, fascinating mistresses and courtesans, beaux and dandies, spies and peasants. You will join the throng of artists, sirens, alluring ballet girls, butterflies, gamblers, and ravishing women.

You will read stories of hate and revenge; of code letters, and secret doors. You will read of illicit intrigues, of the world of follies, of nights of love, of passionate pleasure seeking and the depraved desire for gold. Balzac will show you men and women as he found them, hiding nothing, but telling all with realistic fidelity to truth. He will show you good and evil with the fearless and virile touch of the master—the man who knew Paris.

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Because the subscribers to the limited edition on Japan paper at \$165.00 a set paid for the plates from which these books are printed, you can get a set at a sensational saving of \$142.00. But it was only by ordering in the manufacturer's dull season that we are able to make you this special offer for a short time—when these remaining sets are gone we may have to withdraw this special low price offer.

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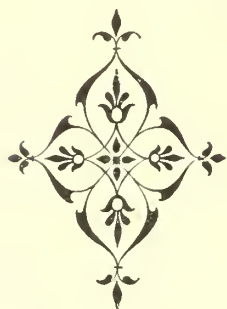
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# WHY I LOVE THE UNITED STATES

*By Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink*



WHEN some broken-bodied boy who cannot die, yet can never live as others live, smiles wanly up from his hospital cot to tell me, "Yes, I'm getting along fine, mother, they treat me all right"—then I know why I love the United States and its people.

For almost thirty years, now, I have lived here and loved my adopted country. For twenty of these years I knew I preferred the United States above the nations of the world and its people above even the people whose blood ran in my veins—but I did not know why. The best explanation I could muster was a confession of ignorance: "When I came here to sing I felt from the first that these were the people among whom I should have been born. I can't know why."

And no wonder the reason was too elusive for me. The greatest catastrophe of all times, the World War, was the agency required to lay bare to view the true character of the American people, to strip from a part of them the veneer which they modestly use to conceal their most worthwhile qualities.

Ten years ago, when boys from every corner of this country answered its call, they came to training camps to serve. In their life there, stripped of non-essentials and concentrated on the single purpose of giving their best for the common good, these boys—and girls, too, in less numbers—showed the stuff of which this nation is made.

No matter what they had been in civil life. The tough city gangster settled down to a discipline he had never known—and made a good soldier or sailor. The pampered son of wealth took to the dreary, busy routine—if he grumbled it was only to let his fellows see he was as hard-boiled as themselves. Boys from every walk of life gave wholeheartedly to the common cause. They made of that cause a crusade of righteousness.

We may look back at it all today with a cynical smile and say that it was futile, that we fought only because we had to and that we would not do it again under the same circum-



stances. But while our lips are saying these things, our hearts know they are not the truth. Underneath the surface we were idealists in those days; today we are still, thank God, a nation of idealists—and in the inmost chambers of our souls proud that we are.

I could not fight. I was an old woman even then. My four boys in this country wore the American uniform loyally and well, while their brother in Germany fought and died for the Central Powers. But I did the only thing I could: I went into the camps here, sang for the men and used my abilities in what ways I could to further my adopted country's ends.

In this round of the training camps I came to know this country and my countrymen as I had never known them before. They were real, those gallant

young men—they were the real America. Those boys did not know it, they would in their self-effacement for national good have denied the accusation, but they were the spirit incarnate that made this nation what it is.

It was not the applause of the nation's music lovers that made me a loyal American so soon after I came to this country to sing in 1898. Nor was it the welcome into hospitable homes of wealth and distinction that won me to America. Something bigger, deeper, finer—something so elusive that for twenty years I could not put my finger on what it was—made me tear up my roots from the Austrian homeland and sink them into American soil.

America—sane of judgment, loyal of heart, warm of sympathy, considerate to everyone—no wonder I loved her from the first! No nation ever merited the affection of a foreign-born citizen as does this one.

So the United States won me, made a German-speaking singer decide to learn the language, live the customs, change her allegiance. Never in my life have I chosen so well as the day I moved my family to this country.

By that choice I was able to bring up my children Americans. Thus they received the greatest heritage that can come to anyone today.

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"Before enrolling with N. S. T. A., I was a cow-puncher. When I completed the Course, I started out as a salesman. I made more than \$3,000 in the next five months, which is proof enough that N. S. T. A. helped me. Since then I have made as high as \$525 a week!" WM. SHORE, Neenach, Calif.

## Former Clerk



### \$22,500 Last Year

"At the time of enrollment, I was working as a grocery clerk for \$30 a week. My first year as a salesman paid me better than \$5,000, my second was better than \$7,500 and the third paid me \$22,500! I know that without N. S. T. A. training, I would still be working as a clerk and receiving only \$30 a week!"

V. H. HARELSOON, Miami, Fla.

## Former Factory Man



### Over \$10,000 A Year

"Your splendid course is worth thousands of dollars to any man. When I started the N. S. T. A. course, I was a foreman in a rubber curing room at \$160 a month. I started selling after nine weeks and today my salary runs into 5 figures. I shall always have a warm place in my heart for N. S. T. A."

R. B. HANSEN, Akron, Ohio.



### \$700 A Month

"I was dragging along as a farmer—barely existing. I decided to train with N. S. T. A. After finishing I received a list of firms wanting salesmen from you; I applied to 3 firms, and took the best one. Led my sales force and earned close to \$700 last month."

L. O. HALLOMAN, Slaton, Texas.



### 300% Increase

"I was formerly a decorator but since taking your course, have held a position as a specialty salesman which brings me from \$5,000 to \$7,000 a year—300% increase. I can state that it has all come through N. S. T. A."

B. F. BOILLON, Columbus, Ohio.



### \$1,000 A Week

"Before taking the N. S. T. A. course, I was making \$200 a month but could see no future. Since taking your course, I have advanced steadily and am now District Manager for a big concern. Last week my earnings amounted to over \$1,000. Any N. S. T. A. graduate in Arkansas, Mo., La., Tex. or Oklahoma wanting work, write me. I want N. S. T. A. salesmen for they are the fellows who bring home the bacon."

O. D. OLIVER, Norman, Okla.

# Last Year's Pay Looks Like Small Change To These Men Today!

Here Are Six Men Who Were Formerly Caught In the Hopeless Treadmill of Low Pay Jobs! Today Every One of Them Reports Earning From \$5,000 Up to \$22,500 a Year Right Now—The Same Opportunity That Changed Their Lives So Completely Is Open to YOU! Don't Fail to Read Every Word of This Vital Message!

## RAISED THEIR PAY 800% WHEN THEY DISCOVERED SALESMANSHIP

Think what an 800% increase in salary actually amounts to—in terms of dollars and cents. Take your own salary for example. Multiply it by 8. Figure every hundred dollars you make as if it were eight hundred dollars! Think what you could do with it—and you'll realize how amazingly these six men have prospered in so short a time.

Every one of them pictured here has known the seamy side of life. They were not always "on top"—and have not always made \$5,000—\$10,000—and \$20,000 salaries. Nor have they always enjoyed the freedom and independence they possess today. One was a cow-puncher; another a clerk; another a factory worker—and \$50 a week was the biggest salary of the lot! They were simply ordinary fellows—with ambition and very little more. But that was yesterday!

### The First Step Up The Ladder

Men with REAL (not bogus) ambition usually find a way to go up the ladder and get what they want. These six men did. And all of them chose SALESMANSHIP because they realized that it offers bigger rewards—and delivers them quicker than any other profession under the sun!

One or two of these men hesitated awhile because of the foolish superstition that salesmen have to be born with some mysterious gift—but in the end they all cast their lots with the National Salesmen's Training Association—with astonishing and gratifying results!

### Easy As A-B-C

The experience of Mr. Hansen, who rose from \$160 a month as a factory man to over \$1,000 a month after N. S. T. A. training—and the experiences of the five other men shown on this page are typical. Together with hundreds like them, they prove that any man of average intelligence can



J. E. Greenslade, President  
Dept. S-20 N. S. T. A. Building Chicago, Ill.

quickly become a Master Salesman and enjoy the big earnings and advantages that go with it.

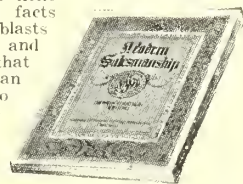
Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the National Demonstration Method, an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.

### Remarkable Book FREE

Right now—we are offering to send you a copy of a remarkable man-building volume called "Modern Salesmanship"—absolutely Free!

It contains hundreds of little-known and surprising facts about salesmanship; blasts dozens of old theories; and outlines a simple plan that will enable most any man to realize his ambition to earn bigger pay—whatever his present job may be. Clip the coupon now. No obligation. Mail it today!

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Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship"—and particulars of your Free Employment Service for members.

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*Tulane — Yoke and sleeves*

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# ADLER COLLEGIAN

C L O T H E S

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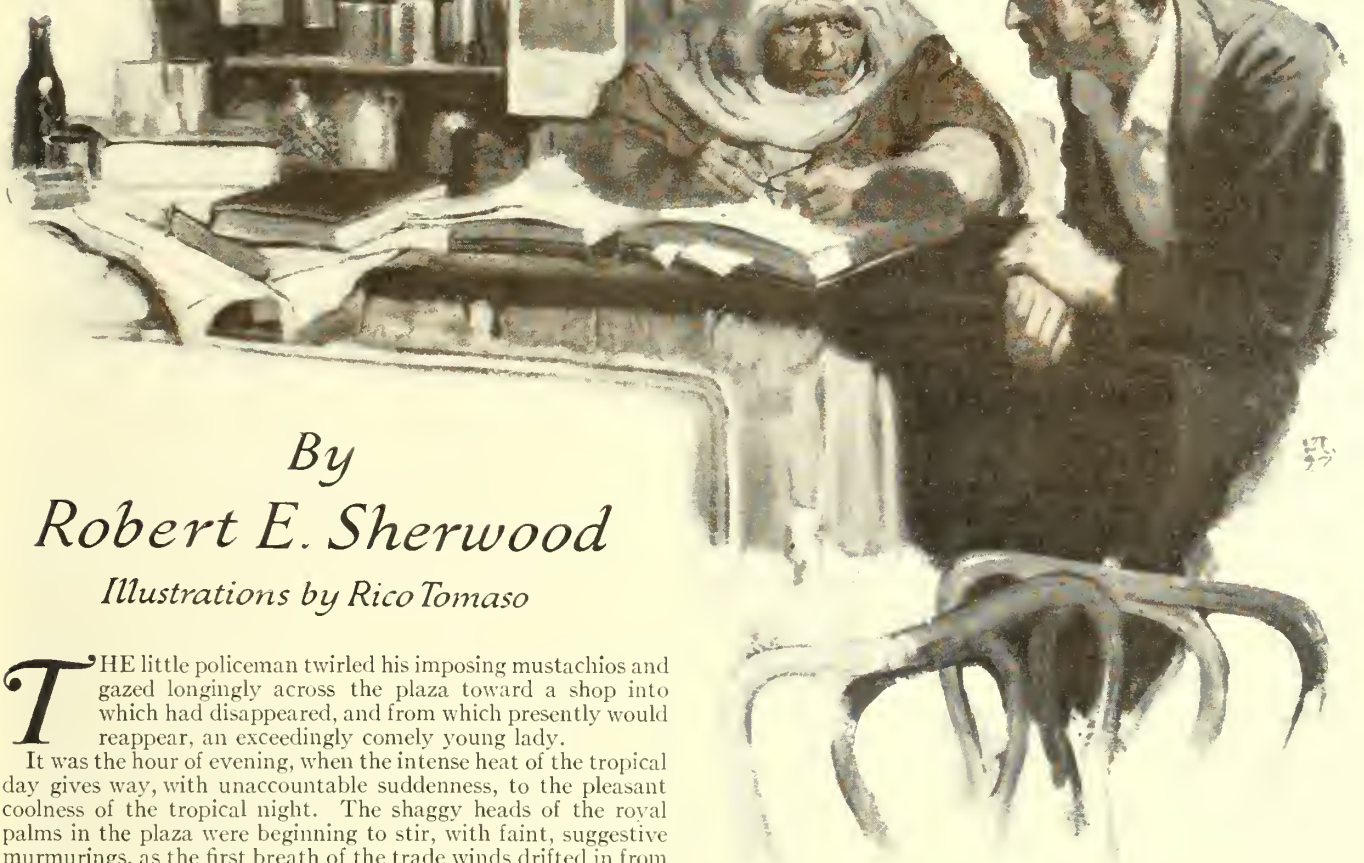


*best*

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*The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly*

# ARMISTICE DAY



By  
*Robert E. Sherwood*

*Illustrations by Rico Tomaso*

**T**HE little policeman twirled his imposing mustachios and gazed longingly across the plaza toward a shop into which had disappeared, and from which presently would reappear, an exceedingly comely young lady.

It was the hour of evening, when the intense heat of the tropical day gives way, with unaccountable suddenness, to the pleasant coolness of the tropical night. The shaggy heads of the royal palms in the plaza were beginning to stir, with faint, suggestive murmurings, as the first breath of the trade winds drifted in from the Caribbean. In the west, the mountains were silhouetted sharply against the white gold of the sky; above, enormous stars burned their way through the rich, soft blue.

It was a romantic hour, and the little policeman—stern slave to duty that he may have been at other times—was not insensible to the external influences. It had been a hard day and he was in the mood for relaxation. From San Gabriel, the capital, had come reports that morning of an attempt to rob the Bank Nacional. One of the robbers had been shot dead; the other had escaped, somehow, and was believed to be headed for the sea-coast.

The little policeman, and his three associates on the force in Porto Juan, had been instructed by their captain to maintain "ceaseless vigilance."

"There is a reward for the capture of this desperado," the captain had said, adding, "a decoration, at the least, and possible promotion."

So the little policeman had kept his eyes open, even through the hours when the sun was at its height and when all the civilians of Porto Juan had retired to the cooling shade for their siestas. He had remained on post—and now he was tired.

The exceedingly comely young lady emerged from the shop across the plaza, and the little policeman, with a final twirl of his mustache, strolled across to meet her.

At that highly inopportune moment, a form detached itself from the shadows of the cathedral, slid around the corner and was lost in the darkness that had descended upon the Calle Real. Thus, while the little policeman was observing, at close range, the long, dark lashes that fringed the young lady's eyes, and the satisfactory bulge of her hips, a possible decoration was snatched from his chest, and the stripes of a lieutenant from his sleeve.

The fugitive form progressed, with considerable speed, down the Calle Real, a narrow mean street that led toward the harbor, and then paused to make inquiries of a beggar.

*As she leaned on the bar the Senora Jauragui's arms seemed to spill over the edges of the book. Her beady, greedy eyes were fixed on the disheveled American*

"Where is Senora Jauragui's bar?" asked the form, breathlessly.

The beggar exhibited a dirty, warped palm.

"Bar," repeated the form, desperately. "Cantina! Cantina del Senora Jauragui."

The palm was thrust forward.

With one indistinguishable curse, the form reached deep into its pockets and produced therefrom a few coins, which were dropped into the palm. The palm closed over them, resolving itself into a fist from which one finger protruded. The finger pointed down a side street, a street that was even meaner, narrower and darker than the Calle Real.

Again the form took motion, in the direction that the beggar had indicated.

Senora Jauragui's cantina, like all Central American bars, was open hospitably to the street. There were no swinging doors; indeed, there was no front wall whatsoever. The bar was there, on the side-walk, with its tiers of bottles rising impressively behind it—bottles of bad wine, bad rum, bad brandy, and worse whisky, arranged on mountainous shelves. At the back of the shop was a door, in which hung a dingy curtain, making a feeble and increasingly unsuccessful attempt to shield the sleeping quarters of the Jauragui family from the gaze of passers-by.

The Senora herself stood behind the bar, adding up figures

laboriously in a greasy, frequently thumbed book. She was old and gross, was Senora Jauragui—old and incredibly, inordinately gross. As she leaned on the bar, making marks on the paper with a short, blunt pencil, her arms seemed to spill over the edges. In her beady, greedy eyes was concentrated the evil, the scum of three ill-assorted races.

When the form entered she looked up, and for an instant her expression relaxed its stolid immobility; a gleam of speculative hope flashed in her eyes.

The man before her—the American—was worn, emaciated, tattered and torn. He had struggled through dense masses of undergrowth and his clothes were shredded; he had not eaten or slept or shaved for days, and he was not pleasant to behold. There was a wild desperation in his furtive eyes; he bore the look of one who is afraid of each shadow, and even more terribly afraid to face the sunlight.

He was desperate, this pathetic man, but it was not the desperation of a desperado. Indeed, there was nothing about him to suggest the spectacular, romantic plunderer. He had the appearance—behind his bedraggled exterior—of tepid but solid mediocrity. In other days and in other circumstances, he might well have been a good, average soda clerk; in point of fact he had been just that.

"Senora Jauragui?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes—come here." She led him into the bedroom beyond. He sat down wearily on the bed. Eagerly, she looked into his gray face—and the gleam of hope died in her small eyes.

"You have failed?" she asked.

He nodded.

"You fool!" she sneered. "You dam', stupid fool."

He was too tired to argue.

"And he—the other—he is dead?"

"Yes—he's dead, all right."

"Good!" she snapped. "You too should be dead. Both of you—dam' fools—both are better dead!"

"I guess you're right," he agreed. Then suddenly he started. "The ship! Is the ship here?"

"Never mind about the ship."

"But I've got to get on board—I've got to get away from here before they catch me."

"The ship is out there," she told him, "hiding in the little cove. It sails tonight, whether you are on board or not."

He seized her wrist, or as much of it as his hand would hold.

"I've got to be on board. I've got to get there—right away. If I miss that ship . . ."

"Oh, there is time," she said. "You can not go until it is more dark. There is time."

He slumped back on the bed.

"I've got to eat," he murmured. "I'm hungry as hell. I ain't eaten since—since—oh! I don't remember when I *did* eat last."

She leaned over and peered at him, closely.

"You have money?"

He looked up, hopelessly, and shook his head.

"No money," he sighed. "Nothing!"

She clenched her fist and shook it in his face.

"You lie," she shouted. "You must have money."

Again he shook his head.

"Here," he said, and held out the three coins

that remained in his pocket. "That's all. Honest to God! That's all." He seemed to realize his position.

She regarded him with bitter contempt.

"Then how you think you get out to that ship?" she asked.

"You've got a row-boat, ain't you?"

"Sure, I got a row-boat. But I don't let you use that row-boat for nothing. Am I a dam' fool, like you?"

"Now listen," he pleaded. "You'll get your money, all right. Don't worry your fat old carcass about that. Take me out to the ship, and I'll get the money from Krug. Whatever you want



*The senora stood there in the dimly lighted cellar  
robust fellow and his small, sbrunken companion*

—he'll give it to you." Brave words that he knew were in vain.

"Maybe he will," she sneered, "maybe he won't. I send my boy with you in my boat to that ship; you get up on board; my boy asks for the money—you laugh at him—and the ship sails away."

"Don't be foolish. I'll pay—I promise I will."

"You've got the money, you dam' liar. You've got the money now. You pay before you go or—" she jerked her thumb over her shoulder—"the police are near."



*until the American had finished eating. The stocky, gazed at him from the table where they had been drinking*

His head sagged weakly. Only present needs mattered now. "Never mind it now. I've got to eat. Get me some food. I can pay for that—cash."

She curled her huge lips into an ugly smile.

"All right," she said. "You can eat. Come!"

She drew aside a curtain that hung by the bed, disclosing a small door. This she unlocked, and led the way down a flight of wooden steps into a stuffy, dimly lit cellar room below. There were three tables in this room, at one of which sat two men,

smoking evil cigarettes and talking in dull monotones. Before them were empty beer glasses, with dead foam clinging to the sides like mildew.

"Stay here," commanded Senora Jauragui. "I'll get your food."

The American, barely noticing the two men, sat down at one of the tables and fell asleep. He was awakened—the next instant, it seemed—by the expansive hand of Senora Jauragui slapping the back of his neck.

"Here, eat," she snapped at him, and pointed to a bowl heaped with great quantities of rice, soggy with hot, red sauce. Beside it was a cup of bitter coffee, and a thick slice of butterless bread.

He gulped the food down, frantically, while Senora Jauragui stood by to watch him. When he had finished the last scrap, she cleared the dishes away, creaked up the stairs, and slammed the door behind her.

The stranger searched his pockets for a cigarette. There was none there.

One of the two men spoke to him. "'Ave a fag, mate?" he asked, pleasantly, and held out a package of chocolate-colored Cuban cigarettes. The stranger jumped up eagerly.

"Thanks," he said. "I need that."

"Perhaps you will join us," said the other of the two men.

The stranger drew up a chair. For some time he smoked in silence, regarding the two men furtively. The first—the one who had offered him the cigarette—was solid, stocky, robust, with a pleasant, open, reassuring face. His companion was small, shrunken. A black beard covered his fragile jaw like a growth of rank underbrush. But one did not notice that; one looked at, or rather for, his eyes. They were lost in the great dark hollows beyond his cheek bones, giving the ghastly effect, in the vague light of the cellar room, of a human skull.

"A queer pair of bums," thought the stranger, and then smiled inwardly as he realized that they were undoubtedly making a similarly critical appraisal of himself.

"We don't ask questions in a place like this," said the first of the two men. "Everybody, from Vera Cruz down to

Colon, knows what Senora Jauragui's pub is—and what sort it is as 'angs out 'ere. Me and my mate, Frenchie 'ere, is probably in the same boat as you. So ye don't need to be afraid to mix with us."

"My friend is right," said the Frenchman.

The stranger murmured his gratitude.

"Are you wanted, too?" he asked.

"Wanted!" The Cockney laughed. "We're actually demanded!"

"Are the police here after you?"

"Blime me, no! I come 'ere from Jamaica where I 'ad a slight argument with the Crown; Frenchie, 'e drifted in from Trinidad. We're restin' 'ere 'til things blow over."

The American looked around the room.

"It's a hell of a place, ain't it?"

"It ain't what you'd call elegant," said the Cockney. "At that, it's better than bein' in the clink."

"I'd rather be in Sing Sing," said the American. "At least, there I'd be clean . . . Say! What's the idea of them decorations?"

He was staring, open-mouthed, at the Frenchman's tattered coat, on which were pinned two medals—one a Croix de Guerre, the other a Medaille Militaire.

"The war," the Frenchman answered, gravely. "My English friend and I are celebrating the end of the war."

The American laughed. "Gosh!" he ejaculated. "You birds must have been sunk for a long time. Why, the war ended eight years ago. Don't you know that?"

"We know that, all right, Yank," said the Cockney. "Ye don't 'ave to tell us nothin' about that."

The American stared again at the medals.

"Have you been wearin' 'em ever since the war?"

The Frenchman smiled, patiently.

"No—I put them on today, just to celebrate."

"To celebrate *what*, in God's name?"

"Don't ye know what day it is?"

The American tried to think.

"Let's see—I guess it's Thursday, ain't it?"

"It's the eleventh of November, matie . . . It's Armistice Day."

The American looked at the two disreputable guests of Senora Jauragui, and then burst out laughing.

"Armistice Day! And you two guys are sitting here, cooped up in this dirty cellar—celebrating . . . That's a hot one!"

The Frenchman stirred uneasily.

"We were soldiers in the war," he said. "This day means something."

The American slapped the table.

"I wasn't laughing at that, old timer. I know how you feel. I was around myself when the guns stopped firing. I felt pretty good about it, too . . . I was just thinking, this is a funny sort of a dump to stage a veterans' rally in."

"Yes," conceded the Cockney, "it is. But if ye care to join us in a little vin rouge, perhaps we might forget about

it. We might forget what we are now, and remember what we were then."

"We were heroes then, all right. And now . . . I don't know about you guys, but I ain't much of a hero now. Eight years ago I was a defender of democracy. Now . . . well, look me over."

"It's the same with all of us," said the Frenchman.

"It makes me laugh," said the American, "when I think of all the hooey we fell for in them days. Heroes then—and the worst kind of bums, outcasts today."

"Maybe it's your own bloody fault."

"Our own fault, hell. Before the war I was a decent, law-abiding soda jerk, that never short-changed a customer or monkeyed with the boss's cash register. Now I'm a rat, ducking into this hole to get away from a bunch of spiggotty cops."

"Don't take it too 'ard, Yank," said the Cockney. "I'll tell you what. We'll pretend we're back behind the line, with the guns tickin' away in the distance, and a nice little madamazell fillin' up the glasses, and with nothin' in 'eaven or 'ell to worry about except pay day."

He ran up the stairs and knocked on the door.

"Bring us some vin rouge, Madame," he called. "Beaucoup vin rouge—three bottles—oot blinkin' sweet."

Senora Jauragui eyed them suspiciously as she deposited the wine on the table. "You seem to be friends—you and this dam' fool American."

The Cockney poked his knuckle into her fat, hamlike arm.

"Of course we're friends, old dearie. Of course we are."

"We have always been friends," said the Frenchman.

Senora Jauragui nodded and disappeared.

"Bloody old sea-pig," said the Cockney. "She'd cheerfully cut yer throat, for 'arf a dollar, Mex."

The Cockney solemnly raised the glass of wine—villainous stuff, but sufficiently red and sufficiently stimulating to meet their immediate needs.

"I don't know who y'are, Yank," he said, "an' I don't know where ye come from or what ye did that brought ye 'ere. The guests at Senora Jauragui's refined temperance 'otel don't like to talk too much about their pasts, and there ain't no law compellin' 'em to do so. But whoever y'are, or whatever ye've done or ain't done, 'ere's yer 'ealth."

He drained the glass with one enormous gurgle.

The Frenchman rose, bowed to the American, murmured "A vous, Monsieur," drank, and sat down.

The American grinned sheepishly. The warmth of the geniality, as well as the wine, pleased him immeasurably—restored him even to a degree of self-confidence.

"Thanks, fellers—the same to you," he stammered, by way of responding to the toast.

The Frenchman refilled the three glasses.

"Now," said the Englishman, "I suppose a 'ealth to 'is Majesty is in order, and while I'm doin' that, you men can toast the President or any one else, just so's we all drink together."

This time the American refilled the glasses. He was feeling much better by now. The wine wasn't really so bad, after all.

"Listen, fellers," he said, "I don't mind telling you why I'm here. I guess you'll hear about it anyway . . . I and another bird tried to crack the National Bank up in San Gabriel, the capital."

"Oh," said the Frenchman, "we *did* hear of that."

"Any luck?" asked the Cockney.

The American laughed, ruefully.

"Do I look lucky?" he inquired, rhetorically.

"Would you pick me for a guy that had just got away with twenty thousand dollars in gold?"

"Wot 'appened?"

"The whole lousy army—that's what happened. When we got into the bank, we found they'd surrounded us with all the infantry, cavalry, machine guns and heavy artillery in the country."

"And still you escaped?"

"I did. The other one—Faber, his name was—he didn't get away. They got him good."

He looked into the red wine, and then emptied his glass.

"I guess Faber had it coming to him," he declared. "He was a crook."

The Cockney shifted in his chair. The Frenchman stared hard at the table—stared from the depths of those dark caverns in which lurked his eyes.

"I guess that sounds sort of funny," said the American, "I



*The ship that would take him to freedom was out there in the harbor*



*The little policeman twirled his mustachios and gazed longingly at the comely young lady*

mean, my saying he had it coming to him because he was a crook. I guess you fellers think who the hell am I to accuse any one else of being a crook. Well—I'm a crook too, since last night. I was after that sugar just the same as Faber was. But he was a real, dirty crook."

"You said, 'I'm a crook since last night,' " said the Frenchman. "Do you mean, that was the first time?"

"Yes—that was my maiden voyage. But what the hell! There's no sense in making excuses. You guys ain't the judge and jury that's going to send me up for this. You don't want to hear no sob stories."

"We ain't got nothin' else to do, 'ave we, Frenchie. Go ahead, Yank, tell us about it."

"Well," said the American, "it all goes back to this girl. That's an original beginning for a story, ain't it? I'll bet you never heard one that started that way before, did you? Well—this girl and I was going together when I was first in the army—I'd been a soda jerker before—and while we weren't exactly engaged, I didn't think there was much doubt that we'd team up after I got back, and everybody else thought so too, including her folks.

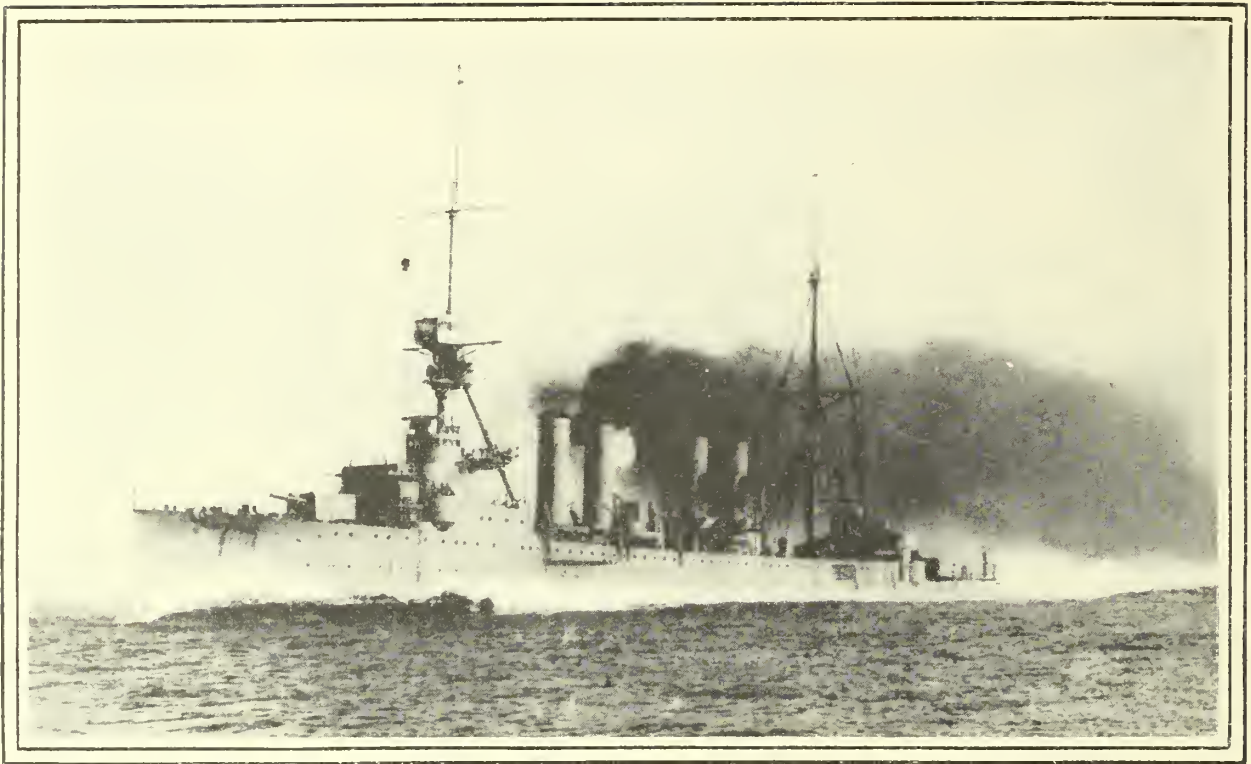
... Well, when I did get back, she was married to a second looie whose father run one of the biggest shoe stores in Jefferson City. I was out!

"Well, I was pretty sore, because this second looie that she'd married had only been on the Mexican border, and I'd been in France, and I figured I deserved more than he did. It wasn't that I cared so much about the girl; as a matter of fact, I'd only written to her once the whole time I was overseas. But it was the idea that she'd ditched me, and for a bombproof second looie, at that. You see what a sucker I was, then. I'd swallowed all the talk they'd been handing me out during the war, and I felt sure I was a hero.

"So I got kind of sore, and left town, although they offered me a good job in the prescription department. 'I've been out fighting to make this old world safe for democracy,' I told 'em, 'and I'm not going back now to settle down in this humdrum life' . . . God, what a fat-headed fool I was."

"We was all the same, Yank," said the Cockney.

"Well, I left town knowing that I could lick the world, just because I'd helped win the war. I was (Continued on page 56)



*The United States light cruiser Richmond. "Navies are machines. A navy which is a machine almost good enough to avoid being battered down or bottled up is worse than no navy"*

# *The* FIRST LINE

**T**HE audit of our national defense includes the appraisal of such guarantees as may be found in the present will-for-peace, in the progress of co-operative disarmament, arbitration and diplomacy, new and old.

None of these as yet constitutes security, nor do all of them.

Nor does the Army, since the Army without transport can defend neither our possessions nor rights, such as the Panama Canal, the Pacific and Caribbean Islands and our policy of extension of invading forces in Latin America. Indeed a review of the present situation as to our National Defense Act not only discloses a tendency to shrink to the danger point the provision of that act by paring down appropriations but also discloses no particular indication that the wise policy of building a citizen army as against a professional army can be developed while the sentimentalists and fanatics campaign against the military training of youth for citizen service.

Say what one will about the obvious lesson of the world war, which showed that man-power is the final decisive power in land conflict, there is now every indication that the shock method which barely failed in the German drive on Paris may be expected to do vast damage and may be decisive in any future war. Therefore, even for home defense any inadequacy of the forces which may be mobilized at once merely emphasizes that sea power must be used as an outer wall of protection of home mainland and adds to the undoubted truth that sea power is the sole guarantee of protection of possessions or rights whenever transport of troops is needed. None but the careless allow themselves to forget that a German, rather than a British, fleet in control of the seas would have quickly decided the World War; none but the thoughtless can overlook the fact that our commerce, our possessions, our influence for peace and for the protection of weaker nations are in no way cared for by any army unless sea power is also adequate to keep the sea paths open.

The Navy, in the chronological, geographical and also in the determining factor sense, is our first line of defense.

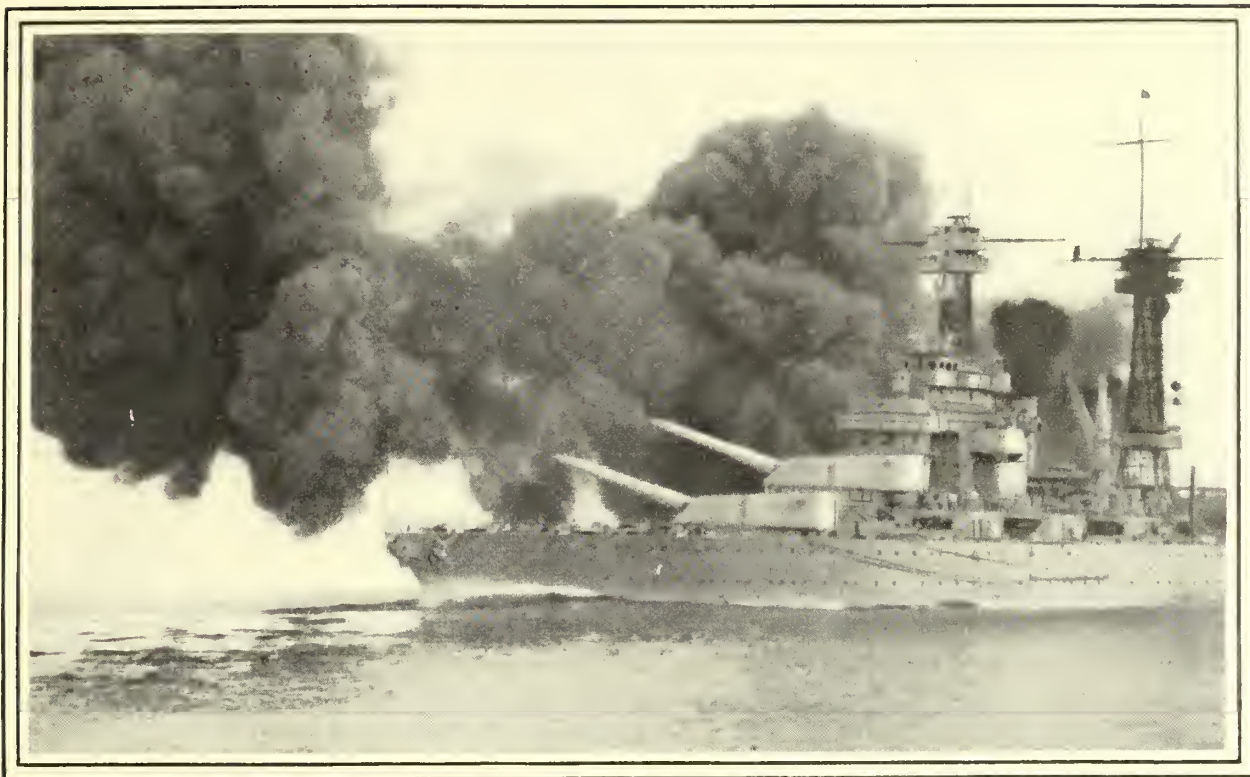
This being true let us not forget that however man-power may be the final factor in armies it is not in navies. Navies are

machines. Absurd as may be the notion that armies can be raised in a few days still more absurd is the notion that navies can be raised in a few months. General Pershing testified that it took a year to train and make ready for battle the divisions we sent to the front on French soil; but to build and make ready for conflict ships of war requires a much longer period.

Navies are machines. A navy which is a machine almost good enough to avoid being battered down or bottled up, as the German navy was bottled up, is worse than no navy. It is worse than no navy because it invites attack; because it represents an almost complete waste of investment and may mean a wicked sacrifice of life. A navy of the United States which is not an effective wall against invasion, which is not quite good enough to keep open the way for defense of our possessions or sea paths for our armies may be useful in times of peace for the performances of various and useful services among which the training in vocation of some hundreds of thousands of young men is not the least; but such an inadequate navy is worse than no navy as a first line of defense.

Before it is possible to decide whether our Navy is now an adequate navy and whether we are preparing to maintain an adequate navy, it is necessary to ask what sea power we require in the world as it is, rather than in a world as we may wish it to be.

The Geneva Conference, to extend the principles of the Washington Conference agreement to smaller craft, failed. It is very easy to assign blame for its failure but the blame is correctly assigned only when it is placed squarely upon the complicated difficulties facing all disarmament agreements rather than upon the disposition of any nation. The difficulty confronting co-operative disarmament is that no two nations have the same needs, the same equipment, the same plans even, for sea power. It is easier to make disarmament agreements in the case of navies than in the case of armies because in dealing with the latter one is dealing with men, with population, fighting quality, method of conscription or training and complicated questions of geographical requirement for security, whereas in dealing with fleets of the sea and of the air one is dealing with revealed machinery of



*The U. S. S. California, latest type of battleship, firing her battery of fourteen-inch guns. "The Navy, in the chronological, geographical and also in the determining factor sense, is our first line of defense"*

## *Third in a Series of Articles on the Problems of National Defense* By **RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD**

somewhat standardized or similar types and the problem is more confined to the question of how much of that machinery is required for self-defensive sea power by this nation and by that.

Then comes the unfortunate series of interdependent theoretical fears and desire for security between nation and nation. The subject when discussed by officials is a delicate one and there is an absence of frankness. It is difficult, even when all parties concerned are assembled, to arise and state the sequence of fears which the one nation's problem of defense brings to bear on some smaller sea power far down the line. One can say, "This is the cat that caught the rat, that ate the grain in the house that Jack built" but it is more difficult for the United States to say that though Great Britain is the best friend in the world with every interest in common nevertheless we must have parity in sea power. It is difficult for Great Britain to say that France is an ally and a good friend but that after all while France is unwilling to limit submarine building Great Britain really has need of more cruisers and destroyers than the United States. It is indelicate of France to say that she is very fond of Italy and that conflict with Italy is impossible but that her small-craft program has something to do with the possible claim of Italy that the Mediterranean is an Italian lake. And when Great Britain states that she requires a supremacy in cruisers to protect the lack of self sufficiency in food supply of the British Isles and that she must protect her trade routes and the paths to her scattered dominions, what is she to answer when asked, "Protect them from whom?" When the United States claims the need of a full measure of self defense what shall we say when asked, "From exactly what?" When France builds bombing planes of great power it is embarrassing to ask her where she thinks she may have to send them. And so it goes—a truly gigantic and possibly unavoidable tragedy of waste.

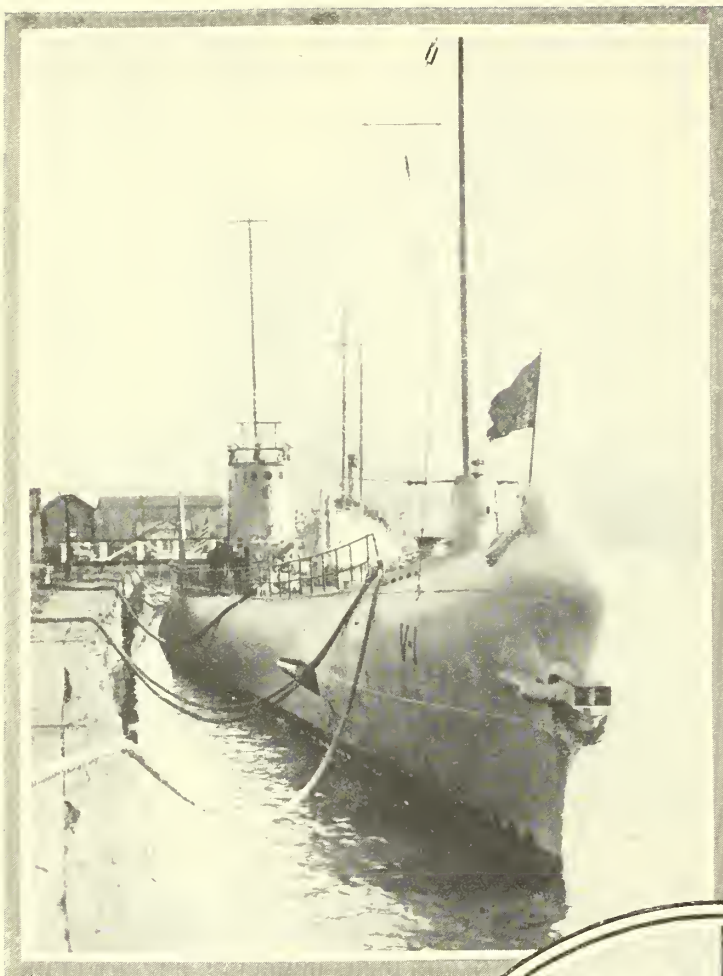
It is unavoidable unless co-operative action may be taken. The delusion that any nation may alone make a noble gesture of disarming and affect materially the policy of the others is too absurd. China has been without sea power for a long while but no one sees her sitting with influence at any naval program conference

nor does the fact of her having no navy cut down the cruiser program of other nations. The only valid claim for influence at a conference to reduce navies is the possession of a navy; the only authoritative voice favoring the renunciation of some measure of sea power is the voice which can say: "Here are the ships we will sacrifice. Match them with yours."

Hughes traded in battleships and having battleships he did business; Coolidge wished to trade with cruisers but having no cruisers the voice of authority was moral and satisfying to our conscience but to the rest of the world it was thin and grew thinner.

The plain fact about the Geneva Conference was that the United States having led off in an attempt to establish a low parity and ratio basis in capital ships lagged behind on cruiser and light craft building programs while the other signatories of the Washington Treaty were using their light craft expansion to disturb the parity or ratios. The Washington Treaty was kept technically by every one, but when the others laid down their clubs they began to buy whips and switches. We were reluctant to go into our pocketbooks or increase the war machinery of the world by reckless buying of whips and switches. But if the policy we established and the place in the world sea-power which we claimed at Washington is to be maintained we must be gathering the whips and the switches too. It is ridiculous for us not to recognize that no matter how good friends we may be with Great Britain we are far behind the parity every one talked about in 1921. Today every one may accept as a fact that the United States has been left far in the rear. Even those who are against a strong first line of defense no longer can make even a pretense that we have a navy which could not under certain circumstances be bottled up or battered down. No one can make even a feeble assertion that in addition to this fact it is also a fact that our naval program and our present naval appropriations are leading us to a day when the Navy will either be weaker still or will require vast appropriations for replacement and renewal.

Even upon the assumption that the 5-5-3 capital ship ratio between the three leading sea powers has been fulfilled with some



*The V-1, modern type of submarine, and (below) stern of the light cruiser Omaha. "We find ourselves with the Geneva Conference over in a distinct low rate position as to cruisers, which are considered by naval experts as having increasing importance in sea power"*

approximation we find ourselves with the Geneva Conference over in a distinct low rate position as to cruisers, which are considered by naval experts as having increasing importance in sea power.

We are failing utterly to answer with any policy unless it be that of economy-program and sentiment the following questions:

Do we need parity with Great Britain?

Do we need parity with a combination of any two other powers?

Are we to pay as we go so that we may not have to make a staggering appropriation later on in order to replace a worn out and old fashioned machine?

These are the fundamentals of American naval policy.

They have never been understood by our people; they have never been determined by statesmanlike weighing and appraisal; they certainly remain in the vague realms of unreality and have merely been at the mercy of passing winds of political expediency.

We are lacking any constancy of purpose.

We make a pretense that we will keep or obtain a parity with Great Britain. Well, what are the facts?

The fact is that we have no such standing in sea power. The fact is that we are not even supporting a pay-as-you-go policy.

These are important facts and are the essence of the affirmative answer to the question, "Is the Navy slipping?" It is. Why make any bones of it?

In any comparison of naval strength the classes of sea power to be considered are the following: 1. Capital Ships; 2. Aircraft Carriers; 3. Cruisers; 4. Destroyers; 5. Submarines; 6. Airplanes; 7—and important—merchant marine.

After the Washington Treaty we junked 841,000 tons of capital ships, more than half of which tonnage was new; the British destroyed 450,000 tons of old ships. In 1931 as a result of the treaty we will have 18 battleships, Japan will have 10 and Great Britain 20.

We asked the other powers to put all classes of ships under the ratios but as at Geneva more recently it became evident that however much the other powers might be disposed toward the general principle of co-operating for disarmament and economy they were not ready to give up the race in the smaller classes from cruisers down.

The Committee of the New York State Chamber of Commerce investigating and reporting just before the Geneva Conference upon the condition of our Navy states the situation very well as follows:

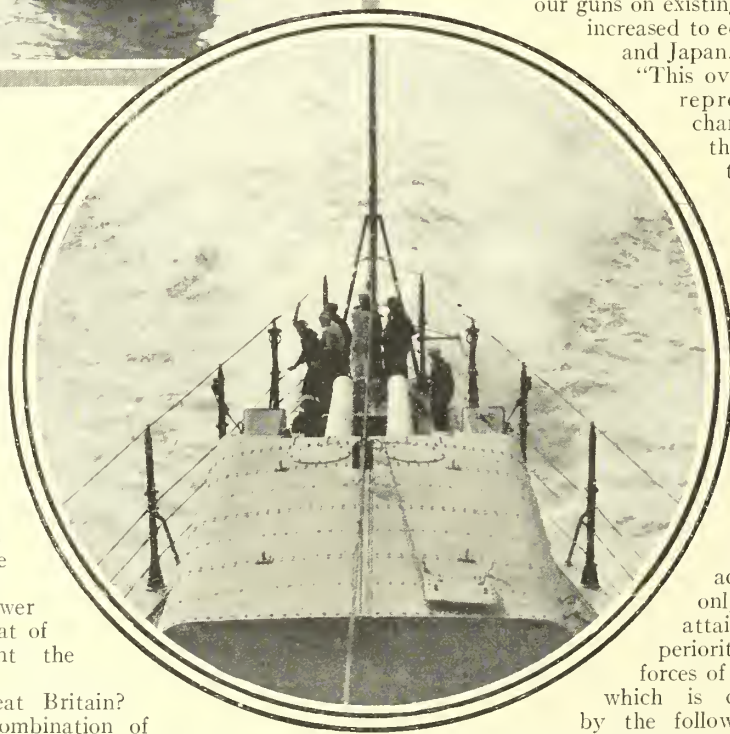
"The result of the Washington Conference appeared to be the acceptance by Great Britain and the United States of equality in capital ships, and a preponderance of force for the British Empire and the United States, respectively, of five to three as regards Japan. However, through the insertion of a clause in Part III, section 1, subsection (d), we seem, according to the interpretation put upon the treaty by Great Britain, to have bound ourselves not to modify the mounting of our guns in a series of our existing battleships, whereby, in fact, we surrendered not only the future superiority in tonnage, number of ships and weight of fire, in accordance with other sections of the treaty, but also acquired a position of inferiority through the fact that the elevation of our guns on existing battleships might not be increased to equal that of Great Britain and Japan.

"This oversight on the part of our representatives completely changed the complexion of the ratio 5-5-3, as a substantial part of our Battle Fleet is now outranged by the ships of our rivals. However this may be, our Government deemed it wise not to press for a modification of the terms of the treaty, because of an earnest desire to further the cause of peace and disarmament. Unfortunately, it has now become evident that the other signatories of the treaty of Washington have been actuated by a desire not only to retain but possibly to attain an overwhelming superiority at sea over the naval forces of the United States—a fact which is conclusively demonstrated by the following table compiled from

data embodied in the report of the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives, as published in the United States Daily of December 22, 1926. [See page 74]

"In addition to the British cruiser tonnage enumerated in the table, Great Britain has authorized the construction of three light cruisers (totalling 26,000 tons) each year for the next three years. These to be laid down in 1927, 1928, and 1929. This total additional authorized tonnage is 78,000 tons.

"The present Japanese Ministry has fixed upon a five-year 'replacement' building program which, though not yet formally authorized, will probably be adopted by the Diet at the coming session. This proposed program includes the construction of four 10,000-ton cruisers.

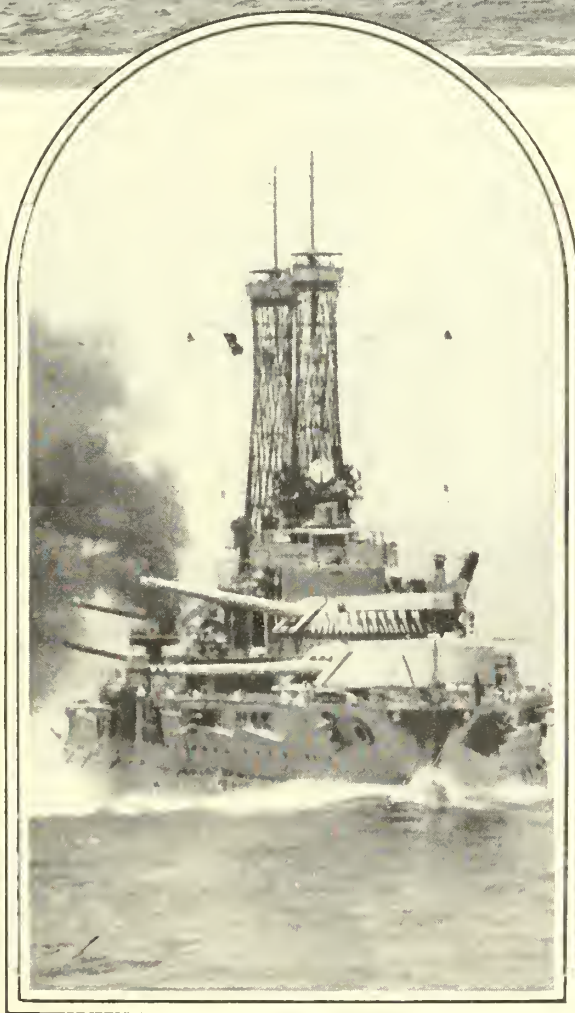




"That is to say, in the cruiser class the ratio against the United States is for Great Britain 2.66 to 1.

"While this chamber is on record in support of the administrative policy of economy and the efforts of the Director of the Budget to refuse government expenditures wherever possible the executive committee, after a careful consideration of the premises, are convinced that the proposal of the House committee to construct ten cruisers of 10,000 tons is the minimum building program admissible if our navy defenses are to be adequate for our protection and responsibilities. Obviously, it is futile for the Government of the United States to proclaim a policy of non-interference by the nations of the world in the continents of North and South America, or to insist on adherence to our open-door policy in China, without an adequate force to make our declarations effective. It is furthermore tempting Providence for a nation, possessed of such vast resources as is our own, to expose any part of its territory to predatory forays on the part of any foreign government which may, for any reason whatsoever, deem a foreign war expedient. Neither is it wise to leave our ocean trade routes without the protection of an adequate force of cruisers. This is especially necessary in view of the fact that the conference agreed not to increase the facilities of the Philippines as a naval base.

"While the executive committee deplores anything in the nature of a race for armament, the fact can-



*The battleship Oklahoma firing a broadside. Above, two destroyers. "More than 175 of our 300 destroyers are tied up to moorings and probably never will be untied unless to take them to the junk pile in the form of rattle and rust"*

not be disguised that the only effective way to secure disarmament by foreign powers is through a willingness on the part of the Government of the United States to build adequately for its own defense."

This statement, unlike most statements of our comparative naval standing puts the facts well but like most of the others fails to add emphasis or even to mention two important truths.

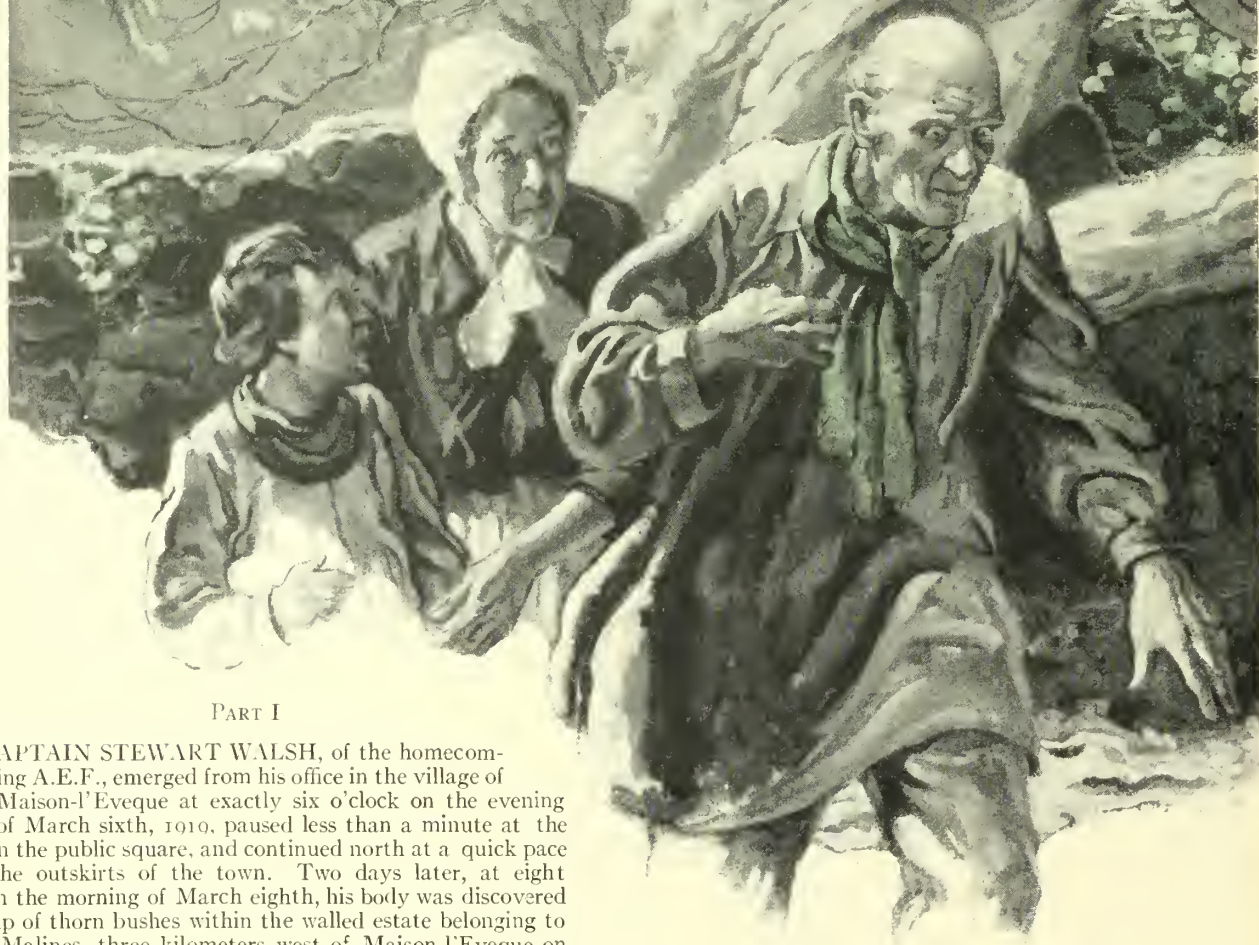
The first is that our apparent strength in destroyers is an illusion.

The second is that the British and other merchant marines convertible into cruisers and auxiliary strength as compared with our decadent merchant marine creates a factor in superiority of sea-power which should never be forgotten.

As to destroyers we are shown as having some 300 in comparison with Great Britain's 176 and Japan's 90.

Now observe the fact that in point of real sea-power our destroyer class is as inferior as our cruiser class, if not more so. In the first place more than half our number are of the type made in thirty or forty days in the war emergency of ten years ago. More than 175 are tied up to moorings and probably never will be untied unless to take them to the junk pile in the form of rattle and rust. All of those in commission are of the 800-1200 ton classes, and most of them are ungainly so far as operation is concerned and require more men per ton than newer types to handle them. Altogether there are only about 100 in actual service and to put into service those out of commission (Continued on page 74)

# *The MURDER of* *By Karl W.*



## PART I

CAPTAIN STEWART WALSH, of the homecoming A.E.F., emerged from his office in the village of Maison-l'Eveque at exactly six o'clock on the evening of March sixth, 1910, paused less than a minute at the buvette in the public square, and continued north at a quick pace toward the outskirts of the town. Two days later, at eight o'clock on the morning of March eighth, his body was discovered in a clump of thorn bushes within the walled estate belonging to Frederic Malines, three kilometers west of Maison-l'Eveque on the Angers road.

The discovery was made by one Broussard, a market gardener who lived across the way, and who had been employed for the day by Monsieur Malines to attend to the removal of straw from the rose beds. The gardener hurried to his employer, who in turn notified Brigadier Plutarch, local chief of the two-man post of the national gendarmerie. That official, even before visiting the estate, sent his wife with a message to the office of the salvage corps, which Walsh had commanded. This outfit was the only American unit in the immediate vicinity.

Not until one o'clock that afternoon did the information, transmitted by telephone, telegraph and messenger, arrive at the Le Mans office of the D.C.I., the American secret police. The operations officer in that headquarters, which was charged with bringing to justice all criminals concerned in American affairs in the entire Embarkation Area, ordered Sergeant Michael Hardesty to investigate, and report his findings as soon as possible.

The village of Maison-l'Eveque lies on the Paris-Brest division of the Etat railway, along the south bank of the River Huisne, some thirty kilometers west of Le Mans. Sergeant Hardesty borrowed five packages of cigarettes, one for his own use and four to set tongues wagging with good-humored information, and mounting his motorcycle, arrived at two o'clock in the single lean and twisted street of Maison-l'Eveque,

He inquired first at the gendarmerie. Brigadier Plutarch's wife was very willing to point out the way to Chateau Malines. Sergeant Hardesty had straddled his motorcycle, about to follow her directions, when he observed a crude sign tacked to the front

of a building that apparently once had been a wine store-house, several doors to the right. It read, "Salvage Dept., A.E.F."

Hardesty climbed off the motorcycle and walked unhurriedly along the cobbles to the door. The interior of the place was poorly lighted and smelled of leather. It was heaped with American military equipment and half a dozen French women were sorting harness buckles into canvas sacks. To the left of the door a small room, that had been constructed of tarpaulins, was crowded with field desks and pine tables.

"Office-Bureau" a sign above the entrance informed strangers.

At the desk farthest from the single window a slovenly American sat looking mournfully at the floor. Sergeant Hardesty stepped noisily into the room and the man in the corner glanced up. He wore the two stripes of a corporal on his right arm, and to the D.C.I. operator his general round-shouldered posture marked him at once as a clerk. The room was crowded, but showed thoughtful arrangement, as if Captain Walsh had been a good housekeeper.

"Hello, soldier," Hardesty said, crossing the uneven floor. "What you guys been pulling down here? Who got bumped off?"

"Who the hell are you?" the corporal replied sullenly. He added in a voice no more affable: "Got a cigarette?"

"Sure I got a cigarette, and I'm General Pershing, if you want to know, lookin' for corporals to promote to colonel for being polite. Here's a match, too. Well, who got killed?"

# Captain WALSH

## Detzer



*Illustrations by*  
**V.E. Pyles**

*On the lawn, at a spot shielded by a group of high thorns, the gardener Broussard was re-enacting for the assembled neighbors the solitary dramatic moment of his life*

"Thanks. Our captain. Name was Walsh. Stewart Walsh."  
"When?"

"Don't know? Who are you?"

"Who done it?" asked Sergeant Hardesty.

The corporal glowered.

"You're a cop," he accused, "one of them damn D.C.I.'s. Well, you might as well start hollerin'. I been waitin' for you all day. I don't know who bumped him off and I can't tell you nothing."

"Maybe you don't and maybe you can't," the operator agreed. "Frog cops pinched anybody yet?"

"No."

"Well, I'll go look. Who's in command since the captain got his?"

"Lieutenant. Fayette. Don Fayette. And a hell of a good man, was you to ask me."

"I wasn't to ask you," Hardesty answered. "What's your own name?"

"I'll write 'em all down," the corporal answered. "Look at 'em good, so's it'll save asking questions."

He drew a sheet of yellow paper toward him and twisting his left hand around a pencil, wrote clumsily. Hardesty stood above him. He could see well enough what the fellow wrote: "Stewart Walsh, captain. Don Fayette, lieutenant. Jake Schmidt, corporal." But the operator accepted the sheet, scowling.

"I'm a good guesser, Corporal," he grunted. "Maybe some-

body else can read it. But if I ever was pickin' a desk soldier I'd pick one that didn't have to stand upside down to write. Or I'd give him a left handed pencil."

The corporal tossed the pencil across the desk and arose angrily. He had nothing more to say. Hardesty was disappointed. He knew that a man's tongue tells more than he intends when there's a spark of ugly temper to set it off.

"You're a damn fresh cop, anybody wants to know," the corporal complained.

"Nobody wants to know," Hardesty answered, and left the untidy clerk standing in a hunched attitude in the middle of his well-kept office.

The day was cloudy but the street gave an impression of extreme brightness after the darkness of the ware-

house. Hardesty left the smell of leather behind him and sought the Chateau Malines. He crossed a bridge at the edge of town and there, where an unimportant tributary poured into the River Huisne, French thrift had constructed a dam and a half dozen spillways, each with a weathered gray stone mill straddling the rapid current.

A sign bearing the words "Fabrique Malines" was suspended above one of these mills and at each side of the sign hung a huge wooden shoe.

Hardesty stared thoughtfully for a minute at the name, then back at the slippery road down which he had come.

"Shoe factory," he told himself, "and Malines is the place I'm headed for. Shoes here and the smell of leather back there in the warehouse. Salvage, is it? Well, if I got anything to do with the next war, there won't be no salvage!"

He found the Chateau Malines easily enough. It was a sizeable old house, set in front of two bare, high walls, which were all that remained, no doubt, of the original structure. The whole estate was surrounded by a crumbled stone hedge, a foot thick and at least three feet, six inches high. Within the hedge a gravel path circled the grounds. A terrace in front of the house sloped up from the gate to the doors, and was ploughed into small squares already under cultivation. About these squares were scattered a half dozen gardening tools.

At the rear, beyond the coach house, which was of a later period than the main quarters, beyond even the shuttered windows of the disused servants' hall, extended an orchard of some fifteen acres. Trees in all stages of growth made up the rows, from mere slips to gnarled and broken apple trees.

Sergeant Hardesty dismounted unhurriedly from his motorcycle, tipped it carefully against one of the tall poplars that lined the road, and passed through the open gate. The wall along the front was slightly higher than at the sides and rear of the estate, and the gate, a heavy oaken panel, creaked in the afternoon wind upon rusty iron hinges.

A gravel walk led up the slight incline toward the door of the main building. It was a comfortable enough looking house, with trim blue shutters. About the grounds, some six feet inside the stone fence, a gravel pathway circled the estate, and between the path and the wall newly raked flower beds showed sticky brown clay rectangles.

The lawn, or such part of it as was not cut into flower beds, was studded here and there by carefully landscaped clumps of thorn and lilac bushes. These things the operator saw as he strode the forty paces to the door. He observed also that at the foot of the stone steps lay a bicycle with the marks of hard usage upon it. He passed around it, and mounting the steps, yanked at the brass handle of a bell chain, that hung an arm length from the door.

The man who responded to the jangle of the bell was very old and apparently deaf. He wore a peasant's smock and on his feet were soft leather shoes.

"I want Malines," Hardesty said.

"Eh?"

"Malines!" Hardesty demanded, and persisted in English, "I want to see him."

A voice speaking French sounded within the house. The door opened wider and a short gentleman appeared.

"Malines?" Hardesty asked.

"Yes, sir." There was scarcely a trace of accent in the words.

"I am Frederic Malines. How can I serve?"

"My name's Hardesty," the sergeant told him. "D.C.I. Le Mans office. I was sent down here to see what's the trouble."

"Police?" The man spoke with a soft, well bred inflection.

"D.C.I.," Hardesty repeated. "Division of Criminal Investigation. What you call the Recherches Criminels. Compree?"

"I understand," the other answered. "Come in. The Lieutenant Fayette promised the Americans would give assistance."

Hardesty examined casually the owner of chateau Malines. He was a man forty years old or thereabouts, dressed in rough tweed breeches and a

bulky gray jacket. His stockings, which clung tight to the legs, were heavy and hand-knit, and he wore broad-toed English style shoes. His dress was that of a comfortable and prosperous country gentleman, a man accustomed to ease. Upon his face he bore a thick coat of tan, which might have been received in military service. His eyes were thoughtful, under heavy lids that shielded them from too close a scrutiny.

"The others are in the dining hall," he said, and led the way through a dark corridor toward the rear of the house. The old serving man had retreated ahead of them.

Hardesty looked about unhurriedly, and touched his fingers to his overseas cap in recognition of a young American officer who stood between a pair of tall windows. To the other three men, one of whom was the servant, he said a perfunctory "Bon jour, gents," and nodded toward the single woman.

She was as old as the old man who first answered the bell, and of the same caste; no doubt his wife. At the dining table, which had been covered with newspapers to protect it from ink stains, sat a gendarme. His round cap lay before him, beside an ink well, and bore the three silver circles of a brigadier, or chief of a small post. He was a round eyed, round faced official, with extraordinarily long mustaches. Upon his chest he wore the Médaille Militaire, the war cross with palms, and a ribbon of the African campaign.

"Brigadier Plutarch," Malines said to the French officer in his own language, "this American policeman brings aid. I believe you will welcome him."

The brigadier shrugged and extended his hand grudgingly, after a half-hearted salute.

"Here is Monsieur Janise," Malines explained to Hardesty, turning to the French civilian. "He is much interested in this case."

"I watch for justice!" said the man to whom Malines referred, and bit off his words as if he hardly expected to find it. "I am the friend of the captain that was killed. I assist in search for the assassin."

He was a prosperously dressed provincial of middle age, extremely tall for a Frenchman. His graying hair gave evidence of once having been red, his florid face indicated that he had lived well, and the downward twist of his mouth meant nothing if not a strong determination. His shrewd eyes were flashing, as if he were extremely angry.

Hardesty extended his hand and gripped the Frenchman's. Here was a fighter at least, and where crime is concerned, this operator knew, a fighter often is needed, a man to battle through a maze of unrelated facts, to work after all others have lost interest, a man who is spurred by something beyond the first wrench of mystified excitement.

Hardesty turned to the American lieutenant.

"You're Lieutenant Fayette?" he asked, before Malines had an opportunity to introduce them. The officer nodded. "I was sent down to untangle this mess, sir," Hardesty said. "Want to see my card?" He produced a small black folder covered with imitation leather, and Fayette opened it curiously. Within, printed in French and in English, he read the identification of Sergeant Hardesty, and the instructions from General Headquarters, as well as from the commander of the national gendarmerie, to "assist in every possible means this man in the execution of his duties." Hardesty's photograph, by no means flattering, was pasted to the lower right corner.

"I'm glad you're here, Sergeant," he said, and handed back the card.

"These are my servants and friends," Malines said, explaining the old couple who stood ill at ease, close together. "They, like all of us, will do what we can to help you."

Hardesty nodded; then, choosing the staunchest chair in the room, he dragged it to the table, careless of the parquet floor. He sat opposite the gendarme.

"Let's get at it," Hardesty began. "At the beginning. Captain Walsh is dead. Murdered. That all we know? Pick up anybody yet, chief?" this to the gendarme.

The gendarme stared back, uncomprehending.

"No one," Fayette answered. "Broussard found the body this morning. He's out in the garden now, showing the neighbors."

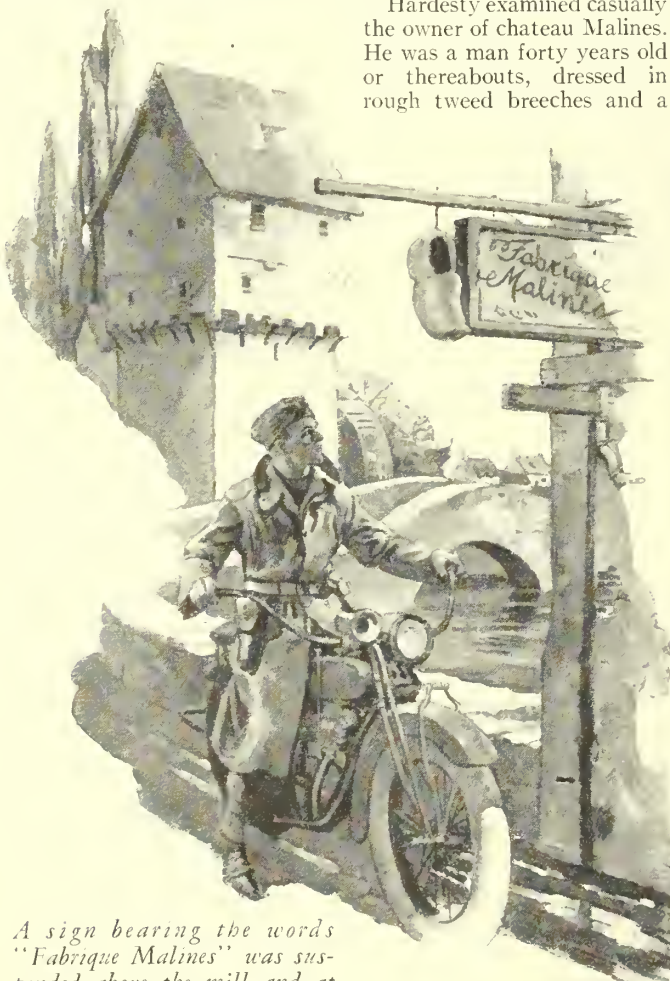
"Who's Broussard?"

"A market gardener. Lives across the road."

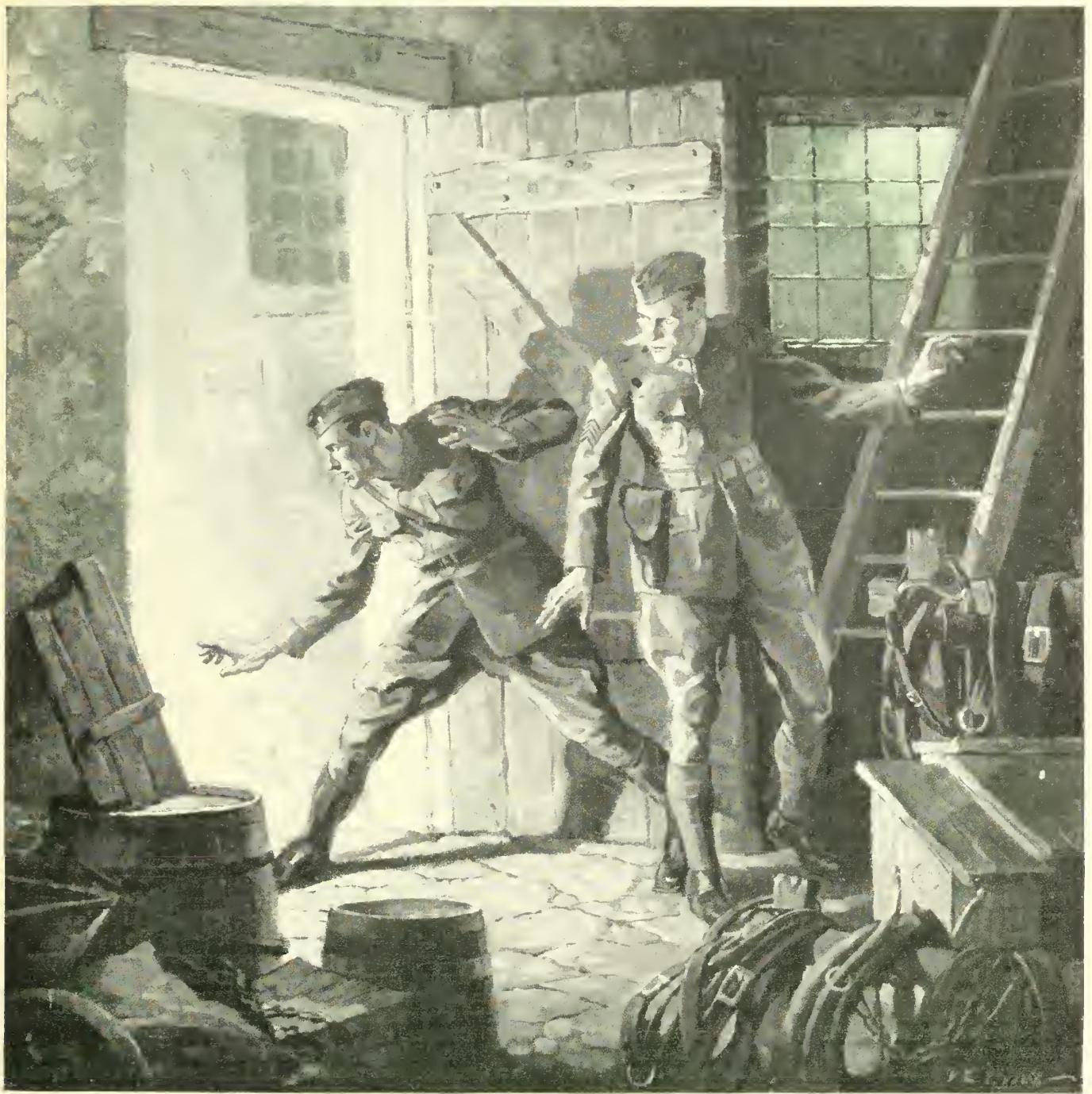
"O.K., is he? Hasn't got a record or anything?"

"I doubt it," Fayette replied, and smiled a little.

"You'd better see him yourself. The body's out there in the coach house. The brigadier will go along with you. I suppose you want to start at that end and work



A sign bearing the words "Fabrique Malines" was suspended above the mill and at each side of the sign hung a huge wooden shoe



*He leaped backward a second after the light burst on. Hardesty heard him cry out in a short, surprised voice*

right through. There's little enough anyone can tell you, God knows!"

With Brigadier Plutarch, who puffed at Hardesty's heels, still carrying the pen, the D.C.I. operator walked across the lawn to a spot shielded by a group of high thorns, where the gardener Broussard was re-enacting for the assembled neighbors the solitary dramatic moment of his life.

Plutarch pointed to the coach house, where a cluster of morbid peasants crossed themselves and stared curiously at the paper screened window. Hardesty shook his head.

"Where was he at?" he demanded.

Plutarch comprehended slowly. Broussard, who had stopped his chatter, approached cautiously.

"I spick the English," he volunteered. "What you weesh know?" Hardesty kicked at the gravel.

"I spick the French about the same way, feller. But come on. Where did you find the corpse?"

"That dead man? Là! Under the beech tree . . . so!"

"Where at? Point with your fingers! I understand that better than English! There? Must have been a herd of cattle tramping it afterward! Where was his head?"

"Underneath him." The gardener tried to show just how. "Was he shot? Or just beat up?"

"The both. Shot and the beat up."

Hardesty rubbed his nose thoughtfully. The ground surrounding the spot which the gardener indicated had been trampled, except in the direction of the wall. Here the new flower beds lay clean of footprint. Plutarch, comprehending the American's scrutiny, explained, with many gestures, that he too had examined the wall. To Hardesty's best understanding, he claimed that it was impossible for the dead man to have been thrown across the stone hedge for the distance was too great. The gendarme, with one final dramatic wave of both arms, pointed to the tall gate at the front of the house.

"Let's see the body now," said Hardesty.

Captain Walsh had suffered two wounds. Over his heart the olive drab serge jacket had been pierced by a bullet of heavy calibre. Close examination showed powder burns on the cloth. The wound had bled only slightly. But the dead officer's head had received a terrific blow, back of the left ear.

Hardesty's examination was rapid and conducted with less drama than pleased the gendarme. (Continued on page 62)



# PROSPECTORS

*W*HAT with breaking trail for the dogs and one thing and another Chambers was ten days

*By Marquis James*

getting from his camp in the McKenzie River basin to Dawson City. The snow had fallen heavier than he had thought for and the drifts were bad. It was a hundred miles of hard going. But Chambers was out of grub and had to go to Dawson much as he might regret to spare the time, being, as he thought, on the heels of something promising in the way of a strike. He had been working on it for months alone.

"There was a sort of celebration going on in Dawson when I got there," says Mr. Chambers. "This was in February, 1918. Dawson had heard about the United States getting into the war. I had heard about it up the river. But to tell the truth I hadn't turned it over much in my mind, being so intent upon my prospecting. There is that about prospecting. It crowds everything else out of your mind and a season—a year—will go by before you know it.

"Well, that had been my fix. I suppose I had been negligent, what with us in the war for ten months and I hardly having given it a second thought. But in civilization again I began to think about it. I had a brother on the other side with the Canadians. He went in 1914. I tried to go—my claim is in British territory—but the doctor turned me down.

"The word had just reached Dawson that they wanted fifteen hundred miners to go to France and blow up the Hindenburg Line. That was the way we got it. The idea appealed to me and to make a long story short I went to Valdez and enlisted."

I told Mr. Chambers that he had made the story too short. How far was Valdez and how did he get there?

"Well," said Mr. Chambers, counting up. "Call it thirteen hundred miles the way I went—by way of Fairbanks. If I had gone to White Horse and that way it would have been only a thousand, but I expected to enlist at Fairbanks. I walked part of the way and sledged part.

"I knew, you see, that there were troops at Fairbanks. They had been there since the early days when they came to quiet things down. The traders had boosted the price of flour to one hundred dollars a barrel and us stampedeers were busting things

up. I never get to Fairbanks without thinking of that first stampede. The liveliest times I ever saw in Alaska.

"The first man up in that country was old Captain Barnett. That was about 1900. He went up the Tanana River in his little steamer to sell corned beef and cabbage to the Indians. The natives were unfamiliar with these delicacies, however, and having a good supply of fresh meat they wouldn't buy. The captain stayed up there about two years and was about to get stuck when the news of the strike went out. A Jap trader brought it into Dawson.

"The first I knew of it came from John Bonafield. John and Sam Bonafield were gamblers and I believe Sam was the greatest poker player that ever lived. Once some Chicago sports sent Harry Woolrich from the States with \$25,000 to clean Sam. The game was played at the Northern, in Dawson. Sam won the \$25,000 in a few hours. Tex Rickard would remember that. The Rickard brothers—I think they were brothers—were in Dawson that year. Big Tex and Little Tex. Big Tex is the one that is now promoting prize fights. Also Robert W. Service and 'the lady by the name of Lu' in his poem. She was Lula Johnson, a dancer at the Northern and a good-hearted soul. Lula and her husband were drowned when the *Princess Sophie* went down while I was in France. The Rickards ran the Monte Carlo but didn't make out so well and left in a small boat with eight hundred dollars between them for Nome, where they did better.

"Well, John Bonafield came stamping into our house after supper all excitement to say that there had been this big strike on the Tanana. He wanted me to start with him in the morning. I wasn't much for going but my mother and brother talked me into it. We spent most of the night getting ready and shoved off at daylight with seven dogs and one Yukon sledge. A Yukon sledge is the thing for fast travelling, especially where you have to break trail. They are only eight feet long and about ten inches above the ground. The Hudson Bay sledge, then in common use in Alaska, made a lot of trouble on the Fairbanks stampede. They are fourteen feet long and top-heavy. But on a good trail they are grand travelling, as when we used to load them up with girls and drive to Grand Forks on Eldorado Creek for a dance.



*Social note: Henry Bass of Columbus, Ohio, is building an addition to his temporary residence on the desert near Tucson, Arizona. On the opposite page are three reasons why one ex-soldier daddy wants to get well. They are Bobby, Beth and Jane, taking things easy outside their little gray home in the West*

"John and I were thirty-two days on the road, but we led the stampede into Fairbanks. We had expected to make it in ten days and took only ten days' rations, but we ran into a thaw and that makes the worst travelling there is in the Arctic. We traded with Indians for grub, though, and made it all right. The people with the Hudson Bays were always breaking down and having to relash. They had it harder than we did.

"All this was for nothing. The strike was a sell-out—a fake—the 1902 strike, that is. The real strike at Fairbanks was in 1904. I was in that stampede, too, which is another story.

"When I got to Fairbanks this last time there were four hundred troops there, but the officers were not authorized to enlist anyone for this special miners' detachment that was going to blow up the Hindenburg Line. I went on to Valdez, which is seven hundred miles farther. There were thirteen other fellows there waiting for the examination. An applicant had to be a miner and between the ages of twenty-five and forty-one. I was forty-two, so I gave my age in as thirty-eight. They put us through the jumps on that physical examination and only six passed."

Private Frank W. Chambers signed up on April 24, 1918. He sailed from Hoboken with the 27th Engineers on July 1st. In the outfit he was "Dynamite." Dynamite did not succeed, personally, in blowing up the whole Hindenburg Line, but he was gassed in the Toul sector and again in the Argonne with the Fifth Division. That last time he got a bad dose and was sent back to the States with tuberculosis. Eventually he found his way

to the government hospital at Whipple Barracks, Arizona.

"I was there just two months," said Mr. Chambers, "and all that time was spent planning for a discharge. I had seen enough of the inside of hospitals to last me my life if I were to live to be as old as Queen Victoria. I was not getting any better. Hospitals had done all for me that they could do. The life in them was too different from the life I had led for so long. I had never been

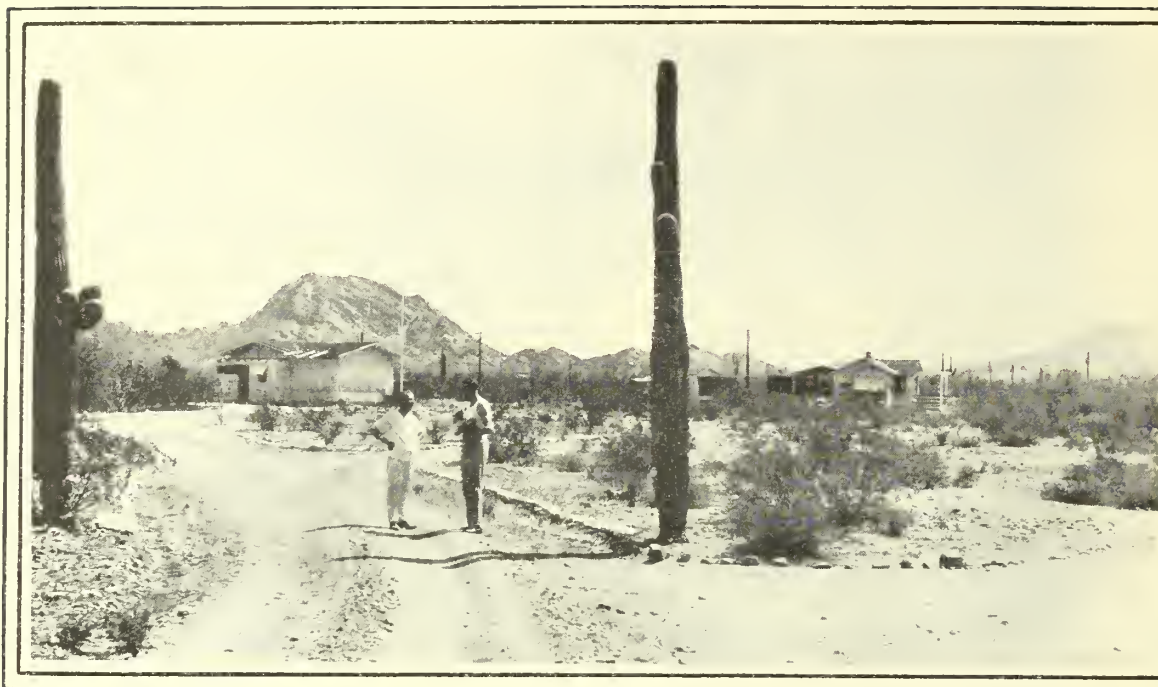
around sick people. Had hardly ever seen a sick person. I wanted to get out where I could associate with well people and try to act like them whether I was well or not. And I wanted to be alone. God, how I wanted to be alone as I have been in Alaska, not seeing a white person sometimes for months!

"On the third of September, 1919—that's one date I'll never forget—I was discharged from the hospital. I had a little money and was drawing government compensation. I would have gone out on the desert in a shack alone but I was too sick to do for myself. So I compromised on Phoenix where I didn't know anybody. I rented myself a room and started in to give myself the rest cure, carefully following all of the directions of the doctors.

There was no improvement for quite a while but I got no worse and was happier in my mind. I felt that I was shifting for myself even if I was not doing a thing but resting. At least I was under my own care and not a care to anyone else. This small particle of responsibility gave me something to build on, and a man who thinks he is dying of consumption will grasp at straws and get a lot of comfort out of it. In the course of time the rest cure began



*The Jack Sullivans of Philadelphia built their home right by a poloverde tree. Jack is doing nicely, thank you*



*The desert at its best. Dreamy Drow, in the mountains near Phoenix, shelters thirty in the sun when this picture was taken, but it's only fair to point out beneficial. The men at the left are Harry Fraught of Kalamazoo, Michigan,*

to take hold and, almost imperceptibly at first, I felt a gain in strength."

Mr. Chambers also felt the need for something to do, so he joined The American Legion. The Legion in Phoenix is almost wholly occupied with the problem caused by the ceaseless migration of ex-service men in search of health. Chambers busied himself with this work, visiting hundreds of men and women who were in the same boat as himself. One of them was Reba Bickel, a navy nurse from Enid, Oklahoma. The raw climate of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station had sent Reba to Arizona. She was in a private sanitarium in Phoenix.

By the summer of 1921 Chambers felt well enough to do a little prospecting for something besides health.

"I guess you've heard of the Lost Dutchman Mine. Well, I located an old Alaska pardner, O. F. Jenkins, in Sawtelle, California, and wrote him that if he would come to Phoenix we would try to find the Lost Dutchman. We were out there two weeks and found the Dutchman's cabin and some of his traps—pack saddles and so on that he used to carry the ore down. We could not find the tunnel, which I figure has been closed by a slide. Put it that way: closed by a slide. But the place is worth looking over again, so we may make another visit some time."

Miss Bickel began to get better, too. She joined the Legion and was put on the post visiting committee. As Mr. Chambers had a Ford, Miss Bickel and he sometimes made their calls together. In 1922 they were married.

So far as a layman might tell they were well. The professional term is that their ailment had reached a state of arrest. Further progress depended on continued residence in the Arizona climate, to which their lungs had become accustomed, and careful living. They set themselves for a long stay in Arizona. They bought two and a half acres in the Pasadena Tract, seven miles from Phoenix, where there is government irrigation from the Roosevelt dam. They built a handsome bungalow and furnished it very nicely indeed—easy chairs and soft lights. Back of the house they set out figs, grapefruit, oranges and grapes. In front they put a lawn and some oleander bushes. This year they sold a few things. Next year they expect a money crop.

"We are prepared to make a go of it here," said Mr. Chambers. "But just now Mrs. Chambers and I are planning a trip to Alaska in 1928. The summer climate of Alaska is delightful. I want to look over my property there. I might tumble on to something good and come back with a piece of money to spend enlarging our ranch.

"You know, your going to write this up reminds me of something that happened in 1898, which is the only other time I was ever written up. That was the Klondike stampede. I was at

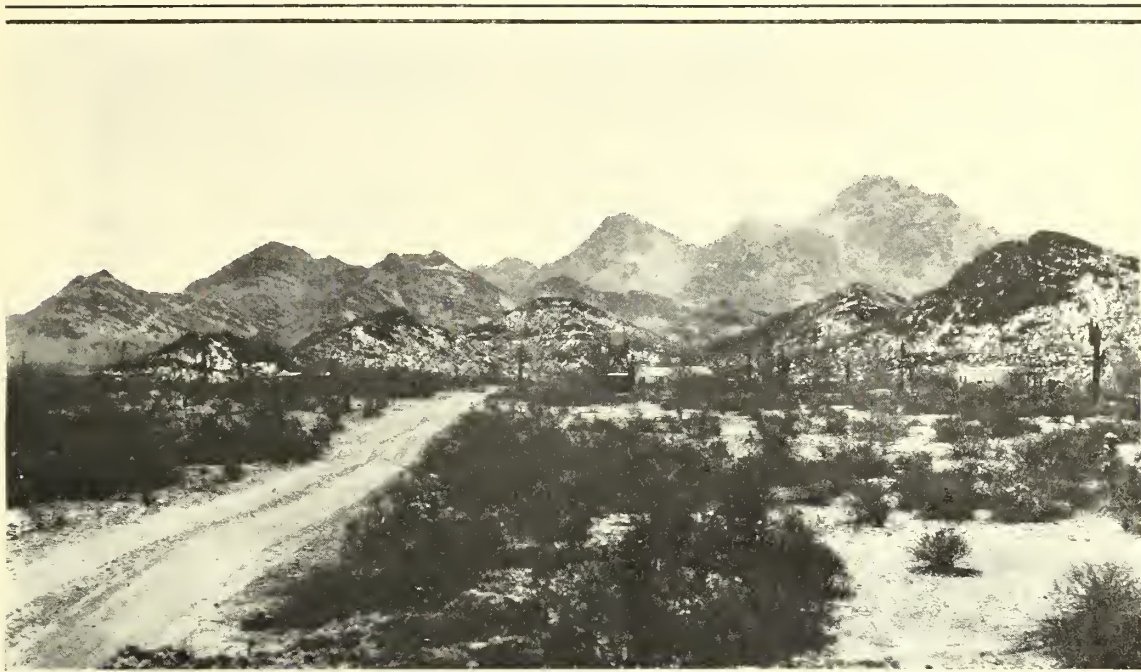
Circle City, which is just sixteen miles below the Arctic Circle. From there I rushed to the Klondike, some three hundred miles, with Alex Droan, or as every old timer knew him, the Pelly River Kid. We started without sledge, provisions or blankets. The Kid knew the country and said there were camps all along. If there were we couldn't find some of them and went two days and nights without sleep or anything to eat. We were pretty well used up when we came to the cabin of an old man with a long beard. He said his name was Miller and took us in. When we were rested we went on and I thought no more about it for nearly two years when someone handed me a copy of the Seattle P. I. There was a long writeup about the Kid and me signed by Joaquin Miller."

The P. I. is the *Seattle Post Intelligencer*. No West Coast man says anything else.

No one realizes more clearly than Mr. Chambers that his Pelly River Kid days are behind him. If he returns to Alaska it will be a summer excursion and back for an Arizona winter.

"One of the biggest troubles the Veterans Bureau and the Legion has in Arizona," said Mr. Chambers, "is from the boys who won't stay put. They come out here and find life strange and different and not without certain discomforts. They get a little better and they think they can go back to Ohio or Kansas or wherever they came from. Or they do not even stay long enough to get better, but think they should begin to improve from the moment they cross the Arizona boundary, and after a few months off they trek to Colorado or some other place and begin all over again. We may never leave Arizona. We shall never leave even on a trip unless we know we can stand it without the least change in our condition."

Mr. Chambers is a man of less than average size. He says he has never had a rugged physique, but was one of those wiry little fellows, hard to wear down. He looks as healthy as and much younger than men ordinarily do at fifty-two; on an honest guess I missed his age by six years. Both Mr. and Mrs. Chambers have shovelled death from their elbow, cured themselves and been an inspiration to afflicted veterans who come in increasing numbers every season to Arizona. Their work among them is known all over the Salt River Valley, and Chambers's advice and Mrs. Chambers's ministrations as a professional nurse have saved many a man who had lost heart or was not going rightly at the business of getting well. Mr. Chambers says that if he had remained in the hospital he would have been dead or, as he puts it, "as good as dead—a permanent hospital patient without hope or ambition to be anything else." He says he cured himself by getting out on his own and taking himself in hand. He says this method cures more people in Arizona than any other method.



*a typical veteran colony. The thermometer was geared up to one hundred and that during eight months in the year the climate is as delightful as it is and Waldo L. Nelson of Minneapolis, who was once given up for dead*

The doctors corroborate the statement and the figures prove it.

There are six thousand veterans in Arizona seeking health. Not more than eight hundred of them are in hospitals or sanitariums, public or private. There is a need for increased facilities at the two government hospitals at Whipple Barracks, near Prescott and at Tucson. There are stages of the disease requiring care that can only be administered satisfactorily in a hospital. It is nevertheless true that more men are cured outside of hospitals than inside them, and everywhere men who were winning their fight outside of a hospital told me that there were men in hospitals who would do better outside. Most of my informants had been in a hospital at one time or another and were thoroughly appreciative of what the hospitals had done for them. The difficulty with the hospital, they say, is that the patient may stay too long.

When Howard Smith came to Arizona five years ago he was not eligible for admission to a government hospital because his disability had not been traced to a service origin. Smith brought his wife and two little children. They had railroad fare to Safford and a few dollars left over.

Smith asked help of no one. He rented an adobe house for four dollars a month and got a job cutting cord wood. It was piece work and he could earn about two dollars a day without over-straining himself. In eighteen months he was well enough to set up at his trade as a house painter. He overdid it and broke down. By that time the Legion had obtained a change in the law which enabled Smith to obtain treatment at a government hospital. He went to the one at Tucson and stayed three weeks.

Smith is a tall, red-headed Kentuckian. "I reckon I might have stayed a little longer," he said, "if it hadn't been for my family at Safford. The hospital did me a great deal of good. It helped me over a tight place and put me in shape to help myself again. That, as I see it, is where the hospital should fit into this scheme of getting well in Arizona."

Mr. Smith has built himself up a good

business in Safford. He is one of the substantial citizens of the place. He is the Commander of the local post of the Legion, which has fifty members. I afterwards learned at Legion Department Headquarters at Phoenix that this is all the ex-service men there are in Safford, but Mr. Smith had not mentioned the fact that he had a one hundred percent post. He spoke of other things, however.

"We are always busted," he said. "Now take what happened not so long ago. I was called from my work by someone who phoned that an ex-service man was in distress down on the river bank a half mile from town. I went to see. Parked under a tree was an old Overland with three of her four bearings burnt out. A little wall tent had been pitched beside it. Outside the tent was a poor devil stretched out on a canvas cot. His wife was fanning him. They were from Beauregard, Louisiana. They didn't have a cent. Not a cent, and hadn't eaten since the day before.

"I rustled some victuals and some bed clothes and wired the Veterans Bureau in Phoenix to make room for this boy in the hospital at Tucson. I received an answer right away, and we started him on his way. But it cost us forty dollars. There was no money in the treasury and six of us post members put up the forty."

For years the Legion of the Department of Arizona has been as busted as the Safford post and from the same cause. The biggest single item of expense to The American Legion in Arizona has been the care of veterans and the families of veterans who come to Arizona in search of health. It is a form of expense from which other Legion departments are exempt for the most part. The welfare activities of most Legion posts and departments are calculated for the benefit of the department's own people. But in Arizona a very small proportion of the assistance rendered is for the benefit of native Arizonans. The Veterans Bureau figures show four percent native Arizonans among the health seekers. The Legion's figures (Continued on page 60)



*Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Chambers under the oleanders*

# The JUDGE TAKES

By

GEORGE  
CREEL

I PICKED him up on the shining highway that stretches like bridal ribbon between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Gray hair and a fine, benevolent old face stilled the voice of caution, and stopping the car at his hail, we told him to jump in. Although he wore a knapsack, his seventy-odd years seemed to mark him as some rancher walking into town, and it was more to make conversation than anything else that I asked him where he was from.

"Pittsburgh," he said.

"Pittsburgh," I echoed. "Pittsburgh! You don't mean to tell me you've walked from Pittsburgh?"

"Not all the way," he admitted. "Just some of it. To be exact," he continued, adjusting a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and taking a memorandum book from his pocket, "I hoofed 127 miles of the distance, and hitch-hiked 3,720. Not bad for an amateur, is it? Back in Los Angeles I talked with a young chap who'd come from Boston without more than touching his foot to the ground, but he's been hitch-hiking over the country for two or three years, and knows the game."

"Did you have to come to California?" I asked, more than ever puzzled.

"No, indeed," he laughed. "I'm not an Iowan. Of course, I might spin you a long, pathetic lie about being broke, and my sick wife or dying daughter calling for me, but what's the point? I'm not ashamed of what I'm doing, for about the worst you can call it is a case of protracted adolescence. As a boy I was crazy to go bumming—that's what we used to call it—but there were all sorts of family obligations, and I had to go to work when I was fourteen. All through fifty-five years of money-making I never lost the idea, and when I retired last winter I made up my mind to do what I hadn't been able to do as a kid.

"Riding the brake beams or the blind baggage was out of the question, however, and even stowing myself away in a box car didn't seem entirely practical, but just as I was about to give it up and go in for golf, I heard about this hitch-hiking. Begging automobile rides, you know. Some boys I knew had gone clear to Florida and back only walking four or five miles. So I bought this knapsack, gave my relatives the slip, and here I am." Whereupon he chuckled until he looked like both of the Cherry-bble brothers rolled into one.

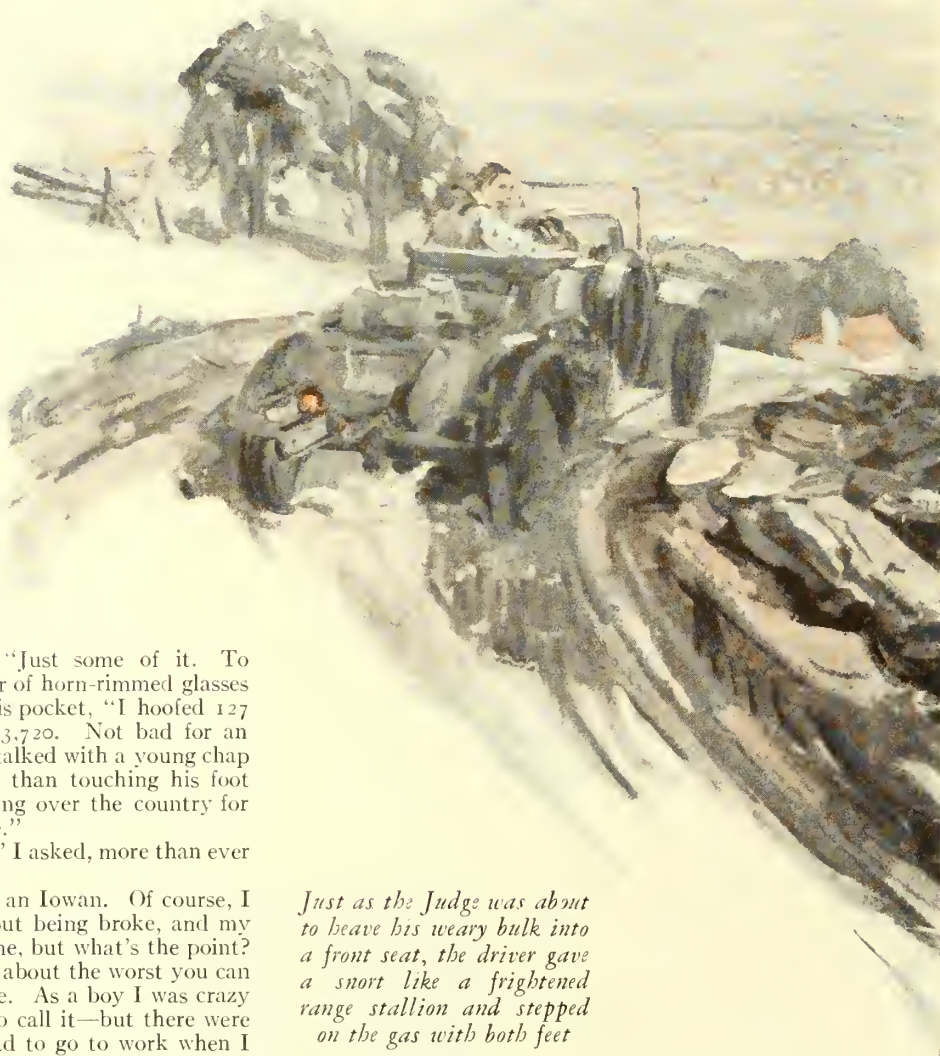
"And how long were you on the road, Judge?" I simply had to give him a title of some sort. His presence demanded it.

"Forty-five days to Los Angeles. That wasn't all running time, however," he explained. "I took it easy, sleeping fairly late in the mornings, and stopping for a day or two when there was anything to see."

"And how much has it cost you?"

"Let me see." Again the memorandum book was produced and thumbed. "Up to date I've spent exactly \$212.50. Not a cent for transportation. All for hotels and meals. Most of the hitch-hikers I met had a blanket roll, and ate by fits and snacks, but I didn't feel I could go that far."

As we rolled along into San Francisco, the Judge more than paid for his ride by a full, analytical description of the new American outdoor sport that has lifted hoboing to the high level of an



*Just as the Judge was about to leave his weary bulk into a front seat, the driver gave a snort like a frightened range stallion and stepped on the gas with both feet*

art. All the joys of automobiling without a single penalty of ownership! The menace of speed cops, the price of oil and gasoline, the problem of parking, the cause of the mysterious rattle—these annoyances weigh not at all upon the care-free gaiety of the hitch-hiker. If engine trouble befalls, or an inner tube blows out, he can murmur a grateful farewell, step out into the road, hail another car and calmly pursue his untroubled way.

Best of all, hitch-hiking has none of the odium that used to attach to hoboing. College lads have gone in for it quite heavily, giving the profession a certain picturesque quality, and with pedestrianism recommended by every sensible physician, the elderly hiker can always pass for a retired captain of industry in search of health. As a matter of fact, my friend the Judge, as I afterwards learned from his mortified relatives in San Francisco, was rich enough to have traveled across the continent in a private car.

Unlike big-game hunting, Arctic exploration, mountain climbing and other popular pursuits, hitch-hiking does not call for any expensive equipment. Every possible need is met by a pair of knickerbockers, a change of linen and shaving materials. As the knickerbockers are stage effects—for the sincere hitch-hiker has no intention of walking—they can be omitted without hurt, and there is really no large necessity for additional underwear and the extra shirt. Veteran campaigners prefer to buy their changes as the need arises, a course that does away with the bother of laundering.

# A STROLL

*Illustration by  
J. Sanford Hulme*



The shaving kit, however, is a basic requirement. In view of the esteem in which whiskers have been held from time immemorial—the unquestioning public confidence that they have always been able to inspire—it is quite a blow to find that the early beginnings of a beard are attended by doubt, dislike and distrust. Hitch-hikers have found out, by painful experience, that nothing is more detrimental to their prospects than a stubby face. Statistics, carefully compiled, prove that clean-shaven men will get from eight to ten lifts while some unshaven comrade is forlornly waiting for his first.

A pleasing appearance, or one that conveys an impression of amiability and pacific nature, is essential to the success of a hitch-hiker. So many automobilists have had unhappy experiences with “pick-ups,” suffering robbery and assault, that the average

driver now has small faith in mankind, and goes in wariness and dark suspicion. Unless the hitch-hiker manages to give an effect of just having stepped out of a Rollo book, the man at the wheel turns pale at sight of his uplifted hand, shifts into high and disappears in a cloud of dust. Bill Sikes, for instance, would have been an awful dud at hitch-hiking.

The Judge made this important discovery quite early in his voyage.

Owing to the fact that he had not yet mastered the technique of hitch-hiking, he cut himself a good-sized staff, figuring that it might come in handy in case he did have to walk. Travel was brisk that particular morning, yet for a full hour he hailed in vain, not a single car doing more than to hesitate for the fraction of a second. At last a battered little flivver came to a full stop, but just as the Judge was about to heave his weary bulk into a front seat, the driver gave a snort like a frightened range stallion, stepped on the gas with both feet, and was soon butting his fenders against the far horizon.

Fear, like a pall, descended upon the Judge, enveloping him in its sable folds. Could it be that he had been deceiving himself with respect to his face? Did he have the criminal ears so minutely described by Lombroso? Or had the Automobile Association of America issued an order against free rides? Was his joyous adventure to end in disaster even before it had well begun? Trailing the rags of his tattered vanity, he tottered to a patch of grass at the roadside, and gave himself over to a reconstruction of the entire scene.

Evidently it was not his face that had been at fault, for the driver had come to a full stop, his features wreathed in a smile of greeting. Nor could it have been his ears, for their flange-like tendency was held in check by the close-fitting cap. Then what was it? Thinking back, the Judge remembered a downward glance that had immediately preceded the snort and flight. Pants? Shoes? No, there was nothing about them to occasion alarm. Stick? *Of course!* What a fool he had been not to realize that it surely suggested assault and battery! Throwing it away, he stepped back into the road with renewed confidence, and inside of five minutes was bowering his hips in the soft cushions of a brand-new touring car.

The growth of hitch-hiking, only second to the “extra” industry of Hollywood as a refuge for the idle, may well stand as a monument to the careless, unconsidered generosity of the American people. The driver who stops his car to “give a lift” to strangers passed on the highway runs a very definite risk of finding himself looking deep into the barrel of a gun, or having a club or monkey-wrench bent over his head. Even if he escapes a hold-up, there is the chance that he may figure as defendant in a damage suit. Any passenger in an automobile, if injured in an accident, has full right to recover damages, and the fact that he had begged the ride would not constitute a defense to the action.

In the course of the Judge’s transcontinental journey, exactly 117 men “took a chance on him,” to use (Continued on page 54)

# The WOMAN who TOLD

By Chet Shafer

Dear Claire:

This letter is the last of my life. I am to be shot at five minutes past ten tonight. Goodbye and never forget Robert, who died for France and my country. A kiss for you and one for our little daughter. When she is old enough tell her the truth. Send the letter I wrote to my mother that I gave to the pastor because the Germans wouldn't send it. Bonjour and au revoir.

Your lover, ROBERT.

**B**ETWEEN the cheap imitation leather covers of a writing pad in a drawer of a cupboard in the living room of a little stone house in Hargicourt, France, is this letter, written in French—"the last of my life." It bears the date of May 30, 1916, and is addressed to Mademoiselle Claire Dessène. It was written by Robert Digby. There's another letter in the pad, too. Rather, it is a copy made by Claire Dessène of the letter Digby wrote to his mother in Southampton, England—a letter which was dispatched but which has remained unanswered these eleven years. And also in that pad there is a printed form certificate from His Britannic Majesty's Government with the rubber-stamped signature of Lord Curzon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a testimony of "Britain's thanks for a timely deed given to distressed comrades."

Back in September, 1914, the gray-green armies of Germany swept through the north of France and Hargicourt. The British Army—that first hundred thousand—was in retreat. Somewhere west of Hargicourt a detachment of eighty Britishers was captured. Of this number four managed to escape. Three of the four, W. Thorpe of the King's Regiment, F. Donohue of the Royal Irish Fusileers, and D. Martin, also of the Fusileers, made their way back to Hargicourt, a tiny village resting far behind the point where the combat lines were stabilized in the region of Péronne, on the Somme. They hid in the cellar of a house. The fourth man, Sergeant Robert Digby of the 37th Infantry Regiment, had two German privates as his captors. On the way back to the concentration camp the Germans drank themselves into a stupor in a wayside estaminet. Digby killed them both with one of their bayonets. Then he, too, crept into Hargicourt.

It was late at night, a drizzly, muddy night, when Digby came to Hargicourt. The town was policed by German sentries. Stealthily he crawled up a side street between the rows of darkened, shadowy houses which the French peasants had refused to leave. His eye caught the glint of a light through a crack in the shutters of a home. He rapped on the door and whispered huskily: "Anglais! Anglais!"

The door opened. Digby stumbled in. Quickly the door was closed and bolted. Then Digby looked down into the big, brown and very trusting eyes of Claire Dessène. He was covered with mud. His right arm hung limp from a wound. The girl—she was but nineteen years old—bathed the blood from his face and bandaged his arm. She fed him. Then she helped him to a bed.

For several days Digby was delirious.

But under the careful nursing of Claire Dessène and her mother he soon recovered. When his strength had returned sufficiently to permit it,

he left the bed and dressed himself in the peasant garb belonging to the girl's father, who had died a year before. His uniform was put out of sight behind some wine casks in the cellar. At the suggestion of Claire, Digby removed the partitions in the base of the huge kitchen cupboard so that he might secrete himself on an instant's warning if a German searching party happened along.

The weeks went by. The girl gave Digby a French grammar. He busied himself during the days studying the language. At night, when the windows were shuttered, she helped him with his lessons. He progressed rapidly. He learned to speak and to understand. And one night he drew from the pocket of his smock a ring—a crude ring he had made with no inconsiderable effort from a button off the blouse of his uniform.

He asked no question, for there was a full consent in the girl's eyes. She held out her finger. A pledge was made that they would be married as soon as the war was over. Madame Dessène agreed. And from that night Robert and Claire were as man and wife.

Life went on, with few incidents, for more than a year. In the meantime Digby, irked by his confinement, strolled out one day to test the security of his disguise. The Germans had established headquarters in Le Catelet, seven kilometers from Hargicourt and not far from Bony, where, four years later, an American cemetery was established which is to be preserved in perpetuity. But Hargicourt—distant from the front at St. Quentin some thirty kilometers—was well within the German lines, and they paid little or no attention to the French civilians.

Digby took just a short walk that first day and went undetected. Encouraged by his success, he extended the scope of his sallies. It was then that he found his three comrades, Thorpe, Donohue and Martin, living a similar existence. They gathered often, laughed about their wooden sabots, sipped an occasional glass of wine and discussed plans for returning to the British lines. During the long winter the program was unvaried. In the spring they began working in the fields under German direction. The summer of 1915 passed with no suspicions. They played their rôles well. Crops were harvested in the fall, and then, on November 14, 1915, a child was born to Claire Dessène—a daughter. The infant looked like her mother. It was named Helena, after the mother of Digby.

Spring came again. The English launched a drive. Hargicourt was threatened. Detachments of German soldiers clamped hourly over the cobles of the streets of the little town. Sitting in the window of her home, an old woman watched the activities. She was apprehensive. Like all the other villagers, she knew of Digby and his comrades. She fully realized the



Achille Poette, Hargicourt's postman.  
He wouldn't tell



*The two principal victims of the Woman Who Told—Claire Dessène and her ten-year-old daughter Helena*

consequences certain to result if the Englishmen should be discovered. A German patrol was passing. On an impulse she went into the street and plucked at the sleeve of the sergeant in charge. He frowned, but he halted his patrol and listened as she told her tale.

An hour later Thorpe, Martin and Donohue were found crouched in their cellar. They were led away to Le Catelet. On May 27, 1916—the day following—they were lined up against the towering wall surrounding the cliff on which the ancient fifteenth-century château stands, and shot—technically, of course, they were spies. The next day the German sergeant and his patrol returned to Hargicourt. They questioned the old woman. She reiterated her assertion that another Britisher was in the village—she did not know exactly where. They asked the mayor—Camille Parfait. He swore that the three men who had been taken away were all he knew. Achille Poette, the postman, was quizzed. He testified as had the mayor. Unsatisfied, the Germans began a systematic search of every home. Up a side street and to the Dessène home they progressed. One of the soldiers pounded on the door with the butt of his rifle. Claire opened the door. She had her baby in her arms. She tried to block the way. The move was a mistake. The Germans pushed her aside and found Digby, doubled up in his self-made refuge in the cupboard.

Like the others, Digby was tried by a perfunctory military court and was found guilty of the murder of the two men who had been his captors that night of his escape in 1914. He was sentenced to death. On the morning of May 30th he wrote his last letters. These he gave to a French curé. Just before twilight that night the letters were delivered to Claire Dessène in Hargicourt—and that night, on the same spot where his comrades had stood, Digby faced a firing squad of twenty gray-green Germans lined up twenty meters away, and was executed.



*Camille Parfait, mayor of Hargicourt. He wouldn't tell either, so he, too, went to prison*

Not long ago I went to Le Catelet. In company with a Frenchman who had been a student in England and an interpreter for the United States Army, I followed the path that winds in and out among the scrub trees in the dry moat at the base of the crumbling wall that surrounds the château. We saw the spot—it was pointed out by villagers—where the executions had taken place. Gaunt skeletons of trees, killed by shellfire, stood stark against the sky above the towering battlement, but that spot was crowned by a single living pine. A breeze waved the long grass. A bird cheeped. In the stillness it was not difficult to visualize the tragedy.

Over in the town, near the bridge and the monument erected to those sons of Le Catelet who died for La Patrie, is the communal cemetery. This was a German strongpoint captured by the 27th American Division in the fall of 1918, after the Hindenburg line from Bellicourt to Vendhuile had been smashed. It is on the banks of the Escaut, a turbulent stream that rushes over a pebbly bottom on its way to become the Scheldt in Belgium. In one plot, near the entrance, there were three graves, marked by three wooden crosses—the graves of Donohue, Thorpe and Martin. Back near the wall was another grave, well-kept and overgrown with coronation flowers. On the cross was this inscription:

SGT. ROBERT DIGBY  
37TH INFANTRY REGIMENT  
MAY 30, 1916

From Le Catelet we went over to Hargicourt. Mademoiselle Claire Dessène was working in a tiny factory, making curtains on an electric sewing-machine. When we told her we knew English she smiled. It was near noonday and (Continued on page 85)

# EDITORIAL

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## *Another Comeback*

POSSIBLY the war comeback in the magazines and the movies has had something to do with it. Anyway, the fake veteran is back again. He has never actually been away since 1919, but he has subsided into the background occasionally.

He has a new stunt—fairly new, anyway, on a large scale. He now haunts the main-travelled roads where motorists are subject to delays and tieups on account of construction work. There they sit, primed for the picking.

And so he pleads his cause. He may have something to sell—a piece of camouflage which both he and the victim understand. He may appeal bluntly for charity. His appeal will be accompanied by some vague reference to war service, perhaps even to a veterans' organization.

The Legionnaire needs no advice on how to handle such a situation. As he has done in the past, he will ask the man for the details of his service. If such details are not forthcoming or if they are fictitious it will probably be enough to intimate that the undesirable should be on his way. If—as sometimes happens—he has a service record he is entitled to a hearing. It is possible, though not probable, that his case is one that should be brought to the attention of The American Legion for reference to the government agencies of relief.

But in any event the mendicant veteran or so-called veteran must be eliminated. There is no excuse for him whatever. The public is entitled to protection. The discredit he casts upon the prestige of the Legion demands decisive action.

## *Nine Years*

THE world improves regardless of what the long-faced pessimists say.

Nine years ago on the eleventh of November the largest-scale and most destructive human misunderstanding that has taken place since the art of history was discovered came to an end. But wars had ended before without composing the passions that bred them. There is truth in the assertion that from 1871 to 1914 France and Germany recognized an armed truce rather than peace. It was candidly predicted that after the Armistice of 1918 a generation must elapse before the hatreds engendered during four years of strife should pass away and the world become even as pleasant a place to live in as it was before 1914.

These predictions do not appear to have been borne out. There was, however, the usual confused and unhappy start. The Allies imposed a peace that could have been improved upon and has been,

and Germany was stiff-necked about admitting the error of her ways. But after nine years most of that has worked itself out quite satisfactorily. Germany has come down from her high horse and the Allies have shown a spirit of compassion. Germany and France have signed a treaty that guarantees, insofar as treaties can, that no future war will start at least with the dispatch that the last one did. Germany has been received into the League of Nations. Germany has shelved the old sabre-rattling clique and her ablest soldier, President von Hindenburg, contributes his prestige and great ability to this program, transferring his soldier's fidelity and integrity to a civilian job.

This tranquilization is not confined to circles of statesmen. The German movies, an after-the-war industry in the reich, have received a flattering reception in the Allied countries, including America. The German resorts and old time meccas for sight-seers are again thronged by Americans, and the Germans, always great travellers, rank next to Americans among the foreigners at French and British watering places. A German author publishes a sympathetic study of Napoleon that is one of the noteworthy literary attainments of the decade.

All of which is in the nature of a fulfillment. It is making the world safer for democracy. And the American who coined that phrase and composed the scriptures that made the Armistice possible will loom larger in the world's appreciation as succeeding Armistice days go by.

## *Crime and Punishment*

IT IS not very stimulating to the pride of the average American to be reminded that he lives in the most lawless of civilized nations. As the reminders do not come from abroad they cannot be dismissed as a part of the general grouch which some of us fancy, not without a suggestion of basis, that a few foreigners who adore to give their opinions to the world bear against the United States and everything connected with it. The reminders come from thoughtful homefolks.

Regardless of where they come from they are true. There are more murders and more robberies, to mention two serious breaches of decorum, in the United States than in any other first, second or third-rate country. The facts might as well be looked in the eye.

The cause of this condition is not to be found altogether in a lack of regulation affecting the conduct of the individual in his relation to society. We have more laws than nearly any other nation in the world.

It is not, however, that no wise new laws are enacted. Time has established that New York



## THE WORLD DO MOVE

acted wisely a couple of years ago when it passed special laws given mandatory life sentences that are hard to wiggle out of by the pardon and parole route to fourth offenders in the gunman class. Other States have passed similar laws, with the result that there has been a less enthusiastic display of firearms by crooks in the jurisdictions affected.

Obedience of law rests on public sentiment. Where sentiment does not favor a law that law is not respected. We have laws that make offenses of acts that the majority of public sentiment in many communities does not regard as offenses. The consequence is that those laws are not enforced, nor will they be so long as sentiment is what it is. History does not contain a record of a case in which a law has made sentiment. The shoe is on the other foot. Sentiment makes law—enforceable law.

What is the matter and how can the situation be repaired?

People have written books on that subject, air-

ing a wide sweep of diverging views, but this much is rather difficult to assail successfully: Fear of punishment does hinder crime. When the mere fear of punishment is supplanted by the practical certainty of punishment the hindrance is multiplied and crime decreases.

The arrest is only a preliminary step, however. Judges, prosecuting attorneys, juries and the people who wield the parole and pardoning powers can nullify the work of the most vigilant policemen in the world. And that is where Mr. Average Citizen—where the reader of these lines—can get in his oar. He has a voice and a hand in the selection of judges, prosecutors, and the people who pardon and parole. He composes the juries. He can reduce crime from its current proportions by keeping a few simple facts before his mind and asking a few pertinent questions of people who run for office, and seeing how closely their conduct after election conforms to their words before election.

# ALL OVER *the* MAP

## By Robert R. McCormick

A TIDAL wave of telephone calls inundated the large switchboard of the *Chicago Tribune* one evening. Starting about five minutes past ten o'clock, the worst of the flood was over in an hour or so. But between ten o'clock and midnight, the busiest time of day on the paper's city desk, the *Tribune's* regular telephone activity had practically to be suspended.

It was not a national calamity or a prize fight for a championship or any one of the extraordinary events which commonly deluge the switchboard with inquiries. The operators answered one question—"Where are Sam 'n' Henry tonight"—more than two thousand, five hundred times, until their ears ached from the sound and their throats from talking. For the benefit of anyone who has never tuned in on Station WGN at ten o'clock, be it explained that Sam 'n' Henry are comedians who put on a ten-minute radio program in Negro dialect every evening.

This particular morning they had gone on their vacations—even a professional comedian needs an occasional rest. It occurred to the broadcasting station to say nothing of their departure—to see what would happen.

The evening's flood of inquiries represented only those among Sam 'n' Henry's following who were in Chicago and suburbs nearby and who also were so disappointed that they took the trouble and spent the money to call up for information. In the morning letters began arriving from more distant points. To shut off the stream it took several announcements over the air and in the newspaper that Sam 'n' Henry would be back on the job thirteen days hence, for ten minutes daily on the old schedule.

Demonstrations such as the listeners put on for Sam 'n' Henry, impromptu at that, when a regular program is suddenly omitted—these supply the best kind of evidence. When anything of the sort happens, it means that the program is well liked and has a following. When, on the contrary, a program is dropped off with no more consequences than follow throwing a pebble into a comb, this is rather good proof that the program did not bring the station many listeners. Naturally, what brings a station a clientele is what the owners of the station wish to broadcast. Clientele is the only justification a station has for existence.

When a program appeals to the tastes of practically everyone the station can reach, it suits us. Our problem in operating two broadcasting stations—WGN and WLIB—is to reach with each program just as large a share as we can of the radio public, and to reach frequently with some program every section of this audience.

It is not a simple problem. Anyone who thinks so would be permanently cured by assuming for a few weeks or even a few days the task of building any large broadcasting station's programs. To do it takes imagination vivid enough to visualize the millions of people who are the possible audience, and understanding sufficiently deep to know what they like. A radio listener can be—and is—captious. Why shouldn't he be, when a flick of the thumb and forefinger supplants a dull program with something more promising?

The whole question of programs and audiences is a puzzler. It would be simple if we could classify and label all the listeners into a few types. But we cannot. The man who delights in grand opera is, musically speaking, a highbrow. But when a heavyweight prize-fight is broadcast that same man is probably sitting on the forward two inches of the best antique chair in the house, gazing hypnotically into the loud speaker and yelling, "Sock him!" So if we tried to classify him by his taste in sporting events, we probably should label him lowbrow.

Besides, he would be easier to classify if he would only stay put. But he refuses. A year ago he wrote letters requesting that WGN put on more music like "Papa Loves Mama." In 1926 and 1927 his tastes in music have improved, and he demands just as firmly that he hear the entire Peer Gynt Suite, and that right soon. Incidentally, in shifting thus he is following the crowd. The public taste has been rapidly shifting to classical music, judging by radio response.

It might be easier if we could size up audiences by their

classifications of occupation. Take farmers, for instance. Presumably they should be satisfied with market reports on farm products—grains, livestock, and the like. Many farmers are, no doubt. But when, some months ago, we contemplated discontinuing the six p. m. reports on the stock and bond markets, the proportion of farmers was noticeable among those writing in to protest.

What radio folks call "a big feature" is the one sure way to reach the largest audience. A feature, it should be explained, is a single entertainment or educational number, as distinguished from entertainment which is a combination of program items. And a big feature is one which is of sufficient importance and length to constitute a program by itself.

Take, for example, the Mussolini program which was broadcast by WGN just before Christmas. An overwhelming majority of this country's population is interested in the Fascist leader. Besides the great general interest, there are hundreds of thousands of Italians or people of Italian descent who would not conceivably miss a chance to hear the voice of the man who today rules Italy.

So we arranged for and obtained a speech by Mussolini, recorded on a phonograph record. This speech was broadcast on the evening of December 14, 1926. And with it there arose the question of providing music of appropriate quality. Four outstanding singers—Tito Schipa, Rosa Raisa, Giacomo Rimini and Virgilio Lazzari—were induced to take places on the program. Any one of the five, Mussolini, Schipa, Raisa, Rimini or Lazzari, would be a good feature without support. Taken together they provided a program of tremendous interest. And by all reports which came to the station, literally millions of people were listening throughout this program.

IT IS not, of course, possible to provide this calibre of entertainment day in and day out. The Mussolini program, in combination with the four opera stars, strikes us as one of the greatest radio programs ever broadcast. But it is possible, with care and ability, to give programs every day which hold the interest of a large share of the public within reach.

We hold to the idea that radio is not merely a form of amusement. To justify its existence radio must likewise perform some definite public service. So we strive to combine in the programs of our stations both public service and entertainment.

Parts of every day's program are entertainment and nothing else—Sam 'n' Henry, for instance. Parts of every day's program are straight educational work, with not a suggestion of entertainment. And a considerable share of what we put on the air every day is a combination of entertainment and betterment.

Together, WGN and WLIB broadcast during one hundred and eight hours a week. And of this time, more than twenty hours are undilutedly educational. Every school day at five o'clock, for one thing, we broadcast a lesson. On Friday it is a piano lesson. Other days the subject taught is French, Spanish, better English and Algebra. Trained teachers give the instructions. Students are regularly enrolled on request, without charge, and the weekly lesson is mailed to the student in advance of the broadcast study hour, so that he may prepare his lesson and be ready to take full advantage of the instruction.

In general these lessons are intended for boys and girls of high-school age. The four high-school subjects taught are, in fact, synchronized with the classes in these studies in the Chicago public high schools. As this was written, the algebra hour was being devoted to a review of the past few months' work, to help the students prepare for the semi-annual examinations of the Chicago high schools, then due in about four weeks.

As it happens, we can know specifically how many people we are reaching with these lessons because of the enrolments and the printed leaflets we mail out weekly. Likewise this gives an idea of the geographical distribution of the students.

Over twenty-five hundred students are receiving the piano lessons weekly—and they are scattered from the Rocky Mountain States and Texas to New England and Florida. The enrolments in Spanish and French are each above two thousand. And we



*"The only radio station which can hope to stay in business is the one managed by people who realize that every class of folks is listening, and that it must please them all. For the radio audience is composed of everyone in the country, from the President in the White House to the humblest citizen and the newly-arrived alien"*



know from the letters that most of the students in all of these classes are about high-school age.

Not all of them, though. There was one woman in western Nebraska who enrolled several months ago, and who wrote a letter just the other day to express her appreciation of the piano instruction. "From the time I was four years old I wanted more than anything else to learn to play the piano," she wrote. "But my parents were poor, and we had no piano. I never had a chance to learn as a child.

"I was married very young. My husband did not make much money, and the children took every cent we got. So I had no chance to learn to play the piano. Besides, we moved out to this farm, which is fourteen miles from the nearest town. There are only three hundred people in the town anyhow, and of course no piano teacher.

"The last few years we have been making out better. Several of the children have grown up and married, and the others are a lot of help. There has been some extra money, and at last I could have a piano. But there was no use buying one. I could not play it, and there was no one for miles around to teach.

"When WGN started broadcasting piano lessons, we bought

our piano in a hurry. Now every Friday afternoon at five I'm sitting on the piano bench with the radio turned on and my lesson on the music rack in front of me. Already I can play a few simple pieces, and I am going right ahead all the time. I am forty-seven years old now, and for more than forty years I yearned to play the piano. God bless WGN for making it possible!"

Every day a good many thousands of women—the number is far beyond that of the five o'clock students, but we have no such definite check on it—tune in on the home economics hour, which is devoted to recipes, hints on home management, and so on. And in the afternoons there comes a Woman's Club half hour given over to programs of specific interest to women in club work. Here again the audience is by no means confined to those for whom it was originally intended. A good many letters have reached the station from women in remote places, on ranches and at mines far up in the mountains, who follow the Woman's Club programs religiously. Perhaps they are women who in past years have been active in such work. Others tell us they have always wanted to be in such clubs but have never had the opportunity.

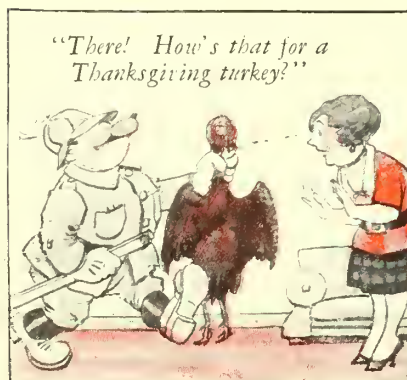
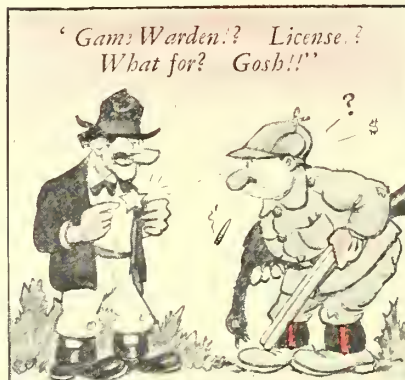
Perhaps the broadest generality that can be stated about radio audiences is this: In spite of their

(Continued on page 76)

# AN ECONOMICAL BIRD

*Showing Why Thanksgiving Comes But Once a Year*

By Wallgren



# Bursts and Duds

## LIFE'S BRIGHTEST HOUR

Brown was giving his final bachelor party, and all was going well until a married friend approached him and said:

"Let me congratulate you, old man. I feel sure you will always look back on this day as the happiest in your life."

"Thanks," replied Brown, "but—er—it's tomorrow that I'm getting married."

"Yes," agreed his friend. "I know that."

## DUCKING THE RESPONSIBILITY

"See here!" exclaimed the landlord angrily. "When you signed the lease for this flat, you told me you had no children. Yet you moved in with four."



"But they're not mine," expostulated the lease holder. "They're my wife's by her first husband."

## OUT OF PLACE

"Listen, you," a stern umpire admonished an irate batter, "you cut out that cussin' right now. Them people up in the stands didn't come here to listen to a lotta barroom talk. If they'd a wanted to hear that kind a stuff they'd a gone to a theayter."

## NO RUSH

Major Zipp, U. S. A., retired, was in a tearing hurry to get somewhere, as all majors always are. A gang of convicts were engaged in blazing away a cliff, and a huge boulder had rolled into the road, blocking his car.

"Hustle up!" he barked at one of the workers. "Move that rock quick! I'm in a hurry!"

"Hell, mister," retorted the convict mildly. "I've got twenty years to get that rock moved."

## TRAINING

"You say you are acquainted with food products, too?" asked the manager.

"Yes," answered the applicant for a job, "and dry goods, hardware, notions, books, electrical supplies, rubber appliances—"

"Great Scott, man! How many wholesale firms have you been with?"

"None, sir, but I worked two years in a drug store."

## ATTENDED TO

"You will now kiss the bride," said the parson after the ceremony.

"Oh," said the nervous groom, "I've done that already."

## FAUX PAS (Fr.)

The forgetful man got to the railroad station a few minutes before train time, but he felt he had forgotten something.

He looked over his baggage. It was all there. He felt in his pocket. His wallet was bulging pleasantly. Absently, he reached in another pocket and pulled out two tickets to Niagara Falls and a marriage license. So that was it!

He groaned and rushed for a telephone booth.

But it was no use. He had forgotten the name and telephone number of the girl with whom he had intended to elope.

## EXPLAINED

"Oh, what a strange looking cow!" exclaimed a sweet young thing from Detroit. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"Well, you see," explained the farmer, "some cows is born without horns and never has any, and others shed theirs, and some we dehorn, and some breeds ain't supposed to have horns at all. There's lots of reasons why some cows ain't got horns, but the big reason why that cow ain't got horns is because she ain't a cow—she's a horse."

## PAID IN ADVANCE

"Now, dear," said the hero of the elopement as they boarded the train, "we are safe from pursuit."

"And also," replied the girl radiantly, "safe from starvation. Here's a check dad made out to your order."

## NOT NECESSARY

"Be sure and wash your hands before you go to school, Jimmie," admonished the mother.



"Oh, I don't need to do that, ma," retorted Jimmie. "I never raise them when the teacher asks the whole class any questions."

## ONE IN A MILLION

"You can talk to me all you want about girls," said Herbert dreamily, "but I've got a *real* girl, none like her. Why, we were driving along a country road—birds singing, full moon—first time I'd ever had a date with her, and—well, to tell the truth, I told her I was out of gas and began to make love to her."

"What about it?" inquired Clarence. "Did she walk home?"

"That's the wonderful part. She walked home and about an hour later came back carrying a five-gallon can of gasoline."

## DUE FOR A RISE

"What does old Smithers think of his new daughter-in-law's ability as a cook?"



"He hasn't said yet, but after his first meal with the newly weds he rushed out and bought a hundred shares of American Can."

## CHICAGO

"You're badly pockmarked, Mr. Stockyards."

"Them ain't pockmarks. Them's bullet holes."

## COMPLIED WITH

"Swear that you will always love me," she implored.

"Sure," he agreed, "damn it!"

## "%-%-&'()\*"

"That parrot you sold me," complained a customer in a pet shop, "does nothing but lie on his back and claw the air."

"I'm very sorry, sir," apologized the proprietor. "I must have given you the bird that was ordered for the deaf and dumb asylum."

## TOO RISKY

The hotel was burning, and the fire roared nearer and nearer to the guest marooned on the window ledge on the sixteenth floor. Below him a dozen firemen were holding a large canvas for him to jump into, but their shouts and signals were in vain. Finally, on the twentieth try, one managed to make himself heard just as the walls were on the point of falling.

"Jump!" he screamed. "Why don't you jump?"

"Not till you lay that sheet down on the ground," the victim bellowed back. "I'm afraid you fellows will drop it!"

## HOLSTER'S ERROR

"Why is the town so still this morning?" asked a native who had just returned to the Wild West community of Holster.



"A tenderfoot blew in last night and the boys thought they'd have some fun with him," explained the owner of the Temperance Bar.

"Well?"

"The tenderfoot was from Chicago."



*The four-horsepower plant with which Clifford James, late 88th Division, gets the ground ready for corn on his land settlement farm near Yankton, South Dakota*

STANDING in front of his little print shop and editorial sanctum in Mission, South Dakota, forty-five miles from the nearest railway station, Editor Millard Scott pointed northeast across the naked, rolling prairie to a cluster of low buildings near the horizon.

"That's Ralph Harris's place, over there," he said. "Ralph is a land settlement farmer. Also a Legionnaire of Chauncey Eagle Horn Post. Also a good hombre. Hop into my car and drive over and see him and his layout while I wrap up the mail copies of the *Tribune*. When you get back, I'll have this week's issue out of the way. Then we'll scout around the country and see some more of these land settlement vets."

So I hopped into the coupé of the hospitable editor and drove over to see Ralph Harris, who, out in that country of magnificent distances west of the Missouri River, may be considered a suburbanite owing to his proximity to town. I found Harris in the barn, hitching up a team preparatory to sowing some rape for summer pasturage in one of his small hog pastures. These pastures are big enough to furnish green feed and exercising room for the hundred or so hogs and spring pigs on the place, but they are only a small fraction of the two hundred acres of land which Legionnaire Harris farms.

"Do you prefer horses to a tractor for field work?" I asked, contemplating the wide spread of fields around his set of buildings.

"I don't prefer them. But I haven't blown myself for a tractor yet. They're great things, though. I've had lots of experience with them."

"Yes? How come?"

"In the war. I was hooked up with the 65th Company, C. A. C. Heavies, you know; nine-point-two British guns, tractor-drawn. Mostly with the 7th French Corps, at St. Mihiel, in the Meuse-Argonne and east of the Meuse. They were devils, those guns, to drag around through the mud. It used to take about a day to get them emplaced. I'd a darned sight rather farm with horses than have

# PAY

## By Joseph

a steady job pulling those babies around with the best tractor ever made."

So this ex-artilleryman is farming with horses and has been doing so since 1921. In that year he got into the farming game by taking a loan from the South Dakota Land Settlement

Board, using the money to purchase the hundred acres of land which he now owns near Mission. It was

just bare prairie with no improvements of any kind on it. Since then, with the able assistance of his wife, he has put up

a comfortable little house, a barn, a hog house, a poultry house and a granary, all on concrete foundations and of approved modern

type. A young apple orchard is growing up north of the farm buildings and after a while the trees will help to break the cold winter winds. Water is furnished by a windmill, operated when desired by a gasoline engine. The A. E. F. veteran has plenty of farm machinery for cultivating his own land and the hundred acres adjoining it which he rents from a neighbor.

Twelve milch cows and a few head of feeders were grazing, when

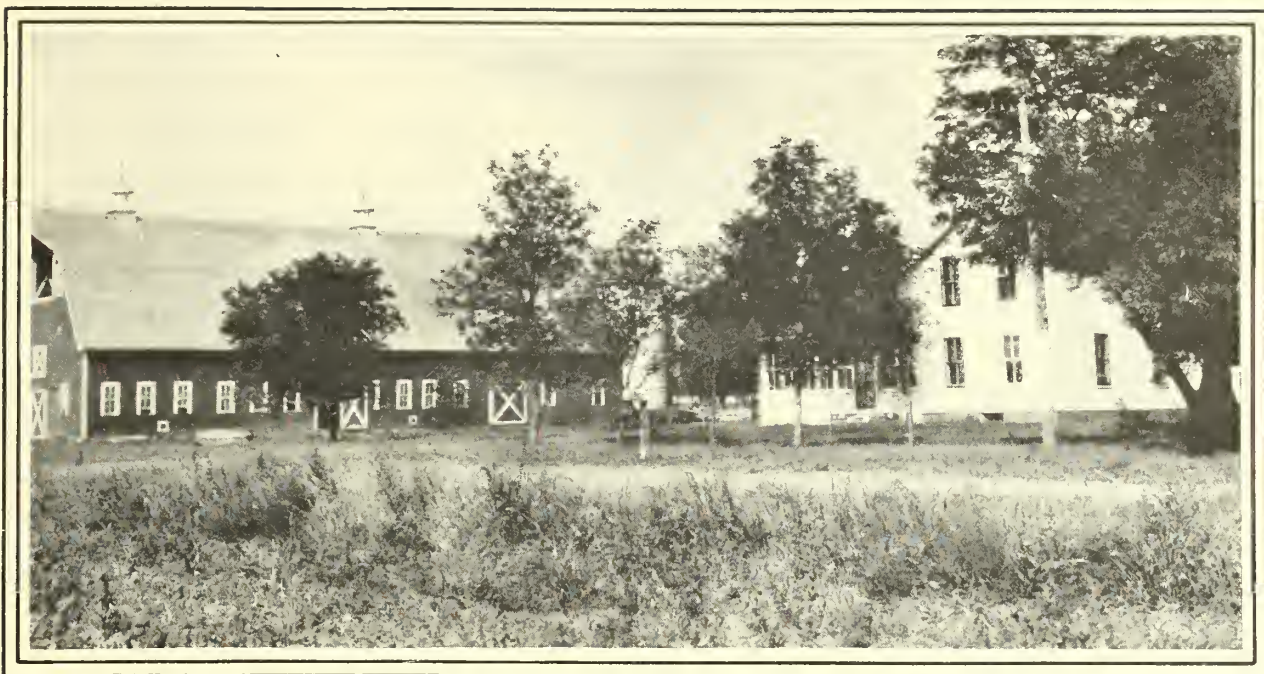
I was there, in a pasture of native prairie grass, but they were to be turned, in a few weeks, into other pastures of sweet clover and alfalfa.

"That's all right this year," I said to him, "when there have been plenty of winter snows and spring rains. But what did you do last year, when everything was dried up in the Northwest?"

"It was pretty tough," admitted Mr. Harris. "But I managed to get along. I made the most of what little grass there



*Tom Lydon, once in naval aviation, now operates his tractor-drawn gang-plough about as far from salt water as it is possible to get*



# DIRT

## *Mills Hanson*

*The farm home of Aaron Olson, near Groton, Brown County, South Dakota. Olson too is benefiting from the State's land settlement act*

was. For crops, I had in corn and barley, mainly, same as I'm putting in this year. By cutting and saving all there was of it I got enough rough feed to just about carry my live stock through the winter."

Not many farmers did as well as that in the Rosebud country last year, which was the driest that section has experienced since farming was first undertaken there. But Mr. Harris is a thrifty and far-sighted agriculturist who makes everything count and will not be discouraged by temporary reverses. That is the spirit it takes, anywhere, to make a success of farming, especially in a new country. He has as many strings to his bow as a cat has lives. He does not like to sell corn or small grain directly even when crops are plentiful. He prefers feeding it to live stock, thus multiplying its value. So he sells hogs when they are fat and cream from his milk cows and eggs from his hens. But if he has any particular pride it would seem to be his flock of Buff Orpington chickens, of which this spring about one hundred were laying hens. In his opinion, hogs and cows are all right, but chickens are the best of all and the greatest of these the "Buff Orps," because he holds them to be the heaviest layers in winter, when eggs command the highest prices. So the "Buff Orps" possess the barnyard of the Harris farm and lay their numerous eggs in the clean nests of the poultry house and do their very important bit in providing living expense for the Harris family and means for further improvements and the wherewithal to meet the annual interest and amortization payments on the land settlement loan which was the first chapter in the farming career of Ralph Harris, whereby he was led to become one of the 345 South Dakota veterans of the World War who are now farming by grace of the South Dakota Land Settlement Act.

The idea embodied in that act, which is one of the most enlightened pieces of constructive legislation enacted since the war by any State for the benefit of its veteran sons, originated in 1919 in the brain of Peter Norbeck, wartime governor of South Dakota and today one of her United States Senators. As finally elaborated and passed by the Legislature it provided for the establishment of a revolving fund of one million dollars, secured by State bonds and administered by a Land Settlement Board of five members. From this fund loans could be made to South Dakota veterans in varying sums not exceeding \$10,000 in any

individual case, for the purpose of enabling them to become established in the business of farming. From the first the plan worked admirably. In an agricultural State such as South Dakota there are a host of men who would like to be farming on their own if only they had the means for doing so. For the veterans among this number the Land Settlement Act has provided the means. A year after its enactment about one hundred and fifty ex-service men had taken out loans and begun actual operations. Today, as stated above, 345 men are successfully utilizing land settlement funds for farming and gradually making themselves independent. Something over \$700,000 of the revolving fund of one million is at work in actual loans, an average of \$2,050 to each borrower.

These land settlement farmers are scattered all over the State, though more than two-thirds of them have settled, like Ralph Harris, on some of the old Indian reservation lands west of the Missouri River, where lands are comparatively cheap. On the southern edge of the State in Todd County, where Mr. Harris is, and in the adjoining counties of Tripp and Mellette there are no less than fifty-four ex-service men farming in this way. The prairies of the northern counties of Corson, Dewey and Ziebach are populated by forty-seven veteran farmers of whom twenty-eight are Legionnaires, most of them belonging to the post at Timber Lake, county seat of Corson County. Midway between these two sections, in Haakon County, there are twenty-three ex-service agriculturists and seventeen of them belong to the Legion post at Philip, the *chef-lieu* of the county and halfway trading center between the Black Hills and the Missouri River at Pierre. Such are examples of the situation west of the river, where 233 of the 345 land settlement men are making a living from the virgin soil which a few years ago was trodden only by the feet of Indians and wild animals and an occasional herd of cattle.

East of the Missouri, however, in the older and more intensively developed half of the State, some of the 112 veterans who have elected to utilize more costly lands are the possessors of farms which are among the best in their neighborhoods. Among such are the places of Aaron Olson, with its comfortable house and massive barns and silos, near Groton, in Brown County; of L. G. Tracy, picturesquely located on the shore of Lake Kampeska, in Coddington County near Watertown, and of W. Clifford James, in Yankton County. One of the chief reasons why more men do not buy farms in eastern South Dakota is a provision in the land settlement law itself requiring that the recipient of a loan shall furnish from his own resources ten per cent of the amount of the loan if the latter is used for the purchase of land and twenty per cent if it is used for improvements, machinery or live stock. Not many men have the necessary cash to go in for expensive lands or extensive improvements, and even if they had, not many wish



*A part (and only a part) of the most famous institution in Winner, South Dakota. Winner came into existence in 1911, and is now the metropolis of the Rosebud country. It supports a bustling Legion post*

to burden themselves with loans running far into the thousands of dollars. How the proposition works may be illustrated by the case of Clifford James.

Several years ago Mr. James secured a land settlement loan of \$5,000, with which he purchased eighty acres of land having a fertile soil of sandy loam, located on the Missouri River bottoms about five miles east of the city of Yankton, which is near the southeastern corner of the State. Thus he paid for his property \$62.50 per acre, including some buildings of no great value. It was a low price for land in this section but much more than an equal number of acres would have cost in the western part of the State, where land can be obtained at from \$30 to \$40 per acre and in some cases for less than that.

Recently when I visited this veteran of the 340th Infantry, 88th Division, who in 1918 learned to know the Center Sector of the Haute-Alsace front about as well as he knows his own township, I found him busy with a four-horse team, discing a seventy-acre field preparatory to planting corn. He slacked up the reins, eased himself around on the steel seat of his implement and we talked. His eighty acres of land, he told me, produces excellent crops, but though he has so much invested in it, he does not find it sufficient for satisfactory farming because it will not furnish feed for enough live stock. At present, however, he is able to overcome this difficulty by renting an additional forty acres of land adjoining his own. He maintains a herd of Poland China hogs and a good-sized flock of Rhode Island Red chickens as well as a few milch cows.

"What is your most profitable line?" I asked him. "Hogs, chickens, dairy cows?"

He laughed. "Well, last year it wasn't any of those," he replied. "Considering the amount invested in them, it was melons."

"Melons?"

I exclaimed in surprise. Melons, in 1926, were a drug on the market around Yankton. But Mr. James nodded affirmatively.

"Yes. Watermelons and canteloupe. I put in three acres of them last spring. When they were ripe a fruit dealer at Sioux Falls, eighty-five miles from here, sent over trucks and hauled them away, right out of the field. I cleaned up two hundred and

thirty-five dollars on that one deal in the canteloupes alone."

Naturally Mr. James is planting melons again this year. But in spite of such occasional profits and the advantages afforded by near-by markets, he would be willing to exchange his present farm for a larger one in western South Dakota simply because there he could get a much larger acreage for the amount of his investment and still have lower taxes and other basic expenses. His judgment is in line with that of most veterans, who do not like to borrow enough capital to acquire the amount of high-priced land requisite to advantageous farming in the eastern part of the State. Under the amortization plan of the Land Settlement Law, on each \$100 loaned the borrower pays a sum of \$7.26 annually for a period of thirty years, this sum covering six per cent annual interest and an annual payment on the principal. Hence every year the principal is somewhat reduced, the proportion of the annual payments applied to interest progressively diminishing, while the proportion applied to principal progressively increases until the latter is entirely wiped out. A borrower who took the limit, \$10,000, would have to put out \$726 annually for interest and amortization payments. Such an amount, plus his other expenses, would be a heavy drag on the average farmer anywhere.

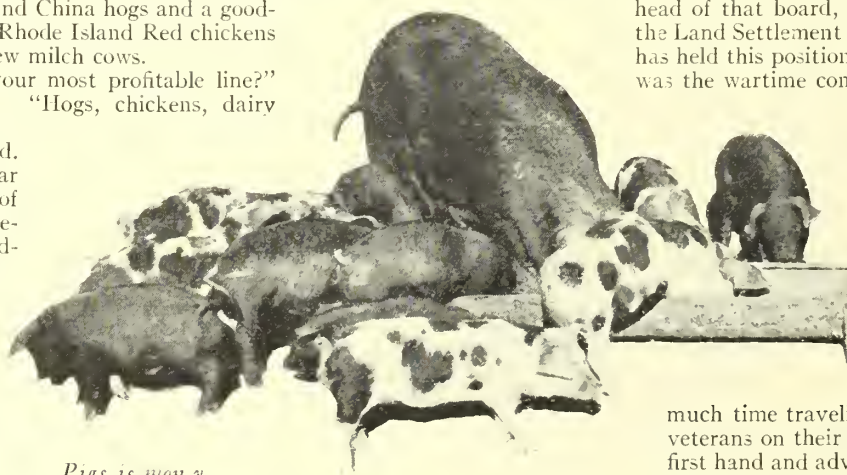
But even if an optimistic veteran in his enthusiasm wants to go heavily into the farming venture at the first jump, he is bound to receive counsels of prudence and caution from the Land Settlement Board at Pierre and particularly from the executive head of that board, Colonel Boyd Wales, who is styled the Land Settlement Commissioner. Colonel Wales, who has held this position ever since the law went into effect, was the wartime commanding officer of the 147th Field

Artillery of South Dakota and he is not only a successful soldier but a man who throughout his active life has interested himself deeply in everything pertaining to the welfare of the men of his State who served their country in time of war. Not a loan goes through the hands of the board with the details and surrounding circumstances of which Colonel Wales is not familiar, and he spends

much time traveling over South Dakota, visiting the veterans on their farms, learning of their problems at first hand and advising and planning with them. It is largely due to his prudent counsel that the loans average so low in amount, the veteran always being

advised not to minimize his chances of success by burdening himself with any more debt than is really necessary for successfully financing his venture.

An active Legionnaire himself, Colonel Wales has a consistent ally in The American Legion of South (Continued on page 78)



*Pigs is mon y*

# ❖ A PERSONAL VIEW ❖

by  
*Frederick Palmer*

IT WAS NO joy-ride that ended on November 11th nine years ago. Every speech, every word of reminiscence to friends of "where I was on Armistice Day" should hold the truth of the cost and horror; that victory comes from training, discipline, preparedness, and men facing death by land and sea; that ignorance and hates in peace make unnecessary wars.

## *Drive Home The Truth*

THE SAILOR who writes me from Philadelphia is one who jumped in promptly to serve where he thought he could serve best. He enlisted April 6, 1917, and came out of a naval hospital on November 11, 1918. "I've wrung more salt water out of my socks," he writes, "than any doughboy muddy water out of his." He slept under a blanket from which he had to chip the ice.

## *Sailor, Thank You*

This as a reminder from a man who thinks that I often refer to doughboy hardships and seem to forget that there were also gobs in the war who were not just having holiday cruises on the smooth ocean blue. The sense of common service is always in my thought, be it over the top or on choppy seas. Sailors kept the way clear; sailors rarely getting shore leave; sailors in ceaseless routine with no breakaway down the village street. What choice was there between dugouts and over the top and being on a submarine chaser, or cruising in submarine dangers or clearing mines from the North Sea in the teeth of wintry gales? Soldiers who got seasick on a big transport in a modest seaway would prefer the dugouts and facing the machine-gun nests. "Take me anywhere but here," as you lean over the rail.

"THIS TIME I agree, though often I disagree" is the word from correspondents that cheers me. I like my job because I know the mettle of my readers. They learned tolerance elbow to elbow, the clean honest opinion of honest men which keeps minds alive by free constructive discussion. A "yes, yes, my dear" world would call for cusses to save it from dying from dry-rot.

## *I Like My Job*

BUT NO TOLERANCE for anarchists, for destroyers, for men who work their wits while their wives take in washing, or for open mental cesspools. In some things the dividing line between good and bad is immemorial. No tolerance for wrong minded filthy men and women who would make boys and girls in their likeness. They exploit the candor of the age which teaches the young the facts about their bodies and about life.

## *Drawing The Line*

The clear division is between making that knowledge serve purity, health and security against degeneracy.

THE SEA SWALLOWED him when he was having a holiday on his sailing boat—the great heart, noble soul and mind of Dr. Thomas W. Salmon in the prime of life. His service in shell shock cases in France was only the beginning of service that could not end for him while there remained one veteran of ailing mind. He never advertised. He submerged his self in other selves. His patience, skill and marvelous intuition he gave freely in the deep understanding springing from comradeship in war service. It was a labor of love for those he loved and who learned to love him. Through him many minds that would ever have been in darkness are now in the light, many instead of being in blank harassed despair are happy and busy in their day's work.

## *Good Bye, True Friend*

MAKE YOUR VOICE count before you vote. Presidential candidates are grooming for the conventions of next summer. They and their friends will humanly play to win public favor which will influence the delegates they are trying to win. Study the candidates; see beneath the surface. Make sure that your party nominates a man worthy of filling the greatest of all offices for four years.

## *Looking Them Over*

MAN WHO TRIUMPHS in the man-made engine which will keep an airplane aloft for fifty hours has a god-made one in him that sometimes runs for twice as many years. When that wonder muscle fails, medicine and surgery fail. "How is your heart?" is the question of doctor's little cup on the breast at the bedside and in the recruiting station. Now the radio's magic cuts out the loud sounds and discovers the little ones of from 200 to 700 frequency which tell the doctor's ear more symptoms of how the engine of life is working. Progress, shining progress.

## *How Is Your Heart?*

RANDOM THOUGHTS FORMING a chain—forming a column to the front if you will—which shows that America through the Legion was in my mind all the time. Paris is behind us; and November is a milestone on one stage of the great national march—the stage that gave the Legion birth. In November we were coming to the end of the decision of the Meuse-Argonne, I was reminded as I was looking up (Continued on page 84)

## *Thinking Out Loud*

By Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by  
Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge



# They ALSO SERVE

## CHAPTERS I—XXXIII IN BRIEF

VETERAN of the A. E. F., The Professor, California ranch horse, has thrilled his two companions with the account of his service overseas with Battery F, —Field Artillery, and has reached the point where, after receiving a total of nineteen wounds and a touch of gas at Cantigny, he is ready to let someone else fight the war while he goes AWOL to give his wounds a chance to heal. He has just seen his master, Sergeant Ern Givens, hit by a machine gun bullet and apparently killed, Sergeant Pat Rogan and Tip, his faithful little pack mule buddy, have both gone west, and the commander of the battery, Captain Sam Burwell, has lost his right leg at the ankle. The only human in whom The Professor has any interest is Nurse Mary Vardon, fiancée of the captain, but she is serving with a hospital unit somewhere. A private mount, fed up on the war, he feels that he's entitled to a rest.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

TOO much talking again brought on my old throat trouble. That's the mean thing about having been gassed. One thinks he's all over it, when suddenly the old inflammation flares up

again. And it was that way with me for a week following my last spell of yarning with Charles O'Malley and young Taffy about my adventures. When I was able to resume my story, however, I found their interest in no wise abated.

"Just before you got that coughing spell that laid you up the past week" little Taffy began respectfully, "you told us you had made up your mind to go over the hill. Just what did you mean by that? Remember, O'Malley and I are not conversant with army slang."

I meant, my dear Taffy (I resumed) that I had decided to desert, to go AWOL permanently.

"What's AWOL?" he persisted.

"Absent without official leave," (I explained). In battle there are always a certain number of men unaccounted for; they are not found among the dead or the wounded, so they are listed as missing. A great number of the missing are skulkers, of course—men without sufficient courage to face steel, hot or cold—but of course, too, some men are listed as missing because of the impossibility of finding enough of them to identify after a shell has landed in their immediate neighborhood. The "missing in action" who are skulkers can usually be depended upon to show



*Old René rode me into the village. The people were in the streets weeping with joy and repeating over and over again: "La guerre fini!"*

up—when the fighting is over—with a plausible tale to account for their absence. I, however, was going to be missing permanently, and in coming to this decision I felt none of the twinges of conscience which must be the portion of a veteran soldier. I had nineteen scars and a bad throat and lungs to prove I had not played the coward's part; although always badly frightened in action I had never permitted my fears to stampede me until the day I said good-bye to Ern Givens as he lay so still and white beside that pirate gun. With his passing, the last link of loyalty I owed to human kind was severed. Once again I was a masterless, ownerless horse, broken down and unfit for service again for at least three months, and the knowledge that this was so plunged me into a state of profound melancholia even after the first terrible twinges of grief at Ern Givens' passing had left me.

From man and his terrible institutions, my thoughts, by some curious mental reflex, turned to the days when, as a wild ownerless two-year-old colt I had wandered wheresoever I listed on the wild Modoc ranges. Ah, how I longed for them now! But I knew I would never see them again, that I was doomed to spend what little of my life might be left to me in this foreign land among people whose language I could not understand; and as I picked my way slowly and painfully across a land strewn with the wreckage of battle I commenced to wonder if in France there might not be some free, open range on which wild horses wandered; and if, provided I could find this horse heaven, I might not be far happier than I would be if I surrendered myself to some Frenchman for the mere sake of the assurance of unfailing forage and

shelter from the elements. For this, you must understand, had been my first, rather nebulous plan, and I think I might have adhered to it (until I commenced my aimless wanderings I had never fully realized how much I had come to depend on man) had it not been for the salvage squads and the thieves from the mounted service.

I tried to avoid them by keeping to the woods and fields in my journey down from the front, but from time to time I had to come out into the open. On one such occasion a salvage outfit saw me and tried to round me up, but fortunately they made the attempt on foot and despite my pitiful physical condition I managed to evade them, although if they had had a riata and a man capable of using it, I would have been nursed back to health and sent to the front again. But I had had all I wanted of the front; it would never again be a pleasure to me to risk death for one I loved, so why should I risk it for a total stranger?

Ten miles from the battle line a new artillery outfit going up saw me in a field and an officer galloped over to pick me up. When he saw my condition, however, he rode back again. Thereafter I kept as far from traveled roads as possible, and when I had to cross a main artery of military traffic I did it at night. By day I kept my eyes open for a country of wooded, rolling hills and free from fences and the habitations of men, but in France apparently there is very little open country; indeed, as I picked my weary way down the valley of the Marne I discovered that as fast as the Germans were being driven back to the Vesle, the peasants who had deserted their homes and fled before the German invasion were now returning to their battered, shattered, ruined little farms, and were constituting a grave menace to my plans.

To these poor people a horse—any kind of a horse—was something of great value. Some of them had two oxen, some one ox and one cow, some one cow and a donkey, some a lone donkey, but none of them had horses, because practically every horse in France had been impressed into the military service during the long years of warfare. Fortunately for me, however, none of these returning peasants were young men, (there were plenty of immature boys), otherwise I would, undoubtedly, have been captured. Boys and girls and young women tried to capture me, and the numerous attempts caused me such exertion to

escape that finally they began to wear me down. So, in desperation, I was forced to stand my ground, bare my teeth at them and when they came close, strike viciously with the leg closest to them for I knew what they'd do to me—put me into draft as soon as my physical condition permitted—before it permitted, in fact—and I strongly suspected that few of them knew very much about the care of a horse. I had no fancy to see myself harnessed to a heavy country cart dragging away fragments of shells, duds, live hand-grenades, broken rifles, old bayonets, knives, rusty canteens, wreckage of airplanes, wagons, gun and caisson carriages, haversacks, blanket rolls and the million and one things that littered the land. Among horses I felt myself to be an aristocrat and I made up my mind that while Fate ultimately might condemn me to draw a vehicle for some man's pleasure, my heart would break should I be forced to draw it for his profit.

My marches were short and I did not travel on a fixed schedule, for the problem of sustenance would not permit of that. Mustard gas will lie in low places for days, and I had to be careful where I went to crop the scant herbage the guns had not uprooted. What was left of the unharvested wheat was dry, unpalatable and not nutritious, nor did I deem it prudent to eat any of the grain, but depended entirely on finding little forgotten forage dumps. I sought the spots where artillery echelons would be most likely to hide, and as a usual thing I would find here some old loose hay and occasionally a sack of grain which had had to be abandoned in a hurry. Whenever I saw a shattered forage wagon I always investigated and was very frequently rewarded by finding loose grain on the ground near the wreck, due to the sacks having been cut by shell fragments. And it was grain that I needed most, for what with a few wisps of hay and some grazing I managed to get enough fodder for bulk and thus keep my digestion in fair condition.

I had no idea how many wounds I had received in my last action but soon I began to wonder if I was not due to come down with lockjaw—or tetanus as it is known in the service. I had seen a great many animals perish of this disease, due to infected wounds; indeed, I had observed that men died of it also. As the days passed, however, and my general health continued slowly to improve, I came to the conclusion that when that medical sergeant dressed my wounds he had given me also copious shots of anti-tetanus serum, so I ceased worrying on that score.

My wounds were healing nicely, as I knew out of past experience. They were drawing together and intolerably itchy, and always when the itch seemed more than I could bear without rolling, my thoughts would go back to dear old Pat Rogan and Ern Givens. THEY would have known I itched and would have applied some of their old-fashioned remedies to stop it. I remember both were strong advocates of

one use of G. & S. axle grease for cuts and scalds on a horse.

In order to avoid peasants anxious to capture me I commenced traveling by night as soon as the moon was at the full. Also, I bore to the southwest, hoping eventually to get out of the devastated district and into cultivated lands, for I knew that many crops would be ripening at that time of the year, and I had visions of oats and corn in shocks and good hay in stacks.

One day, to my great surprise, I met a soldier walking along a quiet country road, and upon looking closer, judge of my surprise when I recognized Private Pert Havers of our battery. Pert hadn't shaved for a month, he had no equipment and his uniform was worn and filthy. Also he needed a haircut so badly that I knew he must be a skulker from the battery, otherwise the top sergeant would have been hopping him to get it cut, war or no war. "Yes," I thought, "Pert's become one of Pershing's Wanderers. He couldn't stand the shorts and overs, so he beat it away from the front and now he's listed as missing. I suppose, when finally he reports to some outfit or is picked up by the military police he will pull that old gag about being shell-shocked and has no memory of anything that took place for the past month. Once the war is over he'll get by with it, too."

I wondered how Pert Havers existed, but I was not long left in doubt. He was panhandling like a common bum. I saw him go to a farmhouse and knock on the kitchen door; when a peasant woman came out he made signs that he was hungry—and I got a hearty laugh I very much needed when she threw a bucket of water on him, chased him out with a mop and abused him as he fled down the road. Of course she knew him for a skulker and would not take pity on his state; probably she had a brother or a father or a son who had died at the front, and knew a Man when she saw one.

That night when I made my way to a haystack (I was out of the devastated area by now) I found Pert Havers asleep in it. Having eaten my fill I lay down beside the stack for a little shut-eye, to be awakened at dawn by having my head rubbed between the ears. I got up in a hurry but upon discovering it was Pert Havers and that he was trying to be kind to me, I stood still and stared at him.

"Well, if it ain't old Prof," he kept saying over and over again. "By golly, you've been all shot up again, haven't you, Professor? What you need is a whole lot of grooming and while I ain't got no groomin' kit I'll do what I can for you." And he removed, with a strange gentleness, the old filthy first aid dressings on my wounds, which he examined.

"You'll be a sound horse again in sixty days," he decided. "An' you'll be almost as handsome as ever, barrin' those scars an' providin' the new hair don't grow in white, as it usually does. Well, well, well, how did you get here, anyhow, Prof? God, if I only had one of your wounds I wouldn't be afraid to go back!"

He got wisps of hay and groomed me as best he could—why, I do not know, for Pert was one who, while in the battery, would never groom a horse if he could escape the stable sergeant's watchful eye. I had an idea then that his conscience was troubling him for skulking. He combed my mane and tail and foretop with his fingers and said kindly affectionate things to me and caressed me until gradually I forgot what he was and was sensible only of a feeling of gratitude for his gentleness and his society.

Presently he left me and trudged over to an adjacent village to rustle a hand-out. My hand-out was at hand, so I remained and pulled at the haystack until Pert returned and commenced petting me. Before I knew what he was about he had a rope fastened to my neck and was urging me to follow him.

Now, I should have been suspicious of Pert Havers, but his kindness had lulled my suspicions. Moreover, he was a member of the battery and I could not bring myself to strike at him, to bite him or to balk. So without any

very clear reason for doing so, I followed Pert and presently he led me to a farm on the outskirts of the village, and into a wall-enclosed farmyard where there was a watering trough. I



*I got a hearty laugh when she threw a bucket of water on him and chased him out with a mop*



*I reared and struck at the peasant. He gave ground but still held to my haltersbank*

helped myself and when I looked up, the gate to the farmyard was closed and an old woman and an old man were standing in the kitchen door looking at me, while Pert talked to them in his horrible A. E. F. French. Whatever he said, it interested them, because presently they came out and examined me minutely and wagged their heads with satisfaction. Then they had a lot more argument with Pert Havers, which ended when they gave him a hundred francs and his breakfast.

The wretch had sold me to that old man and woman. THAT was why he tried to clean me up—to make me look well, so he could dispose of me readily while all the time I credited him with the most benevolent intentions. For a moment I thought of charging the cowardly traitor and stamping him to death, but decided that nothing would be gained by that, for it had suddenly occurred to me that it might be the part of policy to remain with this old couple for a while and receive, if possible, the human treatment I was so obviously in need of.

As soon as Pert had taken his departure, the old folks made no effort to conceal their huge satisfaction at their acquisition of me. The old lady brought warm water and washed my wounds thoroughly and put some sort of unguent on them which relieved the intolerable itching. The old man dug up a curry-comb and a brush and groomed me for at least two hours, while the old lady, from time to time, kissed my nose and said nice things to me and fed me carrots.

I liked them both immediately, for it was obvious that they

liked me and sympathized with me and had every intention of being kind to me, for when the grooming was done at last to the old man's satisfaction (I have always had a suspicion, when I recall the thoroughness of his grooming, that once upon a time he had served in the French cavalry) he put me on a long rope and led me out to a lush green meadow where I grazed until noon. At night he put me up in a barn and scattered lots of clean straw under me; also he covered me with an old quilt and when leaving me for the night he slapped me on the rump, man-fashion and said:

"Bonne nuit, mon brave cheval. Bonne chance, vieux soldat."

I didn't know then what the words meant, but subsequently I knew he had said: "Goodnight, my brave horse. Good luck, old soldier."

#### CHAPTER XXXV

MY NEW owners were Monsieur et Madame René Groslier. They were a mighty nice old couple—so nice, indeed, that before I had been with them a week I had abandoned all thought of leaving them to search for mythical wild horses on a wild free range in France. The day following my arrival René pulled off my shoes, which eased my feet, and took me for a walk for the exercise he knew I needed. His old wife, whom I learned to know as Georgette, made much of me and fed me bread, beet tops and carrots and, occasionally, to (Continued on page 88)

# A CLINIC FOR HOMESICKNESS

*By Willard Cooper*

**T**WO weeks on a small freighter, riding an angry ocean in company with a Scotch skipper, an English third mate and nineteen amiable but largely inarticulate Norwegians, had made me sick. I wasn't seasick, either, nor did I have appendicitis. I didn't realize it, but I was slightly homesick.

We dropped anchor off the Caribbean entrance to the Panama Canal. Quarantine and customs officers came aboard, speaking American slang and all. They inspected the ship and kindly offered to take me ashore with them. In their launch I sparred a bit for conversation, leading deftly with odds and ends of world news and gossip. They were not a talkative lot. One of them tossed me a Panama newspaper, as if, almost, he wanted an end to my talk. Mostly they were younger men than I and we had nothing much in common. I asked a question:

"Does any of you belong to The American Legion?"

Nobody did, and it seemed to be the sense of the other passengers that somebody had wasted the morning paper. Still, one of them—the youngest, I think—walked by my side up the mole at Cristobal. As we approached some palm-bordered railroad tracks, he pointed to a large concrete building and said, "I suppose you were in the war. Why don't you hunt up Callo-way? He's prominent in the Legion . . . Read about him 'most every day. He'd be glad to see you."

That's how I came to see Calloway, Verne G., Past Post and Department Commander and present National Executive Committeeman of The American Legion. And that's how I came to find out about a clinic which has experimented successfully in the cure of nostalgia and in the rectification of many American faults in diplomacy and commerce and (I shame to say it) in American society as it conducts itself abroad.

A good doctor, before he goes into cures, treats with symptoms and diseases. Perhaps I should do as much here and now.

They are many, these American symptoms and diseases of which I am to speak. To the foreigner in the foreigner's native land, they are obvious. Our English third mate explained some of them to me, after I had left Panama on that visit. One night, as we sailed south on the Pacific, we walked the bridge and discussed Americans abroad. Being shrewd as well as British, he could view Americans with a friendly objectivity of which I was incapable. He talked fully and frankly.

"Americans," he told me, "don't go well in these countries down here. It isn't altogether because they come from 'the Colossus of the North' either. It's because they are brought up as Americans. They aren't failures, but down here they just don't happen to be stickers. In South and Central America and in Asia and Africa you'll find all the pukka jobs, even those for big Yankee corporations, being held down by us Limeys. If you don't believe me, ask some other fellow."

"Now don't look hurt. [Really, I was trying to look sceptical, not grieved.] The trouble with you people is that you get too much at home. You think too much of your home life. Take you abroad, and all you think about is what you've left behind. We Europeans don't leave so much behind, so we don't regret it so much."

"You're all brought up to advantages that we never see."

The poorest of you can take a daily bath, get a high-school education, operate a motor and eat meat twice a day. He can aspire to be President, or to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a carpenter, or an artist. He never has to lift his hat when some minor dignitary comes down the street. The average American can expect an income of two thousand dollars a year or better just a few years out of school.

"Take a chap with such a background and plant him in Java or Bolivia and he finds life altogether different. He finds himself among people who can't talk his lingo. Ice water becomes a rare luxury. He has to take his bath with a bucket and a sponge. If he owns an automobile, there are few roads to use it on. His pay is but slightly more than he could get at home."

The third mate stopped for breath, then continued:

"What's more, I think all you Yankees never get over being homesick. You're forever pining for what you used to have at home and can't get in other places. Why, I knew a Yankee in Borneo who was getting along splendidly . . ."

Right there it dawned on me that the greatest boon of The American Legion abroad might be to the members themselves. Shortly, I began to learn about Americans in foreign ports where there are no American influences. The ship put in at Buenaventura, on the west coast of Colombia. There, if my British friend had been of a mind to rub it in, he could have offered many exhibits to prove his case.

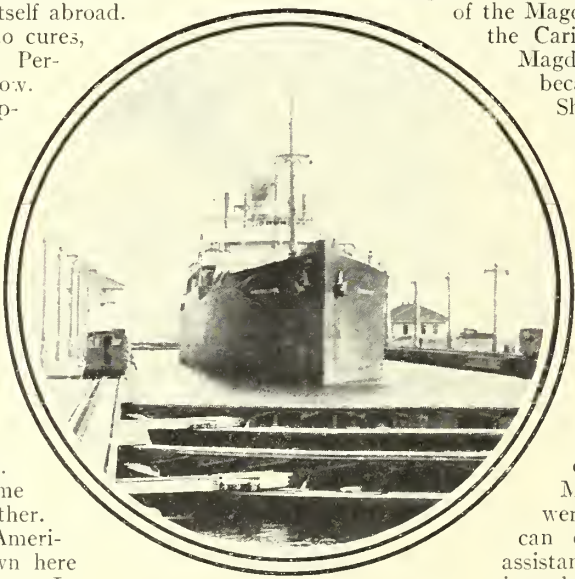
Buenaventura is a jungle boom-town, a sort of equatorial Klondike. Ten years ago it was a small town. Perhaps four thousand people lived there under palm thatchings and corrugated iron. Most of the country's produce was carried down the

Magdalena and Cauca Rivers (the Cauca is a tributary of the Magdalena) and found their way out into the Caribbean. But rivers are fickle. The Magdalena went almost dry in spots, and became impossible of heavy navigation.

Shippers began to send their goods over the Andes to Buenaventura, and a railroad was constructed linking the Cauca Valley with Buenaventura's very fine harbor on the Pacific. Then came great ships to Buenaventura to wait during endless, steamy months to discharge cargoes at the town's one inadequate pier. Then came native laborers, ranging in color from bay to black. Then came British and German and Scandinavian professional men and artisans, following American capital into a new prosperity. Of Americans, came few. And fewer stayed.

My first acquaintances in the town were the British manager of the American cable company and his Australian assistant. Soon I got to know a Dane, superintendent for an American steamship company; a Swiss, manager of a hotel; a German physician; a Scotchman, engineer for an American mining company; a French interpreter. In a foreign population of perhaps two hundred, I made friends with just one native-born American.

His name is Lewis and when he is home he is in the Bronx, where his father operates a drugstore. Lewis was a Marine. Some efficient Heinie had hid behind a tree and emptied a machine-gun bandoleer diagonally across Lewis's body. Lewis recovered, went into aviation, was shot down. He dedicated the next two or three years of his life to hospitals. Then he was



*A steamer in Gatun Locks*



*The Plaza, Panama City, as seen through the doorway of the Cathedral*

discharged with maximum disability compensation and an assortment of internal cavities which must be pumped out occasionally. Also, he was possessed of a desire to travel.

One day he got off a ship at Buenaventura to await five hundred dollars due him in back compensation. In a few days he was broke and he couldn't locate the five hundred. So he went down to see the manager of the elegant new twenty-room \$150,000 Hotel Estacion and got a job as cook. He had never cooked before, even for Marines, but since most of the Estacion's guests stay there only over night before taking a train over the mountains, nobody died on the premises during his tenure of office.

Lewis was just getting to recognize the difference between a breadfruit and a Spanish mackerel when he chanced to meet the American consul. The American consul was looking for a chap named Lewis for whom he had been keeping a Veterans Bureau check for five hundred dollars. Lewis took the money and put it with his savings. Owing largely to the kindness of other Americans who had been insistent about their ability at some of the innocuous games with which Marines while away their time, Lewis found himself owning a total roll of \$1,700. American. He became a ship chandler.

When I got to know him, all Buenaventura looked on him as a prospective millionaire. He had just married a pretty Colom-

bian girl of good family. He was popular with the natives and with the *politicos* among the natives. (A South American *politico* earns his living by engendering hatred for *los Norte Americanos*.) Lewis's wife was learning English to accommodate his own dislike for linguism.

Surely, I thought one day as I was talking to Lewis, here's a man who belies everything the third mate told me. He's a typical American if there ever was one. He's been here for more than three years. He'll stay here, too, and make a big pile. He'll become an institution here.

Maybe Lewis read my mind.

"When are you going back?" he asked. "If you're in New York about three months from now, look me up at the old man's drugstore. I'm going back to work for him. I'm sick of this country. I'm going to pack up my clothes and the missus and quit, and if they ever see me farther south than Staten Island again I hope they shoot me for a gringo."

"Tell me," I commanded irrelevantly, "did you ever join The American Legion?"

"No; never had the time. Wish I had, though. They did a lot for me when I was crippled up. Besides, it would be nice to get up a post down here, or up in Cali, maybe. I might get some American friends who'd stay around. (Continued on page 68)



# KEEPING STEP



**T**HE two million American young men who lived in France during the World War didn't think much of certain farming methods dating back to medievalism, and lots of time-honored customs of the town and country dwellers along the Marne, the Seine and the Loire. But one thing everybody saw and remembered and approved—the French forest. The French forest that one encountered everywhere, stretching mile after mile, up hill and down, or studding a far-spreading plain. Trees, tall and straight

and evenly spaced. The underbrush cleared or so trimmed as to practically eliminate the danger of fire. The clean, fragrant, mossy ground, strewn with pine needles. Model forests. And through them smooth roads ran—straight channels as far as the eye could reach, the trees rising like walls on either side. These were the forests of France which had been maintained since feudal days, new growth constantly replacing all that was cut each year.

Coming back to the United States, World War service men looked with new understanding upon our own vanishing forests. They were ready to do what they could to help stop the senseless deforestation which in most States has proceeded almost unchecked. In California, Legionnaires helped check the timber raids upon the vanishing redwoods. In Minnesota and Wisconsin, they joined with state forestry departments in tree-planting campaigns. In many other States they helped rally public opinion to save the few remaining forests.

In Connecticut and Pennsylvania, particularly, recent Legion efforts to save the forests have been successful. Connecticut, once heavily wooded, wasted her forests and is now paying freight on lumber from Washington and Oregon, importing eighty percent of the lumber she uses. In 1925, at the request of the Legion and other organizations, the legislature passed an act establishing a Commission on Forests and Wild Life, and a campaign was begun at once to restore the forests and replenish them with game.

**PAIGE A. SEATON**, of Waterbury, was appointed chairman of the Connecticut American Legion Forestry Committee, which included eight other members. The department established a Legion forest, calling upon posts and individual Legionnaires to buy one or more acres of land at the price of ten dollars an acre.

"We hope soon to have a sizable forest to present to the State."

Mr. Seaton reports. "Of course, Legionnaires will retain privileges of camping, hunting and fishing.

"What we are doing is immensely important to the State's future welfare. Our watersheds must be wooded to hold back the heavy rains and prevent dry riverbeds in late summer. Game sanctuaries and fish hatcheries are being operated by the State. Old wood roads are being reopened. Trails are being laid out. Public fire places are being built and camps established.

"To many western or even northern New England Legionnaires, in whose States hunting and fishing still are almost as good as in the days of the Indians, the plight of Connecticut may seem strange. Connecticut Legionnaires can not all go to Maine, Montana or Canada to hunt and fish. So we are going to bring the forests back to us. We'll be very glad to have anybody outside the State buy an acre or two to help the cause along. In this connection, we'll promise the outside world not to increase the output of wooden nutmegs.

"Many Connecticut posts, instead of buying tracts to add to the State American Legion Forest, are taking the lead in establishing town forests in their own communities, planting trees on private property or along roads."

**Y**EAR after year the martins return to Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, in the springtime after spending the winter in the southland. When the birds came back to the town last spring they wondered whether they hadn't gone wrong in their reckonings and reached a different place. For here, there and everywhere in Detroit Lakes were bright new bird houses, in all sizes, colors and types of architecture. Mr. and Mrs. Martin who had gone south in the preceding autumn, giving up a stuffy old box on a barn, found themselves undecided whether

to move into a canary-yellow bungalow on the sawed-off top of a tree or to take a flat in one of the bird apartment houses that stood in choice locations, high and safe from prowling cats and proof against wind and rain.

The good fortune of the martins and all the other migratory birds of Detroit Lakes was due to the extraordinary architectural and manual activity of the boys and girls of the town, inspired by the annual bird house contest of John Bridges Post of the Legion. More than 150 bird houses were entered in the contest and exhibited on the day the prizes were awarded. The post has conducted the bird house contest in three successive years and it intends to keep on offering prizes each year.

Another big community event given each year by John Bridges Post is the American Legion Dog Derby, a series of races for boys driving dogs hitched to sleds. All sorts of dogs take part—pugs, bulldogs, collies, police dogs and just scroots. The dogs are driven in singles, tandems and all sorts of combinations. Really worthwhile prizes are given. Last February the thermometer was twelve degrees below zero when the races were held, but two thousand persons lined the main street to



*Newlyweds among the birds of Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, found plenty of new apartments in all styles of architecture this year after 150 boys and girls took part in John Bridges Post's prize bird house contest. The post has held a bird house contest for three successive years*



# KEEPING STEP



watch them. More than thirty boys took part, all of them under sixteen years old. The races are run over a course about a half mile long.

**T**HIS same John Bridges Post of Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, won the 1927 Lindell Liberty Bell Trophy, offered for the post in the department making the greatest achievement in community service during the year. On a cold, windy night in April, fire broke out in the McCarthy Hotel and spread to two adjoining buildings in spite of efforts of a volunteer fire department. Then the American Legion Emergency Relief Corps went into action. Additional fire lines were manned. Salvage corps buddies rushed valuables out of the danger zone. Legionnaire police cleared the streets. A fire patrol corps placed men on roofs and vulnerable spots on adjoining buildings and prevented further spread of the flames. It was admitted by firemen and citizens that without the work of the John Bridges Post's shock troops, the entire heart of the business section might have been wiped out.

The emergency relief corps is a permanent organization completed within the last year under the Legion's national plan of organizing for community relief. It consists of the entire post membership of 170 men, divided into eight companies, each in charge of a captain. Each company has a special work.

The emergency relief corps does not confine its work to fires. Any community need requiring swift action to avert peril will be answered. Twice during the year the corps turned out to hunt lost children, winning mothers' gratitude.

**M**ORAN, Texas, isn't going to dispute with New York City for population honors for a few years, but in all of New York City's five million inhabitants there is no finer spirit than that of Moran's fifteen hundred. In 1925 Ernest F. Petit Post in Moran had only a few clackers in the post treasury and thirteen members. To keep the charter the lonely clackers were used to pay up two extra memberships, giving the post the required minimum of fifteen members. Then W. O. King, ex-ordnance sergeant, once of Tours on the Loire, was elected Post Commander. He happened to be a banker.

Bankers are used to devising better ways of doing things, so Post Commander King didn't waste any time in prodding his new command to see whether it had any life left in it. He called a meeting, announcing it would be worth attending. Forty-three service men showed up. Post Commander King stood beside a barrel.

"How many men here will plank down fifty dollars to get this post a home?" he inquired.

Forty-three men stood up to be counted as voting yes, and forty-three men signed up to pay the contributions within a year. Ten months later every penny of the

\$2,150 had been paid into the post treasury.

On the day after the meeting Commander King borrowed \$1,500, giving the indorsed notes as security. Then several non-Legionnaires contributed an additional sum of \$1,500. A lot was bought—in the center of town. Work of putting up the clubhouse began. The building was finished in thirty days. It is now one of the most comfortable places in Moran. It has a large reception room, with hardwood floor—fine for dancing. An open fireplace adds to its attractiveness. There

are also rest rooms, a kitchen and shower baths. The post's Auxiliary unit provided the furnishings and the decorations.

To raise additional money needed for the clubhouse, which rapidly became a community center, the post gave a dance every two weeks throughout last winter and a motion picture show now and then. These events quickly added one thousand dollars to the clubhouse fund. Volunteer labor by Legionnaires and friends cut the total cost of the completed building to four thousand dollars, although it couldn't be duplicated for less than six thousand dollars, at existing labor costs.

Any homeless post that wants to know what the right kind of a clubhouse will do to help both post and town need only ask Commander King. Or ask his three musketeer assistants: the Reverend H. G. Scoggins, Methodist padre, who graduated

from truck driver in the Second Division; Charles Steele, one-time soldier of fortune, and Dr. W. A. Burns, who served with the 36th Division up around Blanc Mont.

A. Burns, who served with the 36th Division up around Blanc Mont.

These three men proved what everybody knows, that when there is anything that needs to be done, somebody is going to do more than his share of the work.



*Among those present when Chief Peo Post—an all-Indian post—of Pendleton, Oregon, got its charter. Captain Sumkin (left), Chief of the Walla Walla Tribe, Poker Jim (right), Chief of the Umatilla Tribe, and Arthur A. Murphy, Commander of the Department of Oregon*

**C**HIEF POKER **JIM** remembers when the Umatilla Tribe had its own endless forests in Oregon and there were no ribbons of concrete winding up and over the hills to bring travelers in automobiles to the tribe's ancestral camps. And Chief Sumkin of the Walla Walla Tribe remembers when the rivers were seldom rippled by boats that were not Indian canoes. But Chief Poker Jim and Chief Sumkin do not sigh for the good old days. The present is not so bad, they concede, and it was a bit monotonous long ago when wars provided about the only chance for excitement and Big Chief Uncle Sam stopped any possible fun by repressing any wars that got started.

Chief Poker Jim and Chief

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*Twelve-year-old Leedy Curl may walk again some day because the Forty and Eight took her from her Florida home to the Shriners Hospital in Chicago where surgeons are trying to straighten her twisted limbs*

Sumkin were guests of honor when fifteen young men of their tribes recently joined together to form Chief Peo Post of The American Legion in Pendleton, Oregon, the newest all-Indian Post in the Legion. At the installation of the new post by Department Commander Arthur A. Murphy and Department Adjutant Carl R. Moser, Chief Sumkin gave a colorful account of his early life as a scout with the Army in settling difficulties between the Indians and the white newcomers. Chief Poker Jim spoke on the Indian code of chivalry.

**A**NOTHER Legion post that has learned how to run boxing bouts profitably and squarely is Wyandotte Post of Kansas City, Kansas. Legionnaires will remember the article in the February issue of the Monthly in which Ernest A. Ryan, Adjutant of the Department of Kansas, told how a Legion-sponsored law establishing a state boxing commission had brought to Kansas boxing bouts of indisputably honest standards. Commander Clyde Latchem supplements what Mr. Ryan said by relating some of the experiences of his own post. Playing fairly with the public is the very foundation of Wyandotte Post's success, Mr. Latchem says.

"For instance," he relates, "once we arranged for one of our boxing exhibitions under the misapprehension that we had a nationally-known fighter on the card. Shortly before the exhibition we discovered we had been the victims of a deception. The man on our bill was comparatively unknown, but he had the same name as a big-timer in the ring. The drawing power of that name was tremendous. We could have gone ahead, closing our eyes, and made a big sum of money. But we knew this wasn't the only fight of the season and, besides, we had determined not to run things that way. We withdrew the celebrated name from the card and advertised what we had done. We lost money on the fight, but we gained in public confidence."

Mr. Latchem gives some good advice to posts contemplating entering the boxing field.

"Remember," he advises, "that a post starting out to put on exhibitions is an unknown quantity to the men who fight and these men have reputations of their own to sustain. Their

terms must usually be your terms. As your post gains recognition for its bouts, the situation is apt to be reversed. Fighters will become very anxious to appear under post auspices, particularly if they know that if they fight on your card

that fact will be accepted by others as an indication they are reliable. Our post does not hesitate to stop a fight which does not meet our expectations, even if it should be in the first round. The fighter, as a rule, likes to deal with an outfit which will not hedge when the gate receipts fall below expectations."

Mr. Latchem's post went \$7,500 in debt before it got its boxing exhibitions on a paying basis. "We had to get our heads together," he acknowledges, adding that "since we found the right way to run things we have never been in debt and we have been putting on better exhibitions. The money we have made has supplied funds for our welfare activities, our parties, our convention trips and the maintenance of our band. Besides, we save our members considerable money. We do not hand out free passes to Legionnaires and we pay for all services. But in conducting two fights every month for eight months of the year, we save a post member at least \$24 on admission tickets."

**D**ICKEY-SPRINGER Post of Alamosa, Colorado, is proud of what it did in establishing a two-acre playground on land adjoining a school building. So conspicuous was the Alamosa post's work that it was awarded a prize of \$50 and much shrubbery for beautifying the ground in a national competition conducted by the Playground and Recreation Association of America for the Harmon Foundation in 1926. In the contest 321 playgrounds and athletic fields, located in 189 communities, were entered as contenders for awards.

"Our playground represents an investment of more than \$5,000," Commander Charles H. Woodward of Dickey-Springer Post reports. "We have a wading pool forty-seven feet in diameter, slides, swings, a grass plot, fifty by one hundred and fifty feet, and almost one hundred trees. The place is well fenced."

Harmon Foundation playground prize awards are made an-

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nually, conditions of the contests varying from year to year. American Legion posts from 1922 to 1927 won for their communities seven of the seventy-seven playgrounds which were awarded to American towns and cities by the Harmon Foundation of New York City. The Harmon Foundation in 1927 is presenting \$2,000 worth of land for playgrounds to each of twenty-three cities. To be eligible a community must have grown at least thirty percent since 1900 and must have a present population of 2,500 or more. Suburbs of cities may also be eligible if they have 2,500 or more persons within a one-mile radius of the proposed playground. Full facts on the Harmon contests for 1927 and 1928 may be procured from the Playground and Recreation Association of America, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

**M**ADAME ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, whose message appears on page 6, is more than an acquaintance to scores of Legion posts throughout the country. In the midst of her concert tours she has time and again arranged her itinerary at considerable personal sacrifice to sing under auspices of posts or to appear at post receptions. Everywhere she has appeared she has won the united affection of Legionnaires and Auxiliaries. The photograph on this page recalls her last visit to Appleton, Wisconsin. She was greeted by department and post officials. She was overjoyed when she discovered among them F. A. Hirzy, Vice Commander of the Department, who was born in her own birthplace—Lieben, Austria. She promised Mr. Hirzy she would sing under the auspices of his post in Stevens Point, Wisconsin, on her next journey to the State. This promise has already been fulfilled.

Madame Schumann-Heink wears always the emblematic brooch of The American Legion Auxiliary. Four of her sons served in Uncle Sam's Army during the World War. A fifth son lost his life while fighting for his native country. During the war, Madame Schumann-Heink sang in training camps throughout the country. Since the war she has appeared before the disabled men in hospitals everywhere, as well as before Legion posts. Many testimonials have been given to her, among them a gold medallion, a memento of the appreciation of Portland (Oregon) Post. In 1924 she made a special non-stop trip

from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Douglas, Wyoming, to take part in the Fourth of July celebration of Samuel Mares Post. Another unusual appearance was in The American Legion Rodeo at Colorado Springs, Colorado, two years ago.

**E**IGHTEEN or twenty years from now the babies of Maywood, California, will be boys and girls, fledglings on the edges of parental nests, poised for flight into the everyday world. When that time comes many of those boys and girls will look gratefully to Maywood Post of The American Legion, recalling how the post came into their lives at birth in the role of financial godfather, providing a tiny fortune for the future and making sure that that tiny fortune would grow larger with the years. For Maywood Post today is depositing a dollar in a savings bank in the name of every newly-born son or daughter of the post. The post is encouraging parents of the babies to add to the gift account and later it will call to the attention of the growing depositors the advantages of building up their savings systematically.

**C**ROESUS Post No. 1 might be a good substitute title for Hollywood (California) Post. At least any outside Legionnaire reading the account of the post's financial status published in the foreword to the post's 125-page directory of its members might wish he were one of the lucky thousand Legionnaires of Hollywood.

"The fact of membership in this post makes each member a part owner of property carried on the books as worth \$300,000, or approximately \$400 a member," the foreword states. It adds that the problem of taking care of the post's surplus money has been so difficult that two funds have been established, the Permanent Trust Fund of \$100,000 and the Building Fund of \$100,000. The first fund is already complete."

As almost everybody knows, Hollywood Post has profited from its boxing bouts conducted in its own huge stadium. The post has won widespread praise for what it has done to elevate boxing as a sport. Because of the interest in its boxing, Hollywood Post meetings always are attended by a large percentage of post members. For members who attend meetings have the privilege of buying two fight tickets for each of



*Madame Schumann-Heink was born in Lieben, Austria, and F. A. Hirzy, of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, First Vice Commander of the Wisconsin Department, was born in Lieben also. They met when the prima donna visited Appleton, Wisconsin, this year, and Madame Schumann-Heink promised she would visit Stevens Point to sing for Mr. Hirzy's post. Mr. Hirzy is shown at the right of Madame Schumann-Heink*

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the two boxing bouts which will be staged before the following meeting. Every member who attends a meeting is required to sign his name in a register to qualify as the purchaser of boxing tickets at cut rates.

The post uses much of the money it makes in staging the bouts for its general welfare and relief work. Its relief department has three main activities. It helps the sick at the soldiers' home at Sawtelle, California, it gives aid to those men of the post experiencing sickness or misfortune, and it contributes \$500 a month for the maintenance of The American Legion Service Department, which gives aid to needy service men of the community.

Of Hollywood Post's thousand members, eighty-nine are employed in the motion picture industry. Real estate is the occupation which has the next largest number of members, fifty-eight. Incidentally, Hollywood Post's directory is an admirable daily guide and reference for the post members. It lists each member's occupation, home and business addresses and telephone numbers.

AS America grows older monuments and printed pages must be relied upon to keep alive the memories of historic incidents that for scores of years have been described in the spoken words of oldest inhabitants, contemporaries of the events they talk about. Scarcely a Legion post that cannot find in the territory about it the scene of some historic happening whose memory is growing dim as pioneers disappear.

In the section of Utah about the town of Delta the story and the tradition of the Gunnison Massacre has preserved its freshness for three-quarters of a century, but until Arthur L. Cahoon Post of The American Legion was inspired by a spirit of reverence this year, the graves of eight victims of an early American tragedy were not fittingly marked.

On Memorial Day, appropriately, the Legion post, joining with the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and the Boy Scouts of Delta, dedicated a monument to Captain John W. Gunnison and his seven comrades, recalling the bloody sacrifice of innocent men to sustain the Indian code of revenge, and Legionnaire Frank Beckwith of the post gave a historical narrative based on the official reports of seventy-five years ago.

Those who heard Mr. Beckwith were thrilled by the story of an emigrant band which mistook the friendly advances of Indians as hostile acts and shot and killed one Indian and wounded two others. The Indian killed was the father of Chief Moshoguoq. The chief gathered a band of twenty Indians and vowed to kill the next party of white men to come his way.

On the bank of the Sevier River on the morning of October 26, 1853, Captain John W. Gunnison camped in fancied security. He was exploring, seeking a railroad route from the Mississippi to the Pacific Coast. A volley of rifle shots and a shower of arrows overwhelmed the camp guards and awoke the sleeping explorers. The surprise was complete. The Indians rushed into camp. A few men escaped on horses. Eight bodies were left behind when the Indians finally fled.

Ten days after the massacre a burial party from Salt Lake City placed the sun-dried skeletons of the victims in a shallow grave and marked it with a cedar post. By 1888 the post

had been so cut away by campers that but a stump remained, and in that year rocks were piled about the stump to keep it from disappearing. No other effective attempt to mark the grave was made until the American Legion ceremony this year.

The Legion monument has a base of cobblestones, upon which rests a shaft of native lava rock, obtained two miles from the scene of the massacre. In the lava shaft is set a bronze tablet with the names of the victims and an explanatory inscription.

**D**IPLOMATIC notes and the rumblings of international disagreements have not interfered with the activities of the Legion's Department of Mexico or the friendly relations between Legionnaires and the Mexican people, according to W. S. Link of Tampico, Mexico, Department Commander for 1927.

"This is a big, undeveloped, underpopulated country, and our American citizens are as scattered as the country is big and undeveloped," writes Commander Link. "A few live here on ranches; a few work there in mines; some live in the cities and others in the oil fields; but be they where they may the Legion finds them in one way or another, helps them fix up their bonus claims, convert or reinstate their insurance, gets a job when one is needed and, in times of hard luck or sickness, gives what help our organization can give.

"This entire republic is covered by members of only nine Legion posts, but the members of these posts can not be measured by numbers. Can you conceive of posts which can keep alive and strong with only ten members, when business takes men from one end of the country to another?

"We not only help our own people, but encourage all of those movements for better citizenship which are being adopted by the Mexican people themselves. These include athletics of all kinds. This reminds me—do you know that the Mexican people are almost as ardent baseball fans as are the Americans north of the Rio Grande? We help Boy Scout troops, those composed of American boys and Mexican boys as well. As an example of the friendliness promoted by our sports activities, I may cite what Huasteca Post has done. This post helped organize the first troop of Mexican Boy Scouts in its section and at the installation meeting presented the troop with the Mexican flag. Now there isn't anything the local authorities or cit-

izens wouldn't do for the Legion post. The sympathy and understanding between Legionnaires and the boys and girls of the town is paralleled by the friendliness of our relations with the fathers and mothers of the children and citizens generally."

**W**ERE it not for the financial support of the units of The American Legion Auxiliary the Opportunity Schools for adult illiterates would not be possible. This recent declaration by the State Supervisor of Adult Schools in South Carolina calls attention once more to a remarkable work which South Carolina units of the Auxiliary have been carrying on for several years—the work of helping grown men and women who were denied educational privileges in youth to obtain these privileges in special summer schools. (Continued on page 86)



*Commander Arthur L. Strang of Arthur L. Cahoon Post of Delta, Utah, gives a final inspection of the monument his post erected to commemorate the Gunnison Massacre of 1853, in which Indians killed eight white men belonging to a railroad exploration party*

# Then and Now

*When the War Went West—Another Service  
Showman Makes Confession—Again We Debate the First-Over  
Question—Last Call for Compensation—The Youngest Member of the Gang*

FROM about two o'clock in the afternoon of November 11, 1918, when the official announcement of the signing of the Armistice was posted," writes N. J. Thomas, member of Raymond Nelson Post of Northport, Michigan, "until after day's dawn on the 12th, the joy of the populace of Le Mans, France, ran riot. The American demonstration which followed was more orderly. Eight regimental bands participated in the celebration.

"Starting from different quarters of the city, the bands marched along the converging streets to the Place de la Republique where, after playing several selections, including 'Thunder March,' they concluded their program with the National anthems of our country, of France and of England.

"I was not given to wilful disobedience of orders, generally speaking, but somehow or other on this occasion I was at large wearing a tabooed campaign hat and in spite of strict orders and the watchful eyes of the M. P.'s, succeeded in rounding out the celebration unmolested. I still remember my feeling of conspicuousness in that sea of overseas and barracks caps.

"After the bands had assembled in and about the band stand, I took position on the pedestal of a lamp post. Later, finding the position becoming overcrowded, I surrendered it to four soldats Francais.

"While it seems that my simple part in the operations over there were not productive of anything of general interest in the way of pictures, I am, however, sending you two pictures of the Le Mans celebration. No doubt other vets will recall interesting incidents of this celebration as well as be able to recognize themselves or friends in the pictures."

Legionnaire Thomas' contribution came at an opportune moment, just as we were preparing to close this issue of the Monthly. This month, Legionnaires throughout the world will be celebrating the ninth anniversary of that momentous event. One of Thomas' pictures will be found on the following page.

CONSIDERING the vast number of Thespian artists or near-artists who hit the one-night and, occasionally, the one-week stands in the A. E. F. and the Army of Occupation, it surprises us that there hasn't been born a sort of Lambs Club or Friars Club of World War veterans. Don't mistake us—we're not speaking disparagingly of the "show birds" of the late lamented war. The least good of them even helped while away many a weary hour when we were waiting for the joyous news that the outfit would entrain to some port for the journey home.

Many interesting and, many times, amusing accounts of the

trials and tribulations of these soldier-show troupes have been broadcast in these columns. We are glad to report that more of the A. E. F. artists, producers and press agents are coming forward with tales of their theatrical experiences in the army.

With a salutation conforming strictly to the best army etiquette, we received the following report from a former overseas vaudevillian:

"From: An ex-Gold-bricker.

"To: The Company Clerk.

"Subject: Entertainment companies.

"Note Woods' article in Then and Now in the June Monthly about a certain entertainment company and feel impelled to a 'Now It Can Be Told' attitude.

"An outfit not unknown to fame was the 'Mesves Vaudeville Troupe' that toured the A. E. F. for a time—long enough, say I, for in addition to being an actor (?), I was top-cutter of the gang.

"This show opened with Rogow and Baranow, acrobats, and one of the best acts of the kind I ever saw before or since. Rupert Davis and 'Dixie' Webb did an eccentric song and dance act; George Teeters and Albert Saylor did a 'gag' act, while John Mease and Walter 'Gus' Garland were featured in a one-act play. Then came Hinds and McCleary in a piano novelty and singing turn.

"Two members of the Army Nurse Corps were among our attractions. I think this was the only show that did not have a female impersonator.

"There was also a quartet (four voices, at least.) clad in full-dress. I thought this was a mistake—I mean the clothes, although the audiences may have meant the quartet. Anyhow, it was composed of Charles McCarrell, Clarence Linsensmayer, John Mease and myself. I later quit this act, to everyone's satisfaction.

"The show closed with an act called 'Irish Justice'—featuring Teeters as the Judge. Those who have seen this act may remember me as I played the part of the K. P. (a speaking part of one word).

"We carried an orchestra, but I cannot recall the names of the men, these names with those of the nurses and of the second looney in charge having gone into the limbo of forgotten things.

"Of all these performers, I have seen only Linsensmayer since we came home. I hope that I may hear from some of them as a result of this letter. They might also be able to add interesting facts about our trouping activities.

"The show closed in Mehus on Memorial Day, 1919. The troupe was composed of men from the Fourth, Fifth, 28th and other Divisions, the Q. M. and Medical Corps, having



*Here we have Tim and Pat who according to Dempster C. Lewis of New Hartford, New York, who sent us the snap, were the Casey Joneses of a stationary delousing machine. Tim and Pat were of the 81st Engineers*

been recruited from the various hospitals located at Mesves. "I hope that we hear from more of the show gangs. Revivals of some shows would be interesting.

"W. W. WILSON,  
"Ex-Sergeant Major, A. E. F.,  
"Newcomerstown, Ohio."

**V**ERSATILITY—that's the only word that fully fits the Engineers in the World War. Digging trenches at the front, erecting protective barbed-wire entanglements, constructing roads and bridges, building warehouses and box cars, felling timber, operating railroads and water-supply plants and even occasionally pitching in and helping the doughboys fight—the Engineers seem to have run the whole gamut of warfare.

In introducing Tim and Pat, whose pictures appear on page 51, Dempster C. Lewis, erstwhile member of Company D, First Engineers, First Division, and now of New Hartford, New York, mentions yet another activity of his branch of the service, and enlightens us about a certain auxiliary war machine in which most members of the A. E. F. were at one time vitally interested. He says:

"The snapshots which I am enclosing will no doubt bring back to many, memories of the old days when it was no disgrace to have 'cooties.' The portable type delousing machine consisted of an English steam truck with the steaming tanks, or more commonly termed 'incubators,' mounted in the rear. It was no small trick to operate one of these machines but with good coal or bricketts for fuel, they could easily travel with the average army truck train. The machine in front of which Tim and Pat are posed was of the stationary type."

**I**N Then and Now in the July Monthly," writes Legionnaire Everett L. Swaby of Collinsville, Illinois. "I read about the marker at Rouen, France, commemorating the landing of the first American troops, and about the monument at St. Nazaire commemorating the landing of the first combat troops.

"I always thought that the first American troops landed at Pointe de Grave on the Gironde River above Bordeaux, near the Bay of Biscay. There is a monument there commemorating that fact. You can find an account of the unveiling of the monument in one of the back numbers of your magazine.

"I am sure the troops landed at Pointe de Grave before any force landed at St. Nazaire but I wonder if they landed before the Base Hospital unit landed at Rouen and what kind of troops they were. Pointe de Grave was the place from

which Lafayette embarked when he came to the aid of the American Colonies during the Revolutionary War."

Official histories in our reference library assured us of the fact that Base Hospital No. 4, organized in Cleveland, Ohio, was without question the first American unit to reach France during the World War. In order, however, to answer without error the question propounded by Swaby regarding the "first" landing of troops at Pointe de Grave, we consulted our back files of the Weekly and found that in the issue of September 14, 1923, there appeared a reproduction of an artist's sketch of a monument which was being constructed at the mouth of the Gironde River on the Pointe de Grave. The caption read in part: "Guarding An Old A. E. F. Gateway.—On the Pointe de Grave, at the mouth of the Gironde River, up which sailed tens of thousands of American troops to the port of Bordeaux, France is erecting this imposing monument in gratitude to America. . . ." Nothing, however, was said about the first American troops landing at this place.

In a June, 1923, issue of *The Literary Digest*, there appeared reproductions of other sketches of the same monument with a caption that it was being erected on Pointe de Grave, "where American forces first landed in the late war."

We went direct to headquarters to settle the argument—to the Historical Section of The Army War College in Washington, D. C., and Lieutenant Colonel C. A. Bach, Chief of the Section, furnished us with the following report:

"Since receiving your letter of July 14th regarding *The Literary Digest* article descriptive of the French monument to be erected at Pointe de Grave, I have secured and read the composition. I note that no specific unit is named as having landed at that point, but that two vessels, the *Orleans* and *Rochester*, are named as being the ships from which the first American troops landed in the early part of 1917.

"Embarkation records covering the sailing of American troops are all on file in the War Department and a search of these records does not reveal the names of either of the above ships as having been used at any time in the transportation of American troops during the World War. On the other hand, it is definitely recorded that the S. S. *Orduna*, with U. S. Base Hospital No. 4 on board, sailed from New York City on May 8, 1917, and arrived at Liverpool, England, May 17, 1917. From here, after review by the King and Queen of England, Base Hospital No. 4 sailed for France, arriving at Rouen, May 25, 1917, being the first American unit to reach France during the World War.

(Continued on page 83)



It took eight American regimental bands to help express the joy of the American troops in Le Mans, France, when the war went west in 1918. Legionnaire N. J. Thomas, who was present at the above celebration in the Place de la Republique, tells us that the American demonstration was held on November 12th, after the French populace had staged an all-night celebration from the day before



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**CLEARER THAN A \$450.00 SET**  
Before I bought your set I tried out and heard quite a number of different makes sets and I believe I can truthfully say that I never yet have heard a set with such wonderful tone and clearness as the Miraco. I never thought that a set could be as clear and reproduce tones and voices as the Miraco. Saturday I listened to a \$450.00 set and it can't even come near your set for clearness and volume. I have logged some very distant stations on the Unintune and although people won't hardly believe me, the first week I had KFI Los Angeles on two nights in succession on a 30-ft. temporary inside aerial. —FRANK A. OLDENBURG, Waco, Tex.

**SHARPLY SEPARATES STATIONS**  
The Unintune brings in stations very clearly and with a selectivity that is amazing when you take in consideration the mass of stations on the air at the same time. I have heard three and four stations that were on almost same wavelengths at the same time and was able to tune out one after the other without the least interference. —W. L. BROECK, San Francisco, Calif.

**EXPERIENCED FAN PRAISES SET**  
Miraco is the most wonderful radio I have ever seen. I have had experience with many popular makes of radios, also have built a number of them myself but in tone quality it is far superior to all. For sensitiveness I can say it is more like a super-heterodyne. —R. D. WHITE, Proctor, W. Va.

**HAS POWER TO SPARE**  
"Well Pleased" with Miraco would be putting it mildly. Haven't heard anything to equal it regarding price. With temporary aerial tuned in WEAF then WIOD Florida felt sure this must be WJZ the prettiest of this locality. Stations all coming in clear with wonderful tone and tremendous volume. seldom have more than half of volume turned on. A local agent insisted he could prove his set superior but to his surprise and astonishment my family and neighbors and the agent himself admitted the \$165 set had to step out of the way for Miraco. —H. W. HOEFFEL, Perkiomenville, Pa.

America's big, old, reliable Radio Corporation\* (8th successful year) **guarantees** in its big, powerful, latest 6, 7 and 8 tube Miraco sets "the finest, most enjoyable performance obtainable in **high grade** radios." Unless 30 days' use in your home fully satisfies you a Miraco is unbeatable at any price for beautiful, clear cathedral tone, razor-edge selectivity, powerful distance reception, easy operation, etc. —**don't buy it! Your verdict final.** Save or make lots of money on sets and equipment—write for testimony of nearby users and **Amazing Special Factory Offer.**

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with Big Factory**

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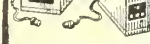
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**6 tube  
Super  
\$36<sup>75</sup>  
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# The Judge Takes a Stroll

(Continued from page 27)

his own frank confession. His 4,008 miles of free and restful riding from Pittsburgh to San Francisco were furnished by 110 cars and seven trucks, not counting the ferries at Mobile and New Orleans. For the sake of doing a kindly thing, 117 car owners or drivers ran the risk of being slugged and robbed, or else having to pay a good round sum in damages. The Judge, to be sure, shook his head when I tried to make this point, insisting that more than mere kindness was behind the Boy Scout attitude of the various drivers.

"They wanted to talk," he said. "Most of them had been riding by themselves for some time, and were full to the brim with suppressed conversation. Why I'd barely get in my seat before they'd go off like a Seidlitz powder. All through the East it was prohibition, an' out West it was Wall Street an' the tariff. Don't think for a minute that I didn't earn my rides, for some of the listening was the hardest work I ever did in my life."

By the Judge's own admission, however, there was a high percentage of distrust. According to his memorandum, the hundred-odd pick-ups represented the fruit of about one thousand requests. Other hitch-hikers, met here and there en route, assured him that one in a hundred was a pretty fair average, except in the case of young boys. College lads, or lads with the collegiate stigmata, such as lettered sweaters and windblown bobs, reported that it was rare indeed for them to be turned down by two cars in succession.

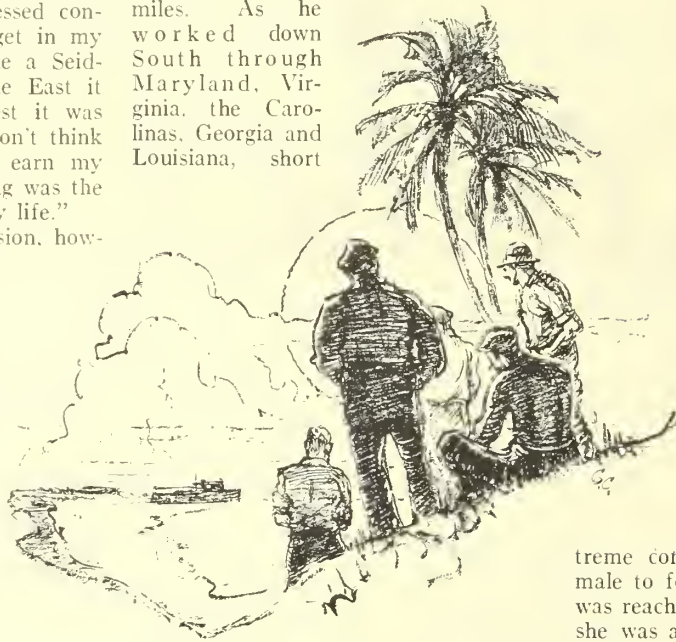
Unfortunately, the Judge kept no record as to the makes of the cars in which he rode, a heavy loss to science. Despite all of my questioning, he was unable to figure any relation between the cost of a car and the owner's attitude to life and the humanities, nor would he hazard any observations as to the comparative generosity of the rich and the poor.

"I got most of my rides in flivvers," he said, "but I guess that was because there were so many of them. All through the South and West they were thicker than locusts in a plague year. I will say, though, that I never got a single lift from a man who had a chauffeur driving him. They went by so fast you had to jump to keep from losing a leg. All of my pick-ups came from chaps driving their own cars."

The great fascination of hitch-hiking, as explained by the Judge, lies in its

gamble. Once the destination has been settled, the general line of flight decided, and feet set upon the road, there is an end to anything approaching certainty. When the hitch-hiker fares forth in the morning, he does not know when he will get a lift or how long that lift will carry him. An hour may go by, two hours, three hours, and the car may be that of a farmer dashing into town on an errand, or it may be that the driver is on his way across the State or clear across the country.

The Judge had many pick-ups that only lasted for a mile or so, but the majority of his lifts ran well above an average of fifty miles. As he worked down South through Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Louisiana, short



hauls were the rule, but when he came to the stretches of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, long hauls became common, for he hit the Iowa stream, that ceaseless flow of flivver-borne ex-farmers who have saved sufficient money to spend their declining years in Southern Cafeteria.

One truck, happily supplied with empty sacks, carried him 167 miles without a break, and in the little Texas town of Kent he had the joy of experiencing that thrill that comes once in a lifetime. El Paso, 158 miles away, was his next main point, but although travel was heavy, he could not seem to make a favorable connection. From eight o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon he haunted the filling station, shifting from one foot to the other, but refusal followed refusal. Many of the cars were loaded down with everything from the canary to the kitchen stove, while other owners, with room to spare, were either grouchy or else afraid of a hold-up or a damage suit.

As the slow hours passed, the Judge saddened under the conviction that he would have to hit the road, a gloomy thought indeed, for the weather was raw and blowy, and the highway in process of construction. Just when the clouds were so dark that not a speck of silver showed, along came a disreputable flivver that had all the appearance of a bad case of creeping palsy complicated by St. Vitus dance. The driver may have appealed to the unknowing as a tough bird, but when he yelled "Hop in, old-timer!" the Judge found him of an almost angelic beauty. What is more, the staggering flivver proved to have speed, and better than all, it ran clear into El Paso without a stop.

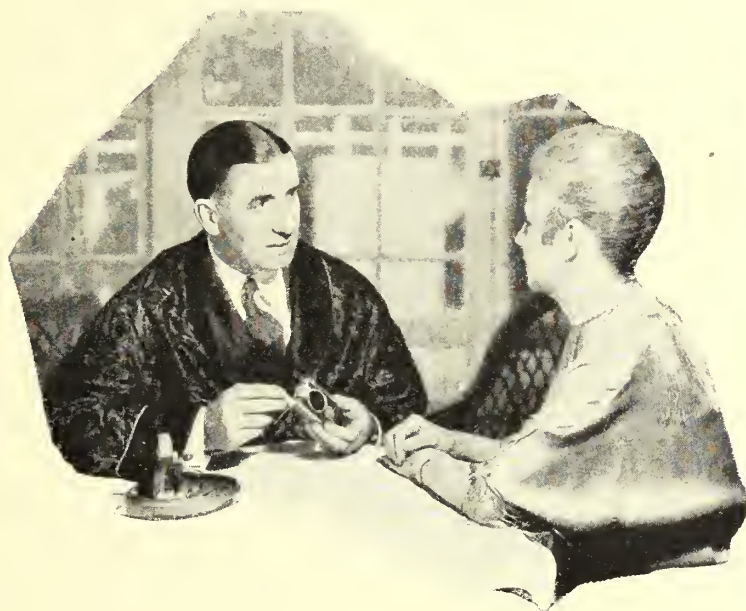
It was in New Mexico that the Judge met up with the one woman driver possessed of courage enough to answer his hail. A stout, pleasant-faced matron of fifty or thereabouts, her bare head and fresh print dress made him believe that she was some rancher's wife driving into Deming to do a little marketing. Her attitude to wandering tourists confirmed the belief, for several times, at crossroads, she gave crisp directions as to route, and in one case of extreme confusion, ordered a bewildered male to follow her car. When Deming was reached, however, it developed that she was a tourist herself, driving from Akron to visit a daughter in Los Angeles. She extended a cordial invitation to ride on with her until nightfall, but the Judge, convinced that he would develop an inferiority complex in the presence of such competence, pleaded an excuse, and tottered feebly from the car.

The chief joy of hitch-hiking, however, as the Judge saw it, was the absolute freedom from any sense of urgency. Even the cross-country tourists that he met, traveling entirely for pleasure and under no compulsion as to time, were victims to schedules and "record runs." There was always some town that they "had to make" by nightfall, and if they got there an hour or two before sundown, straightway they set forth again to reach a town forty miles further on. Nearly all of the pleasure seekers that he met were drawn as tight as fiddle strings, keyed up to a point where even the hour's stop for luncheon in some pleasant grove was begrudged.

The hitch-hiker, on the other hand, has no pride in the day's run, operates on no schedule (Continued on page 56)

# James J. Corbett says, "Faversham's advice decided me on Luckies"

*Famous former heavyweight champion, with Mrs. Corbett after breakfast at their home at Bayside, L. I., recommends Lucky Strikes.*



You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

## "It's toasted"

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William Faversham,  
The Popular Actor,  
writes:

"For years I have been a Lucky Strike enthusiast, in fact, I never smoke any other cigarette. In all this time I have never been troubled with throat irritations. In addition to the enjoyment that I get from the superior quality of Lucky Strikes, it is wonderful to know that my voice will never be affected by smoking."

*William Faversham*



# The Judge Takes a Stroll

(Continued from page 54)

and doesn't care where night finds him, just so that he gets a bed. Not driving the car himself, no speed mania possesses him, nor is he harried by the itch to keep moving. The Judge informed me that there were many times when he could have had much longer rides had he so desired, but the people were all "too fast" for him, charging through places where there were "all sorts of interesting things," and seeing "little or nothing of the country that they shot through." According to his viewpoint, too much of the "See America First" movement now so much stressed by motorists results only in hurried sight-seeing in the ultimate destinations.

He himself, for instance, stopped a couple of days in Richmond, Virginia, sat for a while in the old church where Patrick Henry delivered his immortal oration, and sauntered along the sunny reaches of the James to the site of America's first settlement. In Tuskegee, Alabama, he made a halt to study the famous institution founded by Booker Washington, and in New Orleans there was a delightful stop of three days while he drank his morning coffee in the old French market, watched the singing darkies at work on the levee, and visited the scene of Andrew Jackson's great battle.

From Houston, Texas, he made a trip to San Jacinto, where Sam Houston

## THE JUDGE'S DIARY, SHOWING DISTANCES, HITCHES AND HIKES:

	MILES		
	Walked	Rode	Cars
Pittsburgh to Charleroi	4	34	2
Clear Springs, Md.	11	150	3
Hagerstown	7	27	1
Frederick	3	43	1
Washington, D. C.	5	110	4
Richmond, Va.	6	167	4
Durham, N. C.	11	94	1
Chapel Hill	4	94	5
Rockingham	8	113	5
Columbia, S. C.	5	76	2
Augusta, Ga.	8	132	7
Macon	8	103	3
Columbus	11	43	5
Tuskegee, Ala.	4	43	1
Montgomery	2	96	4
Evergreen	81	1	1
Bay Minette	42	3	3
Mobile	67	4	4
Biloxi, Miss.	8	43	5
Westonia	6	63	5
New Orleans, La.	152	1	1
New Iberia	150	1	1
Orange, Texas	38	1	1
Beaumont	109	1	1
Houston	167	1	1
Luling	4	56	2
San Antonio	3	127	4
Junction	4	220	4
Fort Stockton	12	54	5
Balmorhea	16	37	3
Kent	158	1	1
El Paso	3	108	4
Deming, N. M.	177	2	2
Benson, Ariz.	216	1	1
Sentinel	156	1	1
El Centro, Cal.	123	2	2
San Diego	133	4	4
Los Angeles	124	3	3
Bakersfield	6	107	5
Fresno	4	184	3
San Francisco			

137 4145 117

Of the total of 117 cars, 7 were trucks.

and 783 ragged colonists whipped Santa Anna and his army, and at San Antonio he spent a soul-filling day in the old Alamo, reconstructing that heroic scene when Travis, Bowie and Crockett beat back attacking thousands for eleven long days, every man of them choosing death to surrender. There were other times when he loafed with the border patrol as they marched the banks of the Rio Grande, and interesting hours in Indian villages or sitting on canyon edges. Every day of the forty-five was packed with interest, and he finished with such knowledge of the country as was possessed only by those old pioneers who traveled it in prairie schooners.

When I parted from him in San Francisco, he told me that he planned to hitch-hike back to Pittsburgh by the northern route. He wanted to see the Bret Harte country, the High Sierras, Lake Tahoe, Puget Sound, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, Colorado and the Dakotas, and if that did not give him his fill of the wild and woolly west, he had the idea that he might stop for awhile in Chicago. The time element was the least of the Judge's worries, if, indeed, he had any. He would return to his starting point when he got there.

"It seems cheap and sponging, I know," he admitted, "but when you come right down to it, hitch-hiking is about the only way you can really see America."

## Armistice Day

(Continued from page 13)

going to show that dame that she picked wrong when she hooked up with a shoe peddler.

"I went back to New York because they seemed to make much more of a fuss over returned soldiers there. But I guess they'd lost interest, too. I couldn't prove a damn thing in New York. Then I shipped on a fruit boat and went down to the Canal Zone. I got a job in Ancon, then I drifted down to the west coast of South America—working as a steward and doing every other damned thing I could think of.

"I was in Nicaragua when I ran into this guy Faber. I was down and out, sick to death of bumming, and wishing to God I was home, shaking up chocolate floats for the high school kids who come in from the movie house after the first show lets out. I knew then that this hero business was the bunk—that I'd been kidded into the army, kidded into fighting and kidded

into thinking I was the berries because I'd once ducked whiz-bangs and sniffed gas.

"Faber told me about a wonderful project he had down here—a government deal he called it. I didn't know until a few days ago just what sort of a raw deal it was. Then, when I wanted to back out, he told me I was cold-footed, and how much he regretted that he'd placed his confidence in me . . . Well, I fell for it, because I figured that robbing a spigotty bank wasn't exactly like *stealing*. So I went through with it, just to get that twenty grand and go home to prove that I'd made good.

"Well, I didn't get it."

"This is unfortunate," sighed the Frenchman. "How pleasant it would have been to have gone back, right to that man's shoe-store, and made him measure you for a dozen pairs of patent leather shoes."

The Englishman filled the three glasses.

"Ow are you goin' to get out of 'ere?" he asked, trying to make his question sound as casual as possible.

"There's a schooner out in the little cove here. It belongs to a partner of Faber's—a man named Krug. He's been waiting to take us off. He's going to make right for Cuba . . . But I've got to get that row-boat."

His momentary composure, stimulated by the companionship and the red wine, vanished with desperate suddenness. The former concocter of banana splits slumped in his chair; his fingers scratched tremulously at the stubble on his chin.

"Listen, fellers," he said, "I'm scared stiff that she ain't going to let me have that boat."

He buried his face in his hands.

"Those damned little tin soldiers are going to get me and push me up against a wall . . . That's a fine ending for a guy that the whole German army couldn't kill." (Continued on page 58)

# The *Most Colorful* Episode of American History told in Peter B. Kyne's New Novel

THE Gold Rush! Volumes have been written about the Revolution . . . about the Civil War . . . and the World War. But the story of the Gold Rush, which united for the first time the great East and West of the United States and remade the nation as surely as the Civil War was to do it later, had not been done until Peter B. Kyne, noted son of California, was asked to do it for Cosmopolitan readers.

. . . And now Mr. Kyne has done it with the color that has distinguished his other works. It is a contribution to American history that Cosmopolitan's great audience will particularly appreciate. "Tide of Empire" is worth while—and most interestingly and vividly written. Be sure to read it.

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*who told us all we should know about Helen of  
Troy and Galahad*

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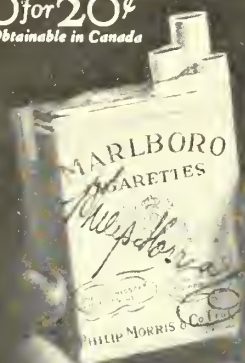
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## Armistice Day

(Continued from page 56)

"Wot you need, Yank, is another drink," said the Cockney, and he broke into that doleful chant of the British Tommy that ends,

"Old soldiers never die

They—fade—a-way . . ."

"I never thought," said the Frenchman, "that the day would come when I should regret the Armistice. But I do." His eyes suddenly seemed to emerge from the dark caverns, and glare with fierce penetration through the darkness of the room. "I wish the war had not ended. I'd give my soul to be a soldier again, confronted with honorable death—instead of . . ."

He didn't finish the sentence. There seemed to be nothing more to say.

"I know just what you mean," said the American. "The war was a lot better than this. We had a little self-respect then."

"It's only poor blokes like us that feels that way. That's because we've gone down since the war. Them that 'as gone up, don't even like to talk about the war—as though they're ashamed because they was once soldiers."

"I ain't ashamed 'cause I done my bit.

They all had another drink on that.

"All of us was civvies before the war," said the Cockney. "We didn't know wot soldierin' was. We got into uniforms an' we went up the line and got dirty and lousy, and took it the best way we could. We was all twisted around, sudden like, in the way we looked at things . . . When we come out of it, some of us couldn't get back. There was some dirt on us that we couldn't wash off."

"It was glorious dirt," said the Frenchman.

"Of course it was—while the war lasted. But afterwards . . . Well, ye can't tell a civil court that yer fightin' fer king and country when ye rob a bank."

The American looked away.

"I'm sorry, Yank. I didn't mean to say nothin' personal like."

"Hell—I know you didn't . . . I was just thinking . . . Now you take this guy Faber. He and I were real friends—at least I thought so. But what did he do? He did me dirt, that's what . . . That's what you're up against now, in peace time. You can't trust anyone. In the war, a buddy was a buddy. He'd slip you a Camel, or five francs, or he'd pull you out of a shell hole any time. If a man was your buddy, you could count on him. It

ain't like that now. These days, it's every man for himself."

"That's it," snapped the little Frenchman. "Comradeship! Where is it now? In the war, all soldiers were comrades. It was the code. Men were fair with each other."

"They bloody well had to be," said the Cockney.

"Sure. If you let a buddy down, you'd know damned well how the rest of the outfit would feel about you. You had to be on the level."

The Cockney poured out another round.

"Bloomin' selfish, that's what the world is now," he said. "It's dog eat dog, an' the devil take the 'indmost."

They sat silently for a while, sensing the sentimental glow that wine—even

bad wine—can impart. And in that dark room was silence—the silence of spent bullets; the silence of unuttered commands; the silence of guns that have crumbled into rust, never to be fired again; the infinite silence of death.

The American stirred.

"Well, I'll tell you fellers one thing,"

he said. "I certainly am glad I met up with you here. You've been damned decent to me, and I appreciate it."

"Why not? It was a pleasure to us—"

"No, now wait a minute. I'm telling you that I was pretty near out when I came down here. I was licked, an' I felt like bumping myself off before them spigs put their paws on me."

"We was glad to 'ave you with us, Yank. It's always a pleasure to sit down with an old soldier like yerself and chew the fat about the old days when we was blinkin' 'eroes."

The Frenchman jumped up.

"Let us empty the bottle," he cried, in a thin, high voice, "to those days. Let us drink to the gallant men that we once were. To the war! To comradeship!"

The other two men rose, embarrassedly, and drank. As the bottoms of their glasses tilted upward, they heard the door above them open, and a grating of iron as Senora Jauragui locked it behind her.

She thumped down the precarious steps, with undue haste.

The American put his glass down, hastily. "Is the boat ready?" he asked.

"It is waiting," she told him.

"Thank God for that!" gasped the American.



She peered at him.  
 "You want that row-boat, eh?"  
 "What d'you think I'm going to do—swim out to the schooner?"  
 "It's a long swim, especially with sharks."  
 "Oh, to hell with the sharks! Where's that row-boat?"  
 She smiled—if you could call it a smile.  
 "Row-boats cost money!"  
 "Sure—I know all that. I'm going to pay you . . ."  
 "Then where is it—the money?"  
 "You'll get it—you'll get it! How many times do I have to tell you. You'll get it as soon as . . ."  
 He was interrupted by a noise from the floor above—the noise of feet, tramping about.  
 "What's that?"  
 The smile on the face of Senora Jauragui broadened. "That's some one looking for you," she told him.  
 "The cops!"  
 "Yes—the police—and they want very, very much to find you. The man who finds you gets a medal—so!" she indicated, with her hand, an imaginary decoration on her anything but imaginary breast.  
 The Cockney and the Frenchman had both started up.  
 "Come on, you bloody old sea-pig—give 'im the boat," growled the Cockney.  
 She turned on them venomously.  
 "Keep back, you rats. The police don't want *you*—not these police, anyway."  
 "This man is our friend," said the Frenchman.  
 "Friend or no friend, he can't have my boat—no, not till he pays for it."  
 From above, came a series of ominous taps on the door that led to the stairs, accompanied by shouts of "Open that door."  
 The American seized her fat arm, in a fierce, frantic grip.  
 "Say now listen," he pleaded, in a hoarse, desperate whisper. "You'll get that money, I promise you. Krug will give it to your son."  
 Senora Jauragui shook her head, stolidly, finally.  
 "You pay first, or . . ." again she jerked her thumb upwards—in the direction of that awful, insistent pounding of rifle butts on the door.  
 "All right," he murmured, "I ain't got no money. Let the cops in."  
 "Open that door! Open that door!"  
 "Wait a minute," said the Cockney.  
 "Ow much money d'ye want, ye filthy vulture?"  
 "How much you got?"  
 The Cockney reached in his pockets.  
 "I'll give you five dollars."  
 She shook her head.  
 "For ten dollars—yes."  
 "I ain't got no more'n seven dollars to my name."  
 "Ten dollars!"  
 "Open that door! Open that door!"  
 "Hey—don't (Continued on page 60)

# WALK-OVER SHOES



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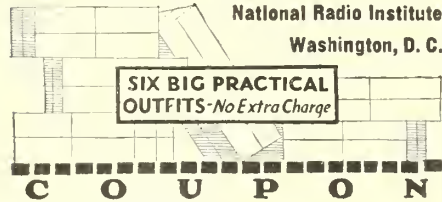
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## Armistice Day

(Continued from page 59)

you give her no money!" said the American. "Don't you give her a nickel. Let the cops in."

The Cockney turned to the Frenchman.

"Ow about you, Frenchie?"

The Frenchman produced a dollar and a half in silver. "That is all," he said sadly.

"Come on, dearie," said the Englishman. "'Ere's eight and a 'arf dollars. That's enough, ain't it?"

"Open that door! Open that door!" The butts of the rifles were splintering the wood.

Senora Jauragui stared with greedy eyes at the two medals on the Frenchman's tattered coat. The gay ribbons fascinated her.

"For eight dollars and a half, and those medals, you can have the row-boat," she announced.

"Don't give 'em to her!" the American cried, frantically.

The Frenchman unpinned the medals, and handed them to her. She clutched them quickly and thrust them and the money into a huge leather bag that hung at her waist.

"Now for the boat—quick," said the Cockney.

The huge, evil woman ambled across the room in a painfully leisurely manner, moved a flat stone in the floor, and opened a trap door.

She called through this to her son whose boat rested on the black water below. Then she turned to the American.

"Here's the row-boat. You can go."

"I won't do it," he muttered. "I'll be damned if I'll do it. Give that money and those medals back."

The cries of "Open that door!" had ceased. The policemen were concentrating on the work of opening the door

for themselves. The butts of their rifles were crashing through the wood . . .

"Come on, Yank!" The Cockney was pushing him toward the yawning hole in the floor. "Come on, old soldier. Comrades in arms—that's what we once was—that's what we still is . . ."

"I can't do it. I can't let you guys do this . . ."

"Never mind," whispered the Frenchman. "The money is nothing, we can get more."

"But the medals . . ."

"We can get more medals, too."

They pushed him to the trap-door.

"Let yourself swing down," said Senora Jauragui. "The boat is below."

The American's feet touched the bottom of the row-boat. The son of Senora Jauragui reached up to steady him as he descended.

"Good-bye, Yank," said the Englishman, "I 'ope you get a good job in the prescription department."

"Good-bye," murmured the Frenchman. "Don't forget the shoes."

The row-boat glided away.

The faint voice of the American was choked off as Senora Jauragui slapped the trap door down, and slid the stone into its place.

All four members of the police force of Porto Juan stumbled down the rickety steps and strained their eyes through the darkness of the cellar room. But they saw only Senora Jauragui, seated comfortably at a table with two men—two strange, battered men. One of them was staring, from unseen eyes, into an empty glass that had once been filled with red wine—the other was singing, in an uncertain tenor, that dolorous chant which ends,

"Old soldiers never die,  
They—fade—a-way—"

## Prospectors

(Continued from page 25)

show ten percent. The difference may be explained by the fact that many men originally from elsewhere, like Howard Smith, now call themselves Arizonans.

The local kink in the situation is that the majority of the burden falls on six of Arizona's forty-two posts. These are the three posts at Phoenix, the two posts at Tucson, and one at Prescott. Those are the centers the afflicted men head for, and where most of them locate to "chase the cure," as the idiom is. The other posts of the State have been unselfish in their assistance to these posts in their effort to care for the migrating veterans from everywhere. An arrangement exists whereby the units outside the emer-

gency areas make regular contributions to a fund which is parcelled, as needed, among these six posts or any others needing help.

This fund has never been large enough. The problem grows in dimensions each year. Last spring the Department of Arizona appealed to the National Executive Committee of the Legion for help.

They represented that the problem is a national one, that the Arizona Legion had impoverished itself caring for veterans from every State, without exception, and that the burden exceeded the utmost limit of local resources. Would the other Departments help Arizona to look after their own people who go

to Arizona? The Executive Committee took the view that the other States should do this and voted \$2,000 from the national funds for the purpose for the remainder of the calendar year of 1927. Mrs. Macauley, then National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, made a trip through Arizona, and as a result of her own observations the Auxiliary matched the Legion contribution. This \$4,000 will tide things over very nicely until the first of the year.

The annual migration begins in the fall and keeps up all winter. The veterans arrive by every conceivable means. They drop off freight trains, they walk, they are brought in on stretchers. Some are absolutely penniless when they arrive. Half of them are accompanied by their wives and families. Most of them are unfamiliar with Arizona, except that they know that it is good for tuberculosis. A Hartford man told me he had imagined Arizona to be something like Connecticut. Instead he found a desert where the thermometer (around Phoenix) may stand at 90 at midnight in summer. It is this desert air, though, that dries out the lungs and starts a man on the road to health.

The summer climate of Prescott is the more temperate of the three centers. Phoenix is the hottest and Tucson is between the two. The variance is caused by the disparity in elevation. Prescott is a mile high. During the other seasons of the year the climate is delightful everywhere and many who are not ill go there to enjoy it. Someone told me that Phoenix was "where summer winters."

The population of health seekers falls during the summer, particularly in the Phoenix and Tucson sectors. Even the hospitals have vacant beds and there are hundreds of tenantless shacks and little houses on the nearby desert. But in October these begin to fill up. Tents appear, and the season is on—an army of prospectors after health, each making his fight according to his temperament and his means. Those of slender means and no means make the greatest percentage of the Legion's problem. The temperamental make up the rest of it. This temperament is nothing to reproach a man for. It is a part of his ailment to be cured.

It assumes the aspect of wanderlust—distance lending enchantment to the view. This year they try Arizona, next year Colorado, and North Carolina the season after that. Each time the hoped-for cure recedes and dissolves like the mirages of Arizona's own desert. The fault in these cases is not with Arizona or Colorado. It is with the man, who must pick one place and stay there long enough to tune his system to that climate. But these men have wandered so long now it is hard to stop. "They are not going any place, just migrating," as Commander Noonan of Morgan McDermott Post at Tucson said.

Michael D. (Continued on page 62)



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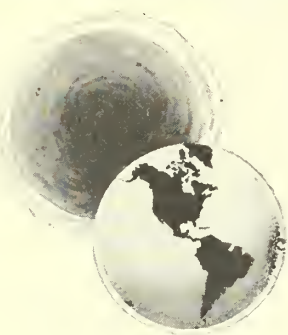
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## Prospectors

(Continued from page 61)

Noonan has been through the mill himself. His old home is New Orleans and his old occupation railroad-ing. He is now assistant secretary of the Old Pueblo Club in Tucson, one of the famous institutions of the Southwest. He is a good representative of the class of people who come to the State to find health and, having found it, stay and safeguard it, forming a sizable percentage of the solid and successful citizenry of the commonwealth. The merchant, the lawyer, the editor, the doctor, the dentist, the plumber, the taxi-driver you are likely to meet in Arizona may have come here in search of health, some almost without hope.

Hilliard T. Brooke is one of the prominent Legionnaires of the State and the majority leader in the Legislature. He is a native Mississippian, and would be

there now had it not been for his health. He spent two years in the hospital at Whipple Barracks and while he got no worse he got no better. He left the hospital, saying he might as well die in harness as live the rest of his life in a hospital. With two other disabled veterans the partnership of Peterson, Brooke and Steiner, dealers in school supplies, was launched at Prescott. The firm now has a large branch in Phoenix and does business throughout the State. Mr. Brooke is regarded as a comer in the public life of Arizona. His advice to thousands of afflicted veterans has been to get out of the hospital at the right time and lead a normal life. He points out that Arizona will not only cure a man but afford him a future when he gets able to work.

One cannot ask more of a health resort than that.

## The Murder of Captain Walsh

(Continued from page 21)

The sergeant pursed his lips as if about to whistle several times in the brief course of his task. Then he returned to the open air, dusting off his hands, and explained that he was going back to the house.

"Stick around, Broussard," he directed the gardener. "I might want you to tell me some more."

The three men in the dining room still sat at the table when the operator rejoined them, in so nearly the same positions that he guessed they had not moved. Brigadier Plutarch wet his pen again in his ink bottle and rearranged expectantly his stack of *proces verbal* blanks.

"Well," Hardesty began. "I got this much. The captain was found out there this morning around eight o'clock by this Broussard, that somebody told he could speak English. He was shot at close range. There was powder burns on the blouse."

Malines leaned forward interestedly. Fayette and Janise did not move. The old serving man, Arnage, and his wife stood very quietly at one side, listening to the speech they could not understand.

"But besides the bullet, he got a clout on the head. Wasn't there something laying around that might of give him that?"

"Yes," Fayette broke in. "Broussard was searching for a spade when he found the body. The spade was missing from the garden. He saw it lying near that beech tree and went over to get it, and—"

"And come back running and hollering," Hardesty finished the sentence.

The other three smiled, all a little uneasily, as if this were a matter for straight faces.

"When was he killed?" the operator asked.

Again Fayette answered.

"Thursday night. Yesterday morning rather. Two o'clock."

Hardesty looked up sharply.

"How'd you know?"

"I heard the shot," Malines said. "The servant's wife heard it too."

"Where were you?"

"In bed. I didn't get up."

"Used to shooting, maybe."

Malines flushed.

"No . . . but I wasn't sure then what it was. The wind was blowing hard. And by morning I'd forgotten it. I remember now that the clock struck two just afterward."

"Care if I smoke?" Hardesty asked, and drew out a packet of cigarettes. He held a match for Malines and the gendarme. Fayette and Janise refused. "Let's get the rest of it," the operator said. "You haven't told me much yet."

He questioned Fayette. The lieutenant, who was nervous, remembered matters of astoundingly small importance and repeated them at length.

Walsh had been a regular army sergeant, according to the record card which his subordinate had found in the murdered man's desk. He was forty-four years old, of good character, and unmarried.

"What outfit in the regulars was he out of?" Hardesty demanded.

"Tenth Infantry. Came from Panama to get his commission."

"Tenth? Them guys got the bad luck

habit. How are his accounts? Nothing wrong there?"

"O. K. To the cent and centime. I checked them this morning."

"Any callers the last day or two?"

"A good many."

Hardesty suddenly stopped smoking to listen.

"You see," the lieutenant was saying, "our salvage dump is chiefly leather. And this is a shoe making town. Malines here . . . he's mayor, Sergeant. . ."

"I pinched a mayor the other day."

"You've no call to pinch this one. He runs the largest shoe factory here, Sergeant. Janise runs one, too. There are three others. None of them big, the way we look at it at home. Hire ten or twelve men, fifteen or twenty girls, harness up some water power, and you have a French shoe factory. Well, we had a lot of leather. Headquarters ordered us to get rid of it. We asked for bids. Captain Walsh opened them Thursday."

"Thursday?" Hardesty for the moment lost his breezy indifference.

"The day he disappeared."

"Who bid?" the sergeant demanded.

"Four men actually. Janise here, and three others, small makers who put in such low bids they didn't have a chance. The fifth man. . ."

"I was the fifth man," Malines interrupted. "I bid high, and was falsely kept out."

Sergeant Hardesty did not move in his chair, merely said, "Oh," unexcitedly. He saw Janise shrug ever so slightly. Fayette was ill at ease. Malines arose and walked swiftly back and forward across the carpet. The gathering dusk in the dining room, with its heavy curtains, covered his face with deep blots of shadows.

Sergeant Hardesty lighted a fresh cigarette. He had served long enough in the secret police to tabulate the bulk of crime in the dwindling expeditionary forces under three headings, wine, women and salvage. And in the spring of 1919 wine and women were of secondary importance.

"Seems like we're getting somewhere," he remarked.

"I'll explain it," Fayette volunteered.

"Go to it, sir. It'll bear some explaining."

"The bids were opened at two o'clock Thursday. They had been submitted over a period of four or five days. When Malines' bid was opened, the envelope had nothing in it but a blank piece of paper. He insists that it was his envelope and that his bid had been in it."

Malines stopped his walking angrily.

"How could it be any other, Lieutenant? It was my own handwriting! But the bid had been stolen! It is like too much that goes on since the Americans arrive!"

"Come!" Janise cautioned him in French. "There has been murder done, and on your estate! Why quarrel over a few shoes?"

"And since this man's envelope had a blank piece of paper, Lieutenant, who won the leather?" (Continued on page 64)

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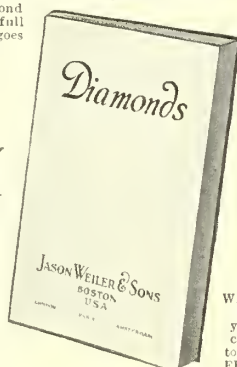
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## The Murder of Captain Walsh

(Continued from page 63)

"Janise, this manufacturer right here."

"What did the captain say?"

"He couldn't explain it, Sergeant. That's what made him so upset, Thursday. He kept telling Malines not to carry on so."

"I beg you!" the owner of the estate became suddenly quiet. "Janise is right. What have the bids to do now with this . . . this unfortunate matter we investigate?"

"They was mixing it a bit, about the salvage?" Hardesty persisted.

Lieutenant Fayette ran a nervous finger inside the collar of his olive drab shirt, which he had folded neatly, in defiance of regulations, over the neckband of his blouse. He cleared his throat when Hardesty looked at him sharply and repeated the question.

"Why, yes, Sergeant," he admitted, "the captain and Mayor Malines did argue a little in the office. I was there. They argued . . . that's all."

"French or American fashion? Hollerin' or real argument?"

Malines had ceased his pacing, and stood now, looking gravely at the varied group in his dining-room.

"Come," he pleaded. "It was an affair of business. We spoke some words that were not wise. I told the captain that he had played favorites because he lived at the house of Janise."

"Lived with Janise?" the sergeant repeated. "Why you just telling me that?" He turned on Janise. "So he billeted with you?"

"I am the lonely man," Janise explained. "My wife has been dead these years. When the captain is stationed in Maison-l'Eveque, I offer him my what you call parlor. It is very comfortable. But business . . . he was not a man to talk business away from the bureau."

The lieutenant interrupted.

"We've told you just about all of it, Sergeant. The two men argued. It was about four o'clock. The captain ordered Malines out of the office at last. He went away rather angry. But so far as I know he didn't come back. I left at five or a little later. Corporal Schmidt was in the office alone when the captain went out at six."

"That straight?" Hardesty demanded of Malines.

The Frenchman looked at him steadily. Then he nodded his head.

"It is true," he assented. "I had discussion with Captain Walsh that afternoon before he was killed. I see what you suspect. My word as a soldier . . . it was not I!"

He was entirely self-possessed. He

cleared his throat, as if to say more, but apparently thinking better of it, shook his head.

"The things I suspect, mister," Hardesty replied, "are my own property, till I got something to back them up."

The brigadier grunted restlessly.

"And I ain't got much more time to listen either," Hardesty warned. "I'm going to be busy as an inspector general in a dirty barracks, I can see that much right now. Let's get squared away. The captain's dead and he'd be the last to argue that. He was shot, and aside from the bullet, which was a plenty, he got a mean clout on the head. The mayor heard the shot at two o'clock yesterday morning, but he's so accustomed to shooting that he don't take

the trouble to get up. That's all the straight dope we got."

He paused, while the others breathed audibly.

"Anything connected with salvage, gentlemen, means a bad mess. Least that's the way one cop finds it. I hate the word salvage worse than the newspapers back home hate the Kaiser. It's

done pretty near as much dirt. Malines claims he put in a bid and you say, Lieutenant, that there's just a blank paper in the envelope. He goes round and round with the captain and the captain shows up dead. Now maybe that means something and maybe not. I'm not very crazy about the storybook way of going at these things. I ain't smart enough. I got to have something that I can hold in my hand before I'm ready to call it evidence. About the body. When you saw it first, Lieutenant, how was the pockets? I noticed when I was looking it over they all turned inside out."

"That's how they were when the body was found. It had been raining. They were inside out and wet."

"Nothing in 'em?"

"Nothing. The body hadn't been touched when I got here, and I noticed that point in particular."

"Those original bids, where they at now?"

Hardesty thought he saw a flush upon the lieutenant's face, even in the late afternoon light.

"Well, Sergeant," the officer replied, "it's peculiar. I've looked everywhere in the office but they're not there. They've disappeared."

"Hum!" The sergeant showed no surprise.

"I've searched all over the place," the lieutenant added. "I had the corporal help me."

"That glum looking Schmidt?" Hard-



esty arose, with every appearance of boredom. "I'll be back in a minute," he said.

The men watched him through the window. He crossed the lawn, that was cast over with shadows from the bushes, and entered the coach house where lay the body of Captain Walsh. He reappeared directly. Returning to the house, he re-entered the dining-room and stepping briskly to the table, laid upon it a soggy, rain-soaked money belt. He wiped his hands on his khaki blouse.

"Rather search a wild man," he complained.

"A belt!" Fayette cried sharply. "I never thought of a belt."

Brigadier Plutarch grunted.

"Open it," he said in French.

"Easy enough," answered Hardesty.

The belt clinked slightly in his hands. Two gold coins dropped out first and rolled foolishly about the table. The sergeant examined them deliberately while the other men waited. He removed a bundle of French currency next, large, soiled sheets of paper money. Underneath this was a packet of envelopes, each folded several times and all held together by a rubber band.

"Bids!" the lieutenant ejaculated.

"Not a bad guess," said Hardesty.

Janise identified his at once as the one on top. Hardesty read it with slight interest. He scratched his round cheek with a finger nail as he put it down.

"Lots of leather you're buying, mister," he commented. "A hundred thousand francs. That means some cash in real money."

"The bid was high," answered the shoe maker.

"That is mine!" Malines spoke for the first time in many minutes as the second envelope was unfolded. "It is my signature on the front. Here, policeman, that pen mark!"

Hardesty glanced casually into the slit envelope, bulging the frayed end apart with thumb and forefinger. He scowled and reached clumsily within it. Two papers fluttered out upon the table. Hardesty unfolded one of them.

"Somebody lied," he said, and read aloud:

"I, Frederic Malines, bid one hundred and eighteen thousand francs for all leather and leather goods now in American storage at Maison-l'Eveque." The sergeant added: "Is that your signature, Mayor?"

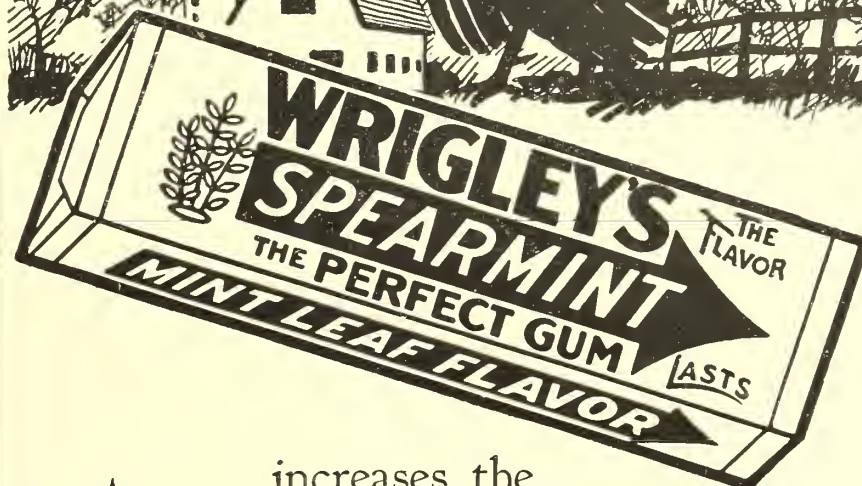
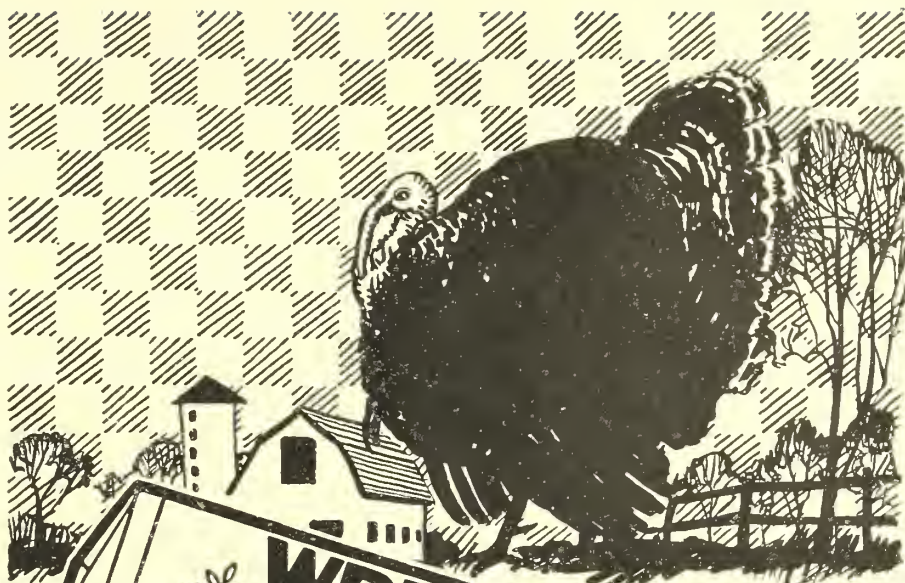
Malines took the paper from the other's hands.

"That's my bid!" he cried. "I said there was wickedness in this matter! That's my original bid. It has been put back into the envelope!"

"By whom?" Janise asked sharply.

Fayette arose and leaned his elbows on the table while he stared in amazement at the paper. His lips were open, and Hardesty noticed that they were not firm lips. Slightly loose, he thought, as if they never had set to real purpose.

"I'll swear, (Continued on page 66)



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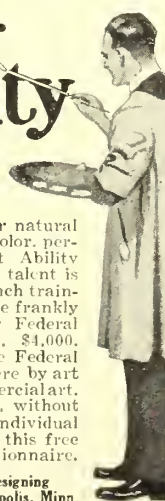


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## The Murder of Captain Walsh

(Continued from page 65)

Sergeant," the lieutenant protested. "that bid was not in the envelope when we opened the lot. The other sheet, that blank one, was there."

Hardesty stuffed both pieces of paper back into their container, and slowly folded the other bids together. He snapped the rubber band around them and stuffed them into the money belt.

"I'll keep this," he said. "It's something to work on. You swear it wasn't there Thursday afternoon?"

"I'm positive."

"Janise got the leather. And Malines and the captain tangled about it. Hum. Well, it's easy enough to get a paper out of an envelope."

"The seal wasn't broken," Fayette put in.

Hardesty laughed.

"That's simple," he said. "If I had to break a seal for every letter I've read since I become a cop, I'd been busted back to private long ago. No, that bid was took out. Then something happened afterwards. What was it? Did Walsh find the bid or just what?"

There fell upon the company an uncomfortable silence. A warm scent of cookery floated from the rear of the house and Hardesty realized for the first time that the serving couple had slipped from the room.

"Will you gentlemen join me at supper?" Malines asked. There was an absence of spirit in the invitation.

"No thank you," Fayette said hurriedly. "I must get back to the warehouse."

Malines glanced at the others.

"Non, merci." The second shoe maker shook his head in refusal. "I can be of no further help. I will be at my home if I am necessary."

Brigadier Plutarch, in response to the invitation, grumbled, "Non, non," and pawed at his *proces verbal* blanks. He saluted half-heartedly and was the first to depart.

"I must relieve Schmidt," Fayette said to the sergeant. "He'll be worried."

"Will he?" replied Hardesty. "That guy's so scared now he needs three legs to stand up."

Lieutenant Fayette halted in the door.

"What about Schmidt?" he demanded.

They saw the gendarme pedaling his bicycle through the dusk and heard the gate creak as Janise let himself out.

"Is the corporal straight?" asked the D. C. I. operator. Fayette frowned.

"For all I know, Sergeant. I brought him from the 34th Division. He was clerk in our old headquarters troop."

"Thirty-fourth, you say. Headquarters troop. What was he, a private?"

"He was then. We made him a corporal about a month ago. I think he's straight," Fayette repeated, "but . . ."

"But what? If it wasn't for the but anybody could be a cop."

The lieutenant laughed nervously.

"I couldn't trust even a cop tonight, let alone Schmidt."

Malines had followed to the door.

"And who is Schmidt?" he asked.

"The corporal, Mayor. You know him."

"I? A man named Schmidt?"

"To be sure, Monsieur Malines."

Fayette spoke with a little irritation. "You've seen our clerk. You called him uncivil the other day. Wednesday or Thursday, when you were figuring up your bid. You asked him how many bales of hide there were on hand and how many sacks of saddle patches and all that sort of thing. He wrote it down for you."

Malines shrugged.

"Oh, that one! That lefthanded fool! My ducks could write clearer than that fellow. You will return, gentlemen?" There was a note in his voice which suggested that he hoped they would not.

"Sure," Hardesty told him heartily.

"Mister, you're goin' to see so much of me till I get this mess straightened out that you'll think I'm your conscience before you're done. Good night. Maybe I won't have to bother you again before morning. It all depends."

Fayette followed the sergeant down the path.

"Schmidt's been a good clerk," he insisted.

"Sure," Hardesty said. "I knew a man once who murdered two wives who could add sums like his name was Burroughs. This fellow Schmidt ain't showed up enough in this job, Lieutenant. When there's four or five fellows tied up in knots in one deal and one of them sings so sweet and low all the time that he can't be heard, that's the guy I start watching."

"You'll be watching the wrong man, Sergeant."

"All right. Mebbe. I've watched men before. That's why I ain't provost marshal general livin' easy down at Hanlon Field. Eat supper with you? Couldn't sir. It would be unmilitary as a horse doctor, me eating with an officer. I'll meet you at your warehouse, say eight o'clock?"

They parted, with a sharp salute from Hardesty, answered with less vigor by the officer. The sergeant rode noisily through the windy evening into the town. He put up his motorcycle at the buvette, which the lieutenant had indicated as the last place Captain Walsh had been seen.

From the owner, a one-eyed woman in a dirty apron, he begged the opportunity to buy his supper. She set bread and cheese before him, and a bottle of flat wine. But having served him food, which she claimed was against her rule, she stayed to talk.

Hardesty mentioned the murder and she became interested immediately.

"The Captain Walsh was my good customer!" she cried. "Three times a day he patronize me. Three drinks and a half franc souvenir each evening. That night, Thursday, he come as usual. I serve him."

"Cognac?"

"But yes, the best I have! He drank it, like the gentleman he was, slowly. Not American fashion, pff, all gone! Usually he walk over there," she pointed to the hearth, "and stood with his back to the fire, so, while he drink. Thursday when I serve him he look out of the window as if he see something."

"*Encore!*" Hardesty demanded, pushing back the empty cheese dish. "Looked out of the window?"

"*Oui.* I ask him was it going to rain, and he say, 'Oo, it may be,' as if he do not care. He do not drink on the hearth this time. He swallow it quick at the bar and just sets the glass down when in comes the boy."

"Boy?"

"The boy Schmidt. I know him. He too patronize me. He came in like a sheep, but the captain is angry. He shouts, soon as he see him, and say, 'Go home! Do I not say you are in arrest?' The boy went, quick, and the captain soon after him. He stood a minute there in the door, looking this way, that. Then he turn north, walking quick."

"*L'addition,*" Hardesty demanded, and having paid his bill arose unhurriedly. "Thanks, old lady," he said. "Better keep that under your hat. Might get the nice boy in trouble."

The old woman shrugged.

"I tell no one nothing. No one but police. Telephone? *La!*" She motioned back of the counter.

Hardesty put in a call for Le Mans at the old walnut contraption that looked like a coffin appended to the wall. He talked in a voice too low for the matron of the buvette to understand, and then waited fifteen minutes, while he ate two apples and another serving of cheese, until Le Mans called him back. He was laughing as he came away from the telephone. He paid his second bill, said good-night to the old woman, and stepped into the street.

Whatever was fact and whatever fiction in the story the woman told, the sergeant decided one thing was true. Corporal Schmidt was in disgrace for some reason with the captain. Captain Walsh was angry, and he started walking north. His billet, according to what Hardesty had learned from the shoe maker Janise, was south of the buvette. Malines lived north. Walsh started toward the mayor's chateau at six o'clock in the evening, but the pistol shot did not sound until two a. m.

"How come?" Hardesty pondered.

He struck a match for a cigarette and crossed the street. On the corner opposite the buvette he saw the lighted door of Hotel de France.

"It would be a rum town that didn't have a Hotel (Continued on page 68)

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## The Murder of Captain Walsh

(Continued from page 67)

de France!" he told himself. "I've spotted a million in my own short life."

A fire was burning on the hearth in the cheery kitchen at the front, and an open door showed into the dining-room. Beyond that opening Hardesty had a short glimpse of Lieutenant Fayette arising from a table.

The wind, which had been sighing about the eaves, carried more than a hint of rain. Hardesty stepped into the warmth of the hotel and waited for the lieutenant. He thought Fayette looked thinner than he had in the afternoon, and paler.

"Schmidt was here asking for me just before I got back," the lieutenant said. "He's not at his billet. I went over to see. And the office is dark."

They walked to the door of the salvage warehouse and Fayette jingled a bunch of keys. Hardesty flashed on the beam of his electric pocket lamp.

"The door's open," he said.

"Open? That's funny." Fayette paused. "We always lock it. We've a good deal of petty stealing."

They crossed the threshold into the dark warehouse. Fayette preceded the sergeant. He had groped his way ten feet along the wall toward the office when his voice broke out suddenly.

"Something wrong here, Sergeant!"

"Wrong? What you mean, wrong?"

Hardesty clawed ahead along the wall.

"We never leave that door open!"

The sergeant flashed on the beam of his light. The shoulders of Lieutenant Fayette, entirely too narrow in spite of their brave gold bars, were framed in the entry to the office. His hand was sweeping the rough stone wall in search of the electric switch. He found it at last and snapped on a light.

He leaped backward a second after the light burst on. Hardesty heard him cry out in a short, surprised voice. The operator ran forward. He saw nothing at first, except tables, chairs, bare pine desks, and the prosaic line of filing cases and boards on the front wall.

He pushed past the officer. From beyond the farthest desk, on the uneven floor, projected a pair of big, motionless hob-nailed army shoes, toes up. Beside one of them a small pool of thick dark liquid was drying.

Hardesty crossed the floor in three short steps.

"Sour face himself!" he ejaculated.

He looked down in amazement upon Corporal Jake Schmidt. There was blood on the right cheek, standing out grotesquely black against the paleness of the skin.

(To be concluded)

## A Clinic for Homesickness

(Continued from page 45)

There are posts in Panama. It's easier to get to know people there. If we had a post here, we might build a clubhouse and a shower bath. Wish there was a shower in our house. Surprising how you miss a shower. . . ."

I told him what I had observed of the posts in Panama, and what I had learned of other foreign and territorial posts of the Legion—of their meetings, their entertainments, their club life.

"That's the idea," he said. "It's the way a fellow ought to live. It isn't the lack of a good bath or the fact of their unspeakable sanitary arrangements that makes me hate to stay with these people. I went through those things in France, and I really liked France. But there were Americans in France. Here I get lonesome. Haven't you been kind of lonesome since you came here?"

Lewis, I think, was homesick. I met more homesick Yanks. Go down there and you can meet them, too. They'll be hanging over their favorite bars in Buenaventura and Medellin and Guayaquil and Callao and Quito and Lima, and, I presume, in Singapore and Port Natal and Bombay. Up in the Cauca valley of Colombia you meet all kinds of them.

There is a rich, new country. Not even a Californian could object to the climate. The British and the Germans and the Scandinavians are settling down there to get rich. But not the Americans. Talk to any chance Yank you happen to meet in the bar of one of the many Hotels Europa.

"I got four months' leave coming next year," he'll tell you, "and I'm going home, and I am not coming back."

The prospect of wealth is no antidote for nostalgia. You'll meet a young American who's duly proud that he sold six times more Fordelets last year than had been sold in the six preceding years put together. He's had his salary doubled and if he'll sign a new contract he can have a general agency. But he'll sign no new contract. He just feels low, and he isn't sure what it is, except it's something about the country, or the climate, or the people he associates with. He's going home as soon as his contract expires.

That's the main difficulty with nostalgia. For sheer insidiousness it beats halitosis all hollow. Your best friends won't tell you when you've got halitosis, but you won't admit to yourself that you've got nostalgia.

I was fighting against it when I next

saw Panama. Then the bitter pains of a renewed attack left me. Nothing but the sight of a new High School at Chester, Mass., could have made me feel better.

I knew I'd meet with something at least suggestive of home life in Panama. There, I could *feel* at home. And the homely qualities of the place had been brought to me by American Legion contacts.

Panama is not all Legion by any means, but there is a sort of American Legion Americanism there, if you know what I mean. Panama could not be all foreign, even off the Canal Zone in Panamanian territory. The Legion there has been a God-send for hundreds of expatriated Yanks. It has kept them on the job, thereby saving much money for Uncle Sam, and it has made them like, or at least tolerate, the country, thereby saving themselves opportunity.

When I stepped ashore in Panama this time I found that my friend Calloway had gone home. So had Frank McKeon, Commander of the post at Cristobal. One of them is a municipal engineer, the other is manager for a large oil company in Colon. But I was assured by everybody that knew them that both would be back in a few weeks. Too bad I couldn't wait . . . You can have a mighty good time here . . . Nice place . . . Paradise of the Tropics . . .

I almost regretted that I couldn't wait. I hunted up some other chaps they had introduced me to, and during a brief visit I had almost as good a time as I could have had in Winnetka, Illinois, or Guilford, Connecticut, or any town where there's a live Legion post.

I had learned the places of interest. Somebody let me take his car. I came upon Mt. Hope Cemetery, near Colon, where Calloway had taken me before. On my first stop-over he had told how the canal authorities had been convinced by the Legion that they ought to build a grandstand there. The grandstand was up, now, a handsome, substantial structure, quite in keeping with the tropical vegetation of the beautiful cemetery. I knew that another had been built at the Corozal Cemetery, on the Pacific side. The newspapers were announcing that Memorial Day would be observed shortly. There would be a parade with American soldiers and sailors and Legionnaires. Representatives of the American and Panamanian governments would pay their tribute to the American dead.

I went to the Legion plot in Mt. Hope Cemetery. (There's a Legion plot at Corozal, too.) Neat and permanent looking crosses marked the graves of young men who had died during the war or who had died since, "While Flying over Guantanamo in Cuba," or "While on Duty at the U. S. Naval Station in Coca Sola," or while flying during army maneuvers in Panama, or while working at a civilian task for Uncle Sam. They had all been veterans of the (Continued on page 70)



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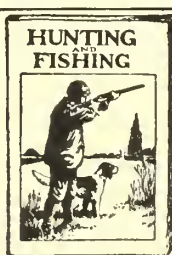
Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

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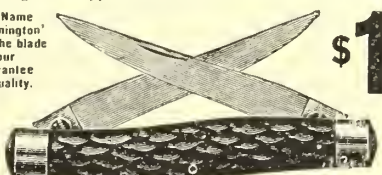


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# A Clinic for Homesickness

(Continued from page 69)



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World War. The Legion plot preserves their memory, not only as soldiers of the war, but as patriotic Americans in time of peace—as ambassadors of good will in a foreign land, as pioneers for Uncle Sam.

Well-kept graves they were. They are well kept the year round, rainy season or dry. They will always be well kept. They will be decorated every Memorial Day, as the papers said they would soon be decorated.

Then too the papers gave other Legion news. "Legion Scout Troop Meets Tonight," said a headline.

That was worth investigation. I wanted to go to the meeting. That was in Panama, across the isthmus, and I took a train. A fellow passenger turned out to be an old friend of navy days. He kidnapped me. His wife would tell me all about the Scout troop. Junior was a member. I went to dinner with him, and his wife did tell me about the troop.

"I'd be terribly worried about Junior," she said, "if he weren't a Scout, and I don't know how he'd ever have got to be one if the Legion hadn't formed a troop.

Just because of what they do for the Scouts I made Joe join the Legion. If it weren't for that troop I daren't guess what Junior would be up to. As it is, he and his friends are kept pretty much out of mischief and they learn of interests that make them contented. Almost everything they learn is useful.

"I'm sure I couldn't handle him if he weren't a Scout. We'd have to send him home to some private school, and that would cost more than we can afford. Or maybe both he and I would have to go, and that would break up our home. I'm sure Joe would resign his commission."

There in Panama, The American Legion is holding at least one family together. Nor does the Legion act alone to hold together families with children. There are perhaps twenty thousand Americans on the isthmus. A majority of them work for Uncle Sam, and live on Uncle Sam's zone, which runs back five miles from either side of the canal. But the social life of the Americans in Panama cannot be confined to the Zone. The Government's encouragement of athletics, its provision of ample tennis courts and a splendid golf course, do not suffice for the after-dark social needs of such a community.

The great need is for American cul-

ture. That's where the Legion comes in. Latin-American society is not our society. It is stilted. A Panamanian Scoutmaster, with his strict ideas of the inferiority of urchins, would speedily infuriate the ordinary American boy into the heaving of dornicks. Latin-American views on the conduct of adults are not more similar to American views. So Americans in Panama must herd together. Otherwise they would be unbearable to themselves and to the native Panamanians.

The Legion entertains people there. Once in a while, the Legion gets up a show. Calloway had told me of one.

They called it "Nothing Much," but it was considerably more than that. It was a typical American review, and it ran for seven performances, which made it the "Abie's Irish Rose" of the Pana-

manian stage. Members of the Cristobal post wrote the book, chose or wrote the music, staged the show, managed it, composed the cast, sold the tickets, and finally took the money to use in constructive Legion work.

When I heard about that play and about other histrionic efforts by the

Legion in Cristobal and Panama I could not avoid the suspicion that the work the Legionnaires do on such things contributes almost as much to the cast of characters as to the audience. There was a former actor, for instance, who brought a genuine technical knowledge of the theatre to the aid of "Nothing Much". He had been pretty blue, they told me, but when he went to work on that show he became a new man. The show helped put him on his feet, and he helped put the show on its feet. He was happier than he had been since last he had walked the boards as a professional. Something of the same elevation came to every actor and stagehand. It got over to the audiences.

Then the Legion holds dances. There are three posts on the isthmus—one at Panama, the metropolis and national capital, one at Cristobal, across the canal and adjacent to Colon, the second biggest Colombian city, and one at Gatun, scene of the famous lake and locks. They all hold dances now and then. The dances give Legionnaires more general benefits than can be acquired from mere participation in meetings. You go to a dance and meet girls, American girls, and what is life without an American girl?

Legionnaires work hard on those dances, and on plays, as well as on the



Boy Scout Troop, and to keep up the cemeteries. The work, of course, is partly an end unto itself. It takes them out of themselves, those Legionnaires. It helps them forget they are far from home. It gives them more of the atmosphere of home.

Nobody regrets the work he does for the Legion in Panama. Some of the members hold government office. They are army and navy men, engineers, foremen, mechanics, clerks, customs officers, judges. Some of them are in business. They are branch managers for banks and oil companies, automobile agents and sewing-machine agents, storekeepers and (it's legal, off the Zone) barkeepers, planters and professors. During the day, each of these fellows, with a few exceptions, does business with a great many Panamanians. He talks some Spanish and wishes he didn't have to do it. He forgets that the Latin habit of promising anything in the world for *mañana* is derived only from a native politeness that permits no Latin ever to refuse to do anything he is requested to do. He gets sour. If he works in the canal, he is liable to spend his time telling captains of Italian and German and Greek and Dutch and Swedish ships where they get off at. He still gets sour. Life is pretty much alien for all the Government's efforts to make the canal American.

Nights he wants to meet Americans. The American Legion helps him to do it. Each Legion post in Panama is primarily a place where Americans meet other Americans. If you go to Panama and happen to be between thirty and forty years old, the chances are that you fought the war. If you fought the war, there can be no more desirable circle of friends than those who have had the same glorious experience and who moreover are about your age, come from your homeland and speak your language.

The Legion is a clearing house for friendships. You know that of the Legion in America. Think how much truer it must be in a foreign country!

Living abroad, you can always make acquaintances. But acquaintances do not round out life. You need friends. It is difficult to make a true friend of a foreigner. I know Americans of Irish extraction who tell me they cannot get along with the Irish they meet in Ireland. I know Americans of Italian extraction who proclaim great dissatisfaction with the people they have met in Italy. Americans get along best with Americans. Nobody else understands us, quite, any more than we seem absolutely to understand any other people. We are getting to be a race—a family.

When you take an American away from home he finds it difficult to make friends. I know, I've been there. Without friends you become homesick. You get to be a grouch, and you finally kick opportunity in the face and go home with you (Continued on page 72)

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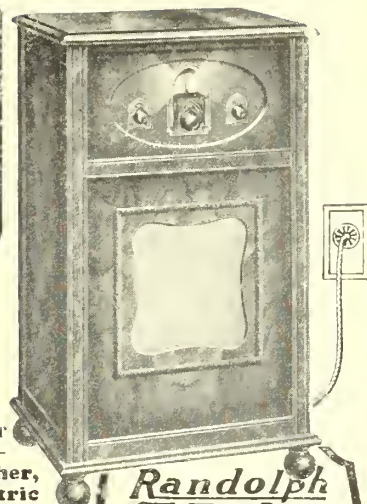
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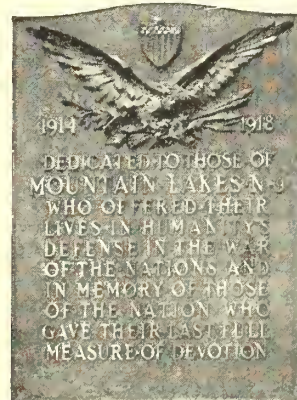
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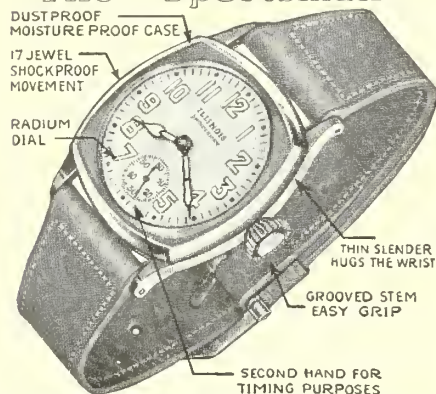
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## A Clinic for Homesickness

(Continued from page 71)

work half done and your fortune half made, or completely unmade.

Perhaps the fellows in Panama will object to all this as tending to exhibit selfish motives for acts which the world very properly thinks altruistic. But what of it? Unselfishness is unselfishness, regardless of the motives behind it. And when a fellow works wholeheartedly in an unselfish cause just to relieve himself of homesickness, would you say he is being kind to himself exclusively? Couldn't he work it off by shooting craps?

Perhaps the fellows in Panama will object because I intimate that Panama isn't one hundred percent American. They don't like to admit that anything is any different from anything at home. Yet nobody misses his annual vacation back home. The very reticence of Legionnaires who live there to admit that life is different from life back home confirms my suspicion that things are different, and widely so.

The way they cling to Americanisms shows you. They stick to American clothes and American razors and American toothpastes and American soaps. You almost never see an American wearing a Panama hat in Panama unless he happens to be a tourist. I really believe you see more derbys than Panamas. Or you can trace symptoms in the way they treat stranded people.

Now there's a problem for your foreign Legionnaires. It is a problem that has to be solved in a hundred different ways—a different way for each case. Especially is it a problem in Panama.

As a rule, our Government succeeds in keeping Americans who have no visible means of support from drifting into the country. But they get there, now and then. Most of the drifters, it happens, are about our age—were in the war. Broke in Panama, one instinctively hunts up the Legion. If the drifter is genuinely down and out, his hunt cannot be in vain. Last year Cristobal post advanced six hundred dollars and more to help veterans on their way home. Calloway alone advanced \$187. I was told by somebody else. Most of the drifters, it seems, fall on the Atlantic side.

But for every dollar that's advanced, a dozen dollars are given in labor. Suppose a fellow miraculously gets off at Colon with no visible means of support. If he has a little money, perhaps he drifts out of the Zone (walks across the street, that is) and is robbed in Colon. There are only a few jobs for Americans in the Zone, and in Panama there are fewer jobs. The native Panamanians naturally do not relish having their jobs picked up by *gringos*—don't we restrict immigration up here? The stranded fellow, a veteran, we'll suppose, has neither money nor prospects

for earning money. Sooner or later he gets to some official of the Legion.

Now the Legion has a problem. Here is a man for whom one of two things must be done: He must be put to work, or he must be given passage home; the Legion must find him a job or find him a ticket. Incidentally, he must be fed until one or the other is found. There is frantic telephoning:

"Captain, do you need a man on the coal pier?"

"Colonel, do you need a foreman?"

"George, do you need a clerk?"

Not any old work will do. Americans cannot endure hard manual labor under the glaring tropical sun. If anybody needs a foreman or a coal-checker or a clerk, the stranded Yank finds a job until he can save enough to get home. Or maybe he joins the Legion and stays in Panama. I like to hope that he joins the Legion anyway. But if nobody can find a job for him, then somebody must find transportation back to the States.

Somebody must make the rounds of the steamship lines. Can a man work his way up on this freighter? Does that passenger ship need a deck steward? Is the engineer shy a coal passer?

If no workaway passage can be provided, then the Legion offers a loan. Unfortunately the loan frequently turns out to be pure charity, but we can gloss over that. Somehow the money is raised, and another veteran joins the post-war army of those who owe economic salvation to The American Legion.

**P**ERHAPS Panama Legionnaires would prefer that I dwell on some of their extra-consular activities. Here is subject for a book, for no small measure of the friendly relations between our nation and the Panamanian nation is due to the Legion.

In Panama, as in most South and Central American countries, Castilian pride has infused through other races. Your Panamanian, be he Castilian White, Amerindian Red or African Black, is proud. His self-respect is boundless. He is difficult for us to understand. The Legion, perhaps more even than our Government, is making a sincere effort to understand him. (Incidentally, here is a Legion work that you cannot trace to the nostalgia complex.)

The Legion is succeeding in its work of understanding. Don't forget that a high dignitary of the Panamanian government was to attend the Legion Memorial Day services. The dignitary turned out to be the provincial governor. Whenever the Legion essays anything unusual, especially if its activities may transcend the limits of the Canal Zone, it secures the sanction, and lately the

aid, of the Republic of Panama. Today, the Legion can secure a favor from Panama as easily as it could secure the same favor from the Canal Zone authorities, and this is no reflection on the cordial co-operation of the zone authorities either. Panama recognizes that the Legionnaires are *amigos*, not at all like the *gringos malos* who are forever deriding native-born Panamanians and their customs. Legionnaires can furnish an atmosphere of friendship and international co-operation where their Government is not always in a position to do so.

As a nation, for instance, we cannot very well declare a holiday in the canal whenever the Republic observes a *fiesta*. The canal is an international utility, to be subject to the patriotic celebrations of no nation. Business must go on as usual, even on the Fourth of July. When Panama wants to celebrate, the Government cannot always help, but the Legion can and does. It sends delegations to participate in native parades. If the Republic wants to make an impression of international friendship, the Legion will help. If the Republic wants to be particularly impressive about any international affair, the co-operation of the Legion is a valuable asset, yet one which is freely offered and just as often accepted.

Panama will never forget the time, just a few years back, when it had a war with Costa Rica. Many American World War veterans volunteered to fight for Panama. That was no Legion business, and the Legion, as an organization, had nothing to do with the efforts to volunteer, but the efforts showed a spirit of friendship that had been built up among Americans for Panama, and the Panamanian government very naturally attributed much credit for that spirit to the Legion.

Suppose the shoe were on the other foot. Suppose there were in Washington a very conspicuous organization of the veterans of the war by which Panama won her independence from Colombia. Suppose these men—a superior breed of great big fellows, they'd have to be—were to turn out to assist in all our patriotic American celebrations. Suppose they were careful to assist in our Memorial Day activities, and in celebrating the Fourth. Suppose, moreover, they always stood as a bulwark against the ribald demonstrations of their less responsible, perhaps drunken, brick-throwing compatriots. Suppose they took care of Panamanians who got stranded in our capital? We'd think pretty well of those Panamanians, wouldn't we?

Well, that's how Panama thinks of Legionnaires. The Republic of Panama looks upon the Legionnaire as a splendid fellow who is trying to understand the Republic and to help it. Yet the Republic knows that he remains a loyal, patriotic American. God bless him, and is helping to make others loyal and patriotic.

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EASY today to have a billiard table. Then in place of dull evenings a house filled with laughter and keen sport. Friends glad to visit. Young people eager to stay home. Recreation and enjoyable exercise as well.

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There are Brunswick tables, stationary, portable or convertible, for any home or purse. Mail coupon for descriptions and prices.

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Every young woman should know  
What every young husband and  
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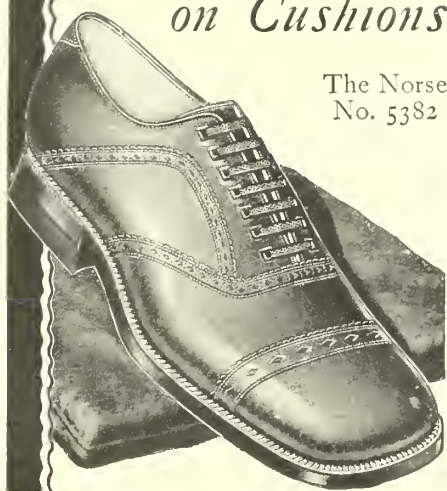
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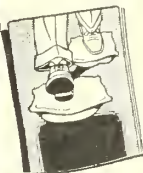


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### Let Me PROVE It To You FREE

What I accomplished on my own head, pictured above, I believe I can do for you, provided you are under 45 years of age and loss of hair was not caused by burns or scars. Anyhow, I must succeed or you pay nothing. No apparatus—my home treatment is simple, quick, inexpensive. Just your name and address and I will mail you full information with PHOTOGRAPHS, NAMES and addresses of men and women who have successfully used my treatment for dandruff, falling hair and particularly for baldness.

Write Now. A postal will do.

VREELAND'S, 4058 Euclid-Windsor Bldg.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO

## The First Line

(Continued from page 17)

but able to go to sea would require more officers than we have trained for destroyer duty and over 20,000 men!

Destroyer strength today is measured by the flotilla leader class. The British have eighteen ranging from one and a half to double the size of our class of destroyers, and they are armed to do light cruiser duty. They have 176 of our class. They have planned to lay down twenty-seven more. Even Japan has six flotilla leaders. France has four—Italy eight—and the United States none!

And now as to convertible merchant ships. The available estimates indicate that of ships which can steam over seventeen knots per hour and could be armed readily Great Britain has nearly a billion tons—which means that she probably could outclass the United States in converted cruisers in the ratio of 16 to 1. We are paying nearly a half a billion a year to have more than two-thirds of our cargoes carried in foreign ships. To a certain extent it may be said that we are paying that bill in order to reduce our war basis, sea strength.

Taking both cruiser and convertible merchant ship strength together the experts say that we would not have enough sea power of this necessary type to more than protect our shipping. Every battleship in a balanced fleet according to the British formula should have a cruiser as a wife. With our commerce and possessions covered by our cruiser strength there would be not one cruiser left to relieve the bachelor status of our battleships.

Having demonstrated that by conferences such as Washington and Geneva, called for good purposes, and by laxity of public opinion, and by fanatic lobbies and political paring of appropriations, we have been dropping far below the supposed ratio policy as compared with other powers why not ask:

Why have we done this?

The reasons given are two.

First. That co-operative disarmament and peace may be served by the gesture of disarming or remaining inadequately secured. The answer already given is that co-operative disarming must always be led by those

who are well armed and that remaining inadequately secured is to encourage rather than discourage breaches of peace by inviting attack.

Second. That by remaining inadequately secured by sea power we will economize, either because change in methods of warfare will make obsolete our purchases or else that we will economize merely to economize.

Neither of these policies of economy has the slightest wisdom nor indeed is distant from the footpath of plain folly.

A navy which is almost good enough is an atrociously bad navy! It is an atrociously bad navy whether we merely allow it to starve slowly from short-sighted frugality or from the hope that if we can only wait until tomorrow someone will show us how to fight with sulphur, sun's rays and seraphims. The maintenance of an insurance policy is not accomplished if the insured puts off the policy from year to year hoping to cover a greater risk at a lower rate with some other company. Furthermore although science has made great strides in making war more effective, and therefore more horrible, anyone with sense may depend upon it that it is not the headline writer and H. G. Wells and the calico statesmen but science, soldiers and sailors who know the truth. And the truth is that with all the development of science, with new forms of attack and countering, there has been no real complete revolution in the forms of war or its implements. Anyone who wants us to stop building cruisers because tomorrow cruisers may be destroyed by electric waves must get a better reason for saving the taxpayer's money.

At the moment when the airplane enthusiast is speaking of the obsolete battleship the British and the Japanese in the *Nelson* and the *Rodney*, the *Nagato* and the *Mutsu* and in other monsters already designed are walking—of course in their pitiable folly!—into a super-battleship program. While the lay expert had discouraged knowingly about the high percentage of loss in the submarine the British have developed the X-1 which is as large as a small freight steamer and can stay down nearly half a week! While the

### Cruiser Programs of the Powers

	Cruisers built		Cruisers building		Cruisers appropriated for		Total	
	Num-ber	Ton-nage	Num-ber	Ton-nage	Num-ber	Ton-nage	Num-ber	Ton-nage
United States	10	75,000	2	20,000	3	30,000	15	125,000
British Empire	40	104,200	11	110,000	3	28,000	54	332,200
Japan	19	102,005	6	54,200	—	—	25	156,205
France	3	16,731	6	53,610	1	10,000	10	80,350
Italy	8	30,784	2	20,000	—	—	10	50,784

exponent of poison gas is assuming that armies cannot act after its full development. General Pershing and British generals of experience are testifying that infantry and the rifle still are the real factors in warfare. So also it is all along the line, navies as well as armies. The art of war changes in some respects but rather slowly. The fundamentals of that art are subject to evolution; usually the revolutionary and heralded inventions of the devil are taken care of by the old military saying that "every new attack creates a new defense," and besides, no matter what the horror shouters may say it is an unquestioned fact among military men and experts that gas used in the war was less fatal and less cruel than the old rifle and the old machine gun and the old bursting shell. In any case, new warfare or old, like it or disapprove, there is no national defense and no insurance policy if economy says, "Let the other fellow make the experiments and the investments. I will make my investment in equipment when the art of war can no longer be improved." That time never comes.

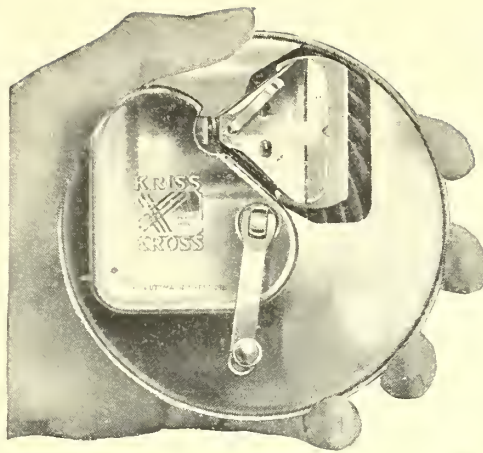
And finally there is no economy in mere economy. There is no waste greater than the waste of a national defense which is just strong enough to almost win. There is no business sense, no trace of American business sense, in a policy of allowing the equipment to grow old, to refuse to maintain and replace year by year. No American business man or corporation would tolerate a policy which allowed buildings to fall to pieces, machinery to go out of repair or kept out of the mill improved machinery which a poorer competitor had already proved was better fitted for the job.

We have two pleasant outlooks to be sure. One is the distinct improvement and extension of our airplane sea power. The other is our capacity to pay and our resource to create. This latter should be used with a business man's wisdom. And the Navy—not in the sense of a branch of a political administration but in the sense of a trained officer and personnel—knows that Congress is not exercising that common sense.

The trouble with the citizen who does not pretend to know and with Congress which does, is that apparently there is not the slightest general recognition of the fact that some day, not far away, if co-operative disarmament of nations should be attained then we will have to meet at one time:

1. Replacement.
2. A new naval construction program.

It needs no special demonstration to show this. As to replacement, the engineers of the Navy Department say that the increasing amount of the "outstanding work load," which has been put off because of inadequate funds, proves that the "economy program" applied to the Navy will cost the country more in (Continued on page 76)



Improved Model July 1927

# No More Blades to Buy!

## Amazing Invention Revolutionizes Shaving

**THINK** of it; 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade. That's what KRISS-KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere!

This amazing invention marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a blade rejuvenator. Makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

KRISS-KROSS stropps your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take.

And now for my surprising offer. To introduce KRISS-KROSS to those who have not

yet seen it, I am giving with it Free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarkable features. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape; (2) straight (old-style); (3) or diagonal (new way). Gives a sliding instead of pulling stroke. Simply zips right through the toughest crop of whiskers and leaves your face sat-in-smooth and cool. Made of rustless metal. All one connected piece—nothing to assemble or screw up. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before!

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This astonishing offer is limited. Send for information on amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions today. They are even more remarkable than I can tell you in this short space. Clip the coupon today. No obligation.

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**Rhodes KRISS KROSS STROPPER**  
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A rise in body temperature is nature's notification that there is something wrong. You should be prepared to detect this warning by keeping a

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**Thermometer** in the house, and using it frequently.

Serious conditions may then be discovered in good time to call the doctor, and unnecessary worry may be avoided when Tecos tells you the temperature is correct.

Tecos Fever Thermometers are the same reliable thermometers that have been used confidently by physicians, nurses and hospitals for years. They are guaranteed against everything except breakage. Get one from your druggist today.

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\$37.50  
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Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Goods sent for your free examination on request. Credit terms: Pay one-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. Goods delivered on first payment.

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No. 824—The "Elite" \$7.50  
solid 18-k white gold  
Set with 3 Diamonds, \$22.50;  
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Men's strap watch, nickel, cushion shape, high-grade movement, fine leather \$8.50  
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Solid 14-k white gold. High grade 15 - Jewel movement. Fancy corners. \$15.00. \$1.50 down and \$1.50 a month.

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## \$155,800

### Sales in only 15 YEARS!

Retailer Guldner, of Pennsylvania, ran a lively stable before he sold Rawleigh Products, and had no selling experience, yet in 15 years he has sold \$155,800 worth of Rawleigh flavors, spices, food products, soaps, toilet preparations, medicines, and other household necessities.

**THOUSANDS OF OTHER** Retailers without previous experience make \$50 to \$200 weekly sales the year round in every state and province. 32,000,000 packages sold last year.

We supply advertising literature and tell you just how to build a big business.

**WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS on coupon below for full particulars**

**W. T. RAWLEIGH CO.** Dept. 7 A. L. M. Freeport, Ill.

**Please tell me how I can make more money**

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

## The First Line

(Continued from page 75)

the end than an annual appropriation sufficient to provide for current repairs and replacements. The accumulation of work undone which is something of a barometer of our preparedness for emergency has risen from two million dollars in 1922 to over five million in 1926.

It has been suggested that the Navy could save wear and tear on its cruisers and destroyers by placing a larger number of them out of commission, but the difficulty here is that they are the training schools for the enlisted men. There is something pathetic in the present attitude of our naval officers: they are like little boys who only give the lollypop one lick a day. They are as pathetic as housewives who save the coffee grounds.

It is important, the engineers say, however, to take care of this "deferred work load" and otherwise to put the ships in condition before 1932, when new building of capital ships is allowed under the Washington conference treaties, necessitating increased appropriations for capital ships and perhaps for a cruiser program of great expansion.

Perhaps for the United States the most serious result of the Washington treaties, which put a stop to building and replacement of ships, has been the failure of a number of the oldest shipbuilding concerns with which formerly

the Navy placed many of its contracts for new building. There are now only three of these yards left, and one of them is on the edge of failure. Officials of the Navy Department fear that when the time comes for new building and replacements, there will be great difficulty in finding shipbuilding companies which can do the work. Such companies can operate only if they have a steady amount of work, and cannot afford to keep up overhead expenses through a long period of "lean years" and to maintain sufficient establishment to take care of a sudden load such as will occur about 1932. The "craft of shipbuilding" is rapidly dying out; and a sudden emergency requiring quick construction would be disastrous.

There is no necessity to point out that this report of the condition of our Navy is not a report which will please the citizens of the United States. Those who may find it pleasant are the fanatics and the pinch-penny politicians. They have been having their way with our Navy!

Just what that will cost us in the end, in terms of danger and in terms of bad business judgment, cannot be estimated.

*A fourth article by Mr. Child on the problems of national defense will appear in next month's issue.*

## All Over the Map

(Continued from page 33)

reputation as talkers, women are the greatest listeners. There are, of course, more women with leisure time during the day than there are men, which accounts for part of it. Another reason is that housewives and other women whose work is at home are able to turn on the radio set and listen while they go ahead with their jobs. Particularly is it true in a small apartment that the housewife is never out of earshot of the loud speaker as long as she is at home.

One definite class of radio audience about which there need be little uncertainty is composed of the youngsters who follow the bed-time stories and the Sunday readings of the funnies. This class is made up of practically every youngster between the ages of two and twelve in homes equipped with receiving sets. A great many different stations put on story hours for the youngsters, and not a few children make a practice of sitting before the radio from about five-thirty, when they start, until around eight o'clock, when the last station signs off on this program.

Of course our stations receive a great many letters from the children. They are an appreciative audience. But they

are far from indiscriminate in their praise. Let someone strike a false note of sentiment in a bed-time story. Within two or three days the broadcasting station will be busy opening letters written in the characteristic uneven scrawl of childhood, protesting about it.

Just what will interest a large audience is not always easy to foretell. On the occasion of Sam 'n' Henry's historic vacation the substitute for their ten-minute program did not readily offer. "Why don't you read the Bible?" someone suggested to the announcer.

That is exactly what he did. The reading was selected almost at random, a musical accompaniment was arranged so that a trio played a Gregorian chant, then gradually faded out and the reading began. A few words from the end of the reading the trio came in once more, faintly, and gradually increased in volume until as the reading was concluded the chant took its place.

Letters and telephone calls promptly made it known that the Bible reading was well received. Now it is a standard feature of the program twice a week. The Song of Songs has been read through, by request, several times.

The Book of Ruth has been read three times. And requests for selections have been sufficient to guide the reading most of the time.

Once or twice, through an overcrowded program or some other necessity, the reading has had to be omitted. Each time the protests have flooded in, indicating that—to use a newspaper term—the Bible has as much “reader interest” as anything we could have.

Translating actual reader interest in a newspaper feature to the same feature when put on the air has been accomplished several times by “Line Nights.” The popular “colyum” of the *Chicago Tribune* is A Line o’ Type or Two, familiarly known as “The Line.” The “Colyum conductor” is R. H. L.

Several times in the past two or three years R. H. L. has assembled a group of his contributors, and they have broadcast their own verses, stories and jokes. The many thousands of people who follow the Line in the paper daily never miss a Line Night, with its opportunity to hear the voices of the outstanding “contrihs” reciting their own best compositions. And a good many people who do not read the Line o’ Type tune in for Line Night whenever it occurs, because they know that it is a good evening of entertainment.

Another feature of an unusual sort which has won itself a regular place on the program is “Our Music Room.” This follows the Atwater Kent program every Sunday evening, a time when every music lover who can get to a radio set is sure to be listening. The “Music Room” feature is a short talk about the lives of composers, the characteristics of their work, and so on. As a work of the composer is mentioned, it is played by an orchestra. The feature appeals, we have learned, to an extremely substantial, worthwhile class of people.

Characteristically, these people write very few letters and send almost no telegrams commending the program. Yet we know it is liked. In the first place it combines good classical music with interesting information. Again, in conversation with our personal friends we hear a great deal of praise for it. And finally, a good many people come to the studio to say how much they enjoy it. Almost without exception they are cultured men and women beyond thirty years of age. Generally they are either registered at the Drake Hotel, where are the WGN and WLIB studios, or else they are dining at the hotel. They are as a class too busy to write letters.

“Fan mail” is no longer the problem it was in the earlier days of radio. To be sure, something over 2,500 letters a day is the average mail of the two stations.

In the first place, the newness has worn off radio receiving. The fan is no longer satisfied to receive a few miscellaneous scratches and squawks, through which he can hear a few disconnected words or detect a familiar tune. He knows that (Continued on page 78)



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\$5 to \$8 for Men



Our latest model with pleated fold tip and pinhole perforations. A popular style—correct for every occasion. In imported black or autumn brown calfskin.

## A Good Reputation

*doesn't just happen*—it must grow with the years. The Douglas reputation for quality and value is the result of a half-century of honest workmanship and the use of the best materials to produce fine shoes. Douglas Shoes conform to a standard of style, comfort and service which is never relaxed. That is why they are America's Best Known Shoes. If Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, write for catalog.

*America's Best Known Shoes*

*W. L. Douglas Stores in principal cities and shoe dealers everywhere are now showing new fall styles.*

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W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., 140 SPARK ST., BROCKTON, MASS.



The Douglas name and retail price is stamped on every shoe at the factory. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

## Don't neglect a Cold

### Just Rub Away Danger

Serious illness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole (it may prevent pneumonia). Don't take chances. At the first warning sign, rub Musterole on the chest and throat. It tingles, penetrates and draws out soreness. Musterole is a counter-irritant that helps to break up a cold. For prompt relief from chest cold, croup and bronchitis, tonsillitis, neuralgia, rheumatism and headache, pains in joints and chilblains rub on Musterole. Keep a jar handy.

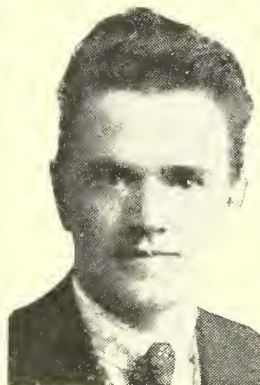
*To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.*



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

## What Made His Hair Grow?

Read His Letter for the Answer



**"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.**

**"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.**

**"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."**

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wila. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth. KOTALKO is sold by busy druggists everywhere.

### FREE Trial Box

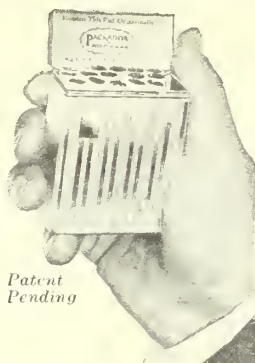
To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair, the producers are giving Proof Boxes. Use coupon or write, to  
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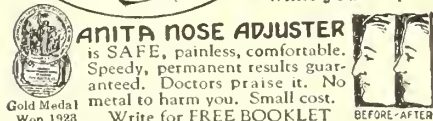
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SEND FOR CATALOG OF OTHER ARTICLES

## All Over the Map

(Continued from page 77)

this is not good reception; he is interested in what he hears, not in the fact that he is simply hearing something. Lacking the old enthusiasm over actually being in touch with a broadcasting station, the listener is no longer moved so dynamically toward his writing desk or toward a telegraph office.

Again, he has become blasé. The great stars of opera have sung for him, the world's leading instrumentalists have played for him. Men and women who top the theatrical profession have spoken and sung, presidents and royalty, cabinet officers and senators and governors without end have projected their voices into his living room. Like the rich man in the time-worn joke, he has been everywhere and seen everything. No wonder he does not wax eloquent over even a better than ordinary program!

Moreover, he has come to expect from his favorite stations so high a standard of education and entertainment that he sees nothing remarkable about getting the best every night in the week. He is entitled to it, with radio stations without end competing for his valued attention.

By their failure to register their opinions with their broadcasting stations, however, a large proportion of the radio audience is trusting to others to divine their tastes. The younger, more enthusiastic people write or wire about what they like; what the older, more conservative and less demonstrative people like must be a subject for conjecture. The protests which arrive when for some reason a favorite pro-

gram is omitted—these have become the best guide to the audiences' desires.

Broadcasting even a football game requires a world of advance preparation, and a knowledge of radio technique. If, for example, the announcer does not know the players by number, style of play, position and general appearance he is likely to miscall plays.

When WGN broadcast the great spectacle "The Miracle" from the Auditorium Theater in Chicago, it required over twelve miles of wiring to do the job. Seventeen microphones were placed throughout the theater. And the man who did the job rehearsed it through several three-hour-and-twenty-minute matinees preceding the evening performance of the same length which was put on the air.

Without adequate preparation all of the time a station cannot hope to hold its audiences even though it broadcast such programs as the Mussolini program, the World Court debate staged by Senators Reed, Borah, Shipstead and Lenroot, the Kentucky Derby, the Indianapolis Speedway race, the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee, and all the rest. Features will not hold the day-by-day interest which makes a broadcasting station worth what it costs to operate.

The only station which can hope to stay in business is the one managed by people who realize that every class of folks is listening, and that it must please them all. For the radio audience is composed of everyone in the country, from the President in the White House to the humblest citizen and the newly-arrived alien.

## Pay Dirt

(Continued from page 38)

Dakota, which co-operates in promoting the use of land settlement funds by veterans who can genuinely benefit thereby. Largely in consequence of such co-operation, nearly one-half of the service men who are farming under the act, or about one hundred and fifty in all, are Legionnaires, holding their memberships in posts scattered all over the State, the majority naturally being in the regions where the largest numbers have their farms.

When the Land Settlement Board began its operations, late in 1919, it functioned independently of any other organization. More recently, on the plea of greater economy and convenience in the financing of loans, it was made a division of the South Dakota Rural Credit Board, another creation of the State with a much larger capital than the Land Settlement Board, instituted for the purpose of affording

amortized loans at reasonable interest to South Dakota farmers in general. The Rural Credit Board has now taken over the function of providing first mortgage loans to veterans as well as to other agricultural borrowers, though the veteran still transacts his business through the Land Settlement Board and Colonel Wales is still Commissioner of that board. As the procedure is now conducted, after the veteran has picked out the piece of land which suits him and has filed application in due form to the Land Settlement Board for a loan, this board sends an examiner to look over and appraise the true value of the land and its improvements and to form an opinion upon the probability of the veteran making a success of his venture. The report of the examiner is considered jointly by the Land Settlement Board and the Rural Credit Board. If it proves satisfactory,

the Rural Credit Board will advance to the applicant from its own funds a sum of money amounting to not more than seventy percent of the determined true value of the property, taking as its security a first mortgage on the land. After this the Land Settlement Board, which is not allowed to take first mortgages, will advance on the security of a second mortgage any additional amount deemed advisable up to the limit of ninety percent of the value. It is at this point that Colonel Wales comes upon the scene, with counsel of conservatism and caution.

Conservatism and caution have been words of golden significance in agricultural America ever since 1920, when the bottom dropped out of war prices with a sickening thud and many a farmer who had speculated in costly lands or gone in for other ill-considered expenditures found himself on the rocks. The kind of conservative farming which South Dakota Land Settlement veterans are advised to do, offers no bed of roses to any man. But it does offer him a means of becoming independent if he backs up the assistance given him by his State with industry and thrift. It is largely because such a course is in a degree imposed upon them that so small a proportion, less than fifteen percent, of the men who have taken land settlement loans in the past seven years have failed to make good, even during one of the most severe periods of agricultural depression ever experienced in the United States.

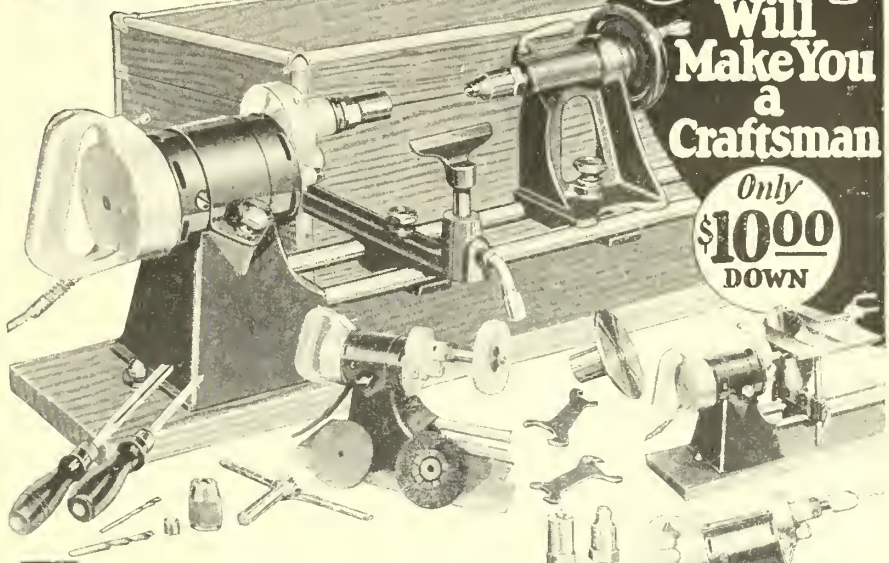
It was in order to come in personal contact with some representative veterans who have benefited by the Land Settlement Act, to see how they are actually living and to hear of their experiences in extracting a livelihood from the Dakota soil, that I recently made a swing out over that vast region of rolling prairies, broken here and there by groups and ridges of eroded buttes, which is popularly called "the Rosebud country," in recognition of the fact that formerly it was all embraced within the limits of the Rosebud Indian Reservation, as part of it still is. Sixty miles in breadth from the White River on the north nearly to the Niobrara River on the south, and one hundred and eighty miles long from the base of the Black Hills eastward to the Missouri, the Rosebud country pours its agricultural wealth, as through the neck of a gigantic bottle, out to Omaha and the East by way of the single line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad which has its terminus at Winner.

This little city, the unchallenged metropolis of the Rosebud, came into being in 1911 when the railroad was completed to this point. It is today a substantial town of three thousand people, with paved streets, excellent schools and a courthouse worthy a town ten times its size, erected by Tripp County, of which Winner is the county seat. Its numerous stores, lumber yards, grain (Continued on page 80)

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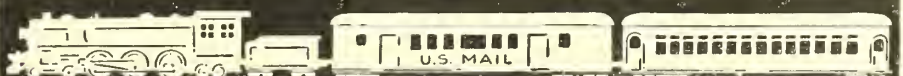
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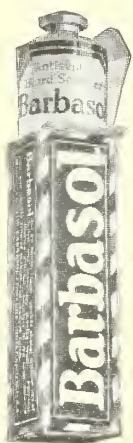
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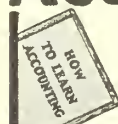
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## Pay Dirt

(Continued from page 79)

elevators and other business establishments carry on a tremendous trade with the country to the west. Perhaps its most noted business enterprise is the Outlaw Trading Post, which has attained a nation-wide fame because, from a 12x20 foot shack in 1921 it has grown until now it covers the greater part of a block and does a business aggregating nearly a million dollars annually.

But Winner, I found, is particularly proud of two things in addition to Ben Butts and his Outlaw Trading Post. One of them is the spirited bronze statue in front of the court-house of an American soldier charging forward through the barbed wire of No Man's Land, which was erected a few years ago "in honor of the five hundred and fifty men of Tripp County who answered their country's call" in 1917-1919 and in memory of thirty-nine of those men who gave their lives. And the other object of pride is the big American Legion Hall standing on the corner directly across the street from the court-house and the soldiers' monument. This hall is the gathering place for all public meetings and banquets of Winner and the wide circuit of country around it. It is, in addition, the scene of numerous dances which bring in a substantial revenue and also the regular meeting place of Clem Mortensen Post, Department of South Dakota, The American Legion.

Clem Mortensen Post counts many farmers among its one hundred and fifty members, of whom about a half-dozen are carrying on with the aid of land settlement loans. But there are many more such farmers out in Todd County, which contains all that is left of the old Rosebud Indian Reservation and which has received nearly all of its white settlers since the close of the World War. These settlers were enabled to come in after the reservation Indians had been allotted their lands in severalty, when the unallotted portions were thrown open to regular homestead entry. It is in Todd County that the Land Settlement Board, using for its purpose a part of its funds not otherwise employed, has acquired a considerable acreage of low-priced lands for resale to veterans. The county has never been organized and it is at present attached for administrative purposes to Lyman County, but its chief town, if it can be said to have one, is Mission, a hamlet of perhaps two hundred people lying forty-five miles west of Winner. Thirteen miles further on, to the southwest, is Rosebud Agency, the much older seat of the Indian administration, built and maintained by the United States Government and consisting for the most part of substantial brick buildings ar-

ranged on much the same plan as a typical army post.

Rosebud Agency is the headquarters of Chauncey Eagle Horn Post, which embraces all of Todd County and is probably one of the most extensive Legion posts, geographically, in the country. As may be surmised from its name, a large portion of its membership, in fact a substantial majority, consists of Indian veterans.

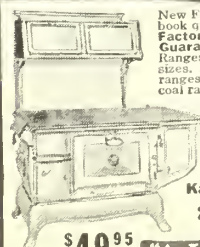
I went from Winner out to Mission along State Highway No. 50 in the trusty Ford of Legionnaire H. C. Rurup of Clem Mortensen Post, and while navigating between the broad fields of wheat, just bursting through the ground, we fought the war over again from La Pallice clear up to Coblenz, as he did it originally as a lieutenant in the Motor Transport Corps. Mr. Rurup is the manager of a busy lumber yard at Winner, but out in that country it seemed that Legionnaires are always able to find time for devoting a half-day or a day or even longer in assisting a visiting buddy, particularly on any matter of Legion interest. This fact was demonstrated again, most forcibly, when I reached Mission and fell into the hospitable hands of Millard G. Scott, the only existing specimen of the newspaper editor in Todd County, who was briefly introduced at the beginning of this narrative.

Besides doing all of the mental and most of the physical labor on the *Todd County Tribune*, in the one-room frame building which is at once its editorial sanctum, composing room and press-room, Mr. Scott is the member from his district of the Executive Committee, Department of South Dakota, The American Legion, and is actively identified with about every fraternal, athletic and charitable organization and enterprise in his section of the country.

True to his word, when I had returned from the Ralph Harris farm, the frontier editor had cleaned up on the week's issue of his paper and proceeded to act as my personal conductor over this region in which he knows practically every man, woman and child. The cowboy and the bucking bronco may be on the wane in the formerly wild and woolly West, but no bronco buster ever rode his unruly mount with more abandon than is displayed by ex-artilleryman Scott in making his long-suffering Chevrolet behave on the improved roads, the Indian trails and the virgin prairies of the Rosebud country. In the car mentioned the versatile editor and I covered many a mile of that imperial domain in pursuit of veterans engaged in the processes of agriculture.

Six miles out of Mission and two or three off the highway leading to Okreek, Winner and all points east, the *Tribune* editor and I invaded the home

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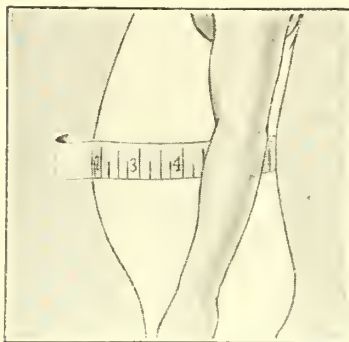
"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

of a former member of the Naval Aviation Corps who has got so far from the sting of the salt spray that he is now almost in the geographical center of the United States. Tom W. Lydon, who usually answers "Here" when the roll is called at the meetings of Chauncey Eagle Horn Post, was not at home, but his wife was and she told us where he could be found. Before seeking him we gave the once-over to his barns and to his hog and chicken houses. These disclosed a dozen or so calves, a goodly flock of White Leghorn hens, and about eighty-five fat and impudent spring pigs interspersed with a number of others of more mature age and even more corpulent physique. In distant pastures cattle and horses were to be seen browsing, but they were too far away to be counted. So, seeking further information and shaping our course upon a tiny black speck on the horizon which Mrs. Lydon assured us was, wholly or in part, her husband, we rolled away across the broad expanse of two quarter-sections, or three hundred and twenty acres, constituting the farm purchased by Legionnaire Lydon a few years ago with a land settlement loan.

When, after following various fence lines and plunging at sickening angles through swales and hollows, we finally approached the black speck, it turned out to be, indeed, only in part Tom Lydon. The rest of it was a tractor and gang-plow with which he was breaking fifty acres of prairie land, rented from a neighbor, in order to plant it to sod corn.

Somewhat as if he were landing a hydro-airplane, Mr. Lydon brought his machine to rest at the end of the long glistening furrows turned over by the plowshares and halted to talk with his visitors. A drizzle of rain was drifting across the prairie before a chilly breeze, and in this weather reminiscent of Brest, where most of his time in France was spent, this slow-spoken, good-natured veteran snuggled into his leather coat and told us of his work in swinging big acreages of corn and small grain such as he is handling this year and also of his plans regarding the sixty-five head of yearling cattle which we had not seen but which were grazing in a pasture hidden behind a fold in the hills. Though prospects in that country were never brighter for a bumper crop than in the spring of 1927, the failure of last year had made farmers cautious, and Mr. Lydon had figured it out that if a crop failure should occur, he could still get ready cash by turning his cattle off in the fall increased in size and weight by a summer's feeding on grass. If, on the other hand, the bumper crop materialized, he could slap the corn to them through the winter and by another spring realize a handsome profit on them as fat steers.

Away up north of unorganized Todd County, fringing off among the breaks of the bluffs along White River, is the county of (Continued on page 82)



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DO YOU SAY—between you and I; a raise in salary; a long ways off; a setting hen; let's you and I go somewhere; those kind of men; that coat sets good?

CAN YOU PRONOUNCE—comparable, epitome, acclimated, table d'hôte, masseur, fiancé, cuisine, bon voyage, vers libre, Bo'sheviki, Il Trovatore, Paderewski, Les Misérables?

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## Pay Dirt

(Continued from page 81)

Mellette, which has advanced so far along the highway of progress as to have a county seat of its own—White River. This place is as much an inland town as Mission, being more than sixty miles from railhead at Winner and twenty-four miles over gumbo roads, almost impassable in wet weather, to Murdo, on the branch line of the Milwaukee System between the Black Hills and Chamberlain, on the Missouri River. The forty-odd members of Otterman Post of White River, the only Legion post in Mellette County, sometimes find a man's-sized job cut out for them, especially when weather conditions isolate the village from the outside world even more completely than is normally the case. Of such a job, which occurred as lately as in April, 1927, involving unselfish and even heroic service to a sick comrade and his wife, I learned from the lips of Commander Arthur Sigmund, late of the 80th Division, when, in company with editor Scott, I met him just outside White River on the long road winding across the hills from Mission. But, like that of the Indian veterans of Chauncey Eagle Horn Post, the story has nothing to do with land settlement farming.

The farmer members are as much interested in the Legion hall as those living in town. I was assured by one of the former who chanced to be in from his place near Roundup Creek, fifteen miles to the northwest. This tall, slender Legionnaire, who served with Commander Sigmund in the 342d Machine Gun Battalion, 80th Division, through most of its battles and later got his commission in the Army Schools at Langres, is Floyd F. Anderson. Of the twenty-nine land settlement farmers now in Mellette County, he took out the first loan granted in the county, in December, 1919. With it he purchased one hundred and twenty acres of land which he has been successfully farming ever since. Mr. Anderson declared himself far from being discouraged by one dry year, and in proof of this pointed to the fact that this season he has put his entire acreage into corn and, in addition, has rented two hundred and eighty acres from neighbors, of which he has planted one hundred and thirty acres to corn and one hundred and fifty acres to small grain. With a summer at all favorable he stood to make a killing, and as he follows the logical system of raising hogs, cattle and poultry, all fed on the products of the farm, his profits should thereby be greatly increased. It hardly need be said that Floyd Anderson is a hearty believer in the land settlement loan plan of South Dakota, which gave him the ready means to get ahead in his chosen business.

Of Mellette County's land settlement farmers, Wilfred R. Wilder, better

known in that country as Bill, is another instructive and a decidedly pleasant example. His situation differs somewhat from that of others whom I saw, as he had taken up a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres before the war. After returning from France, where he served in the Headquarters Troop of the 34th (Sandstorm) Division, he secured through the board a loan of \$2,500. With \$1,200 of this he paid off a mortgage previously existing on his land. He put \$350 into fences and buildings and the remaining \$950 into cattle. He already had hogs, horses and sufficient agricultural machinery.

Did the investment pay? Well, since that time he has bought another one hundred and sixty acres of land adjoining his original property. The greater part of the enlarged farm is under cultivation, and though Bill Wilder's personal farming is at present somewhat in abeyance because he is serving Mellette County as register of deeds, he and his family live on the place, which is a mile or so from town across the valley of the Little White River. Here, between office hours, he cares for a large flock of poultry and a herd of hogs. With sudden seriousness, between the passages of his many humorous reminiscences of the Texas border, of Castres and of Le Mans, the former cavalryman turned to me and said:

"You'll be doing a real favor to the boys who may be thinking of farming with a land settlement loan if you'll impress on their minds that in the West River country nothing will beat *diversified farming*. Going into any one thing is like shooting the works in an army crap game. If they'll take it easy on every line, they will find by actual observation that the ones who put as much attention on their chickens, pigs and milch cows as they do on their farming operations are the ones who are paying off their land settlement loans and keeping up with their taxes."

These are almost the very words of Colonel Wales to me on the same subject, and his observations cover the experiences of land settlement farmers all over the State. Most of them are following such sound advice, and when I left the Rosebud country after seeing a few of them in the midst of their work, I could begin to understand why only fifteen percent of the total number of borrowers have fallen short of success on account of crop failures or general agricultural conditions, of recent years.

A further twenty percent who have failed have done so through no fault of their own, because of the lack of one great essential to success—good health. This twenty percent is composed of the unfortunate ones who have been compelled to give up on account of injuries or illness incurred during the war, and

the great majority of them are now in government hospitals or receiving a vocational training in lines of work requiring less physical exertion than farming.

But for those who, like the sixty-five percent who are making good, are possessed of energy and the determination of normally intelligent and healthy young men to win a place for themselves in the world, no constructive legislative aid could be more genuinely helpful than the Land Settlement Act of South Dakota. Through nearly eight years of operation during one of the most discouraging periods which Ameri-

can agriculture has experienced, its soundness has been amply proved. The American Legion, with its great power for aiding any worthy cause, might well encourage legislation along similar lines in other States having greater numbers of service men than South Dakota. Such a plan is capable, in any section of the country, of proving a long step in the direction of solving some of the problems still presented by men who, even after nine years, have failed to regain the place in the industrial life of the country from which they fell behind during their period of service in the Army or Navy.

## Then and Now

(Continued from page 52)

"Of the combat units of the A. E. F., the first to reach France were the First Division Headquarters, Second Infantry Brigade Headquarters, 16th and 28th Infantry Regiments (First Division), all of which arrived at St. Nazaire, June 26, 1917.

"It would be of interest to learn, if possible, upon what information the writer of the article bases his statements."

**L**AST call for chow in the old days of the War found no laggards who were anywhere within earshot of the bugle. Last call for filing applications for Federal Adjusted Compensation may, according to figures now available, find some half-million vets out of luck. January 1, 1928—next New Year's Day, and possibly, if the date becomes a technical question, December 31, 1927—will be the last day on which applications for this government assistance may be filed.

It's only a small job to get an application form from a Legion post, from any Veterans Bureau office or hospital, or from an Army, Navy or Marine Corps recruiting office, fill in the necessary data about your service and mail it to Washington. Even an envelope is furnished. If you're not here later on, your widow or children or your dependent parents may be the ones to suffer.

**I**N the June Monthly we had the pleasure of introducing probably the oldest honorary member of the Then and Now Gang—John R. King, a patient in the National Soldiers Home hospital in the State of Virginia. Now we have the equally great pleasure of presenting the youngest applicant for membership in our exclusive fraternity, Roy Rosenbury of 1006 Third street, S. W., Canton, Ohio. Here is Roy's application:

"I am a boy 15 years old and a student of military aviation. I would like to procure photographs and sketches of airplanes and of aerial battles. I wonder if any of the buddies

through Then and Now could furnish me with these. I am a regular reader of the Monthly."

Roy doesn't give his indirect service connection—probably through his dad or brother who might belong to the Legion. No doubt, though, some of the gang will help Roy along with his Lindberghian aspirations.

**W**ITH the Legion convention having been held in Paris this year, many outfits which usually stage their reunions in conjunction with the national conventions had to forego such plans. The Legion will hold its national meeting in San Antonio, Texas, in 1928 and the Ninetieth Division has already lined up to meet in that city at the same time. The dates announced by the Ninetieth Division veterans' association are October 8 to 13, although official announcement of the Legion's convention dates has not yet been made. Ninetieth Division men are requested to report to William C. Menton, Secretary, Southwestern Life Building, Dallas, Texas.

Announcements have also been received of the following reunions:

**157TH INF.**—Annual army chow reunion at 7 p. m., Nov. 11, at National Guard Armory, 13th and Acoma sts., Denver, Colo. Those not able to attend are requested to telegraph or write to Dr. C. C. Combs, 422 Majestic bldg., Denver.

**116TH ENGRS.**—Reunion Nov. 26, tenth anniversary of departure for France. Former members are requested to write to Sam P. Stewart, 1275 E. 31st st., No., Portland, Ore.

**BTRY. B. H. F. A., 29TH DIV.**—Second annual reunion Nov. 9, at Camden, N. J. Address Marvin L. Atkinson, Artillery Armory, 9th and Wright ave., Camden.

**FIRST ANTI-AIRCRAFT, FIRST ARMY, ART. PARK, 62D AND 67TH C. A. C. AND 40TH R. R. ART.**—Reunion Nov. 12 at San Francisco, Calif. Information regarding place of meeting may be obtained from Albert H. Roche, 782 15th ave., San Francisco. Those not able to attend are requested to write.

**FIFTH DIV.**—The Society of the Fifth Division wants to hear from all former members of the division suggesting a time and place for the 1928 reunion. Address Frank F. Barth, Suite 602, 20 West Jackson blvd., Chicago, Ill.

**CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV.**—All men who served at Edgewood Arsenal, Md., between December, 1917, and October, 1919, interested in forming an alumni association, are requested to write to L. J. Isaacs, 1770 Oak st., Columbus, Ohio.

THE COMPANY CLERK.

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a year for You!**

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Read the four stories of success at the left. Hundreds more just like them. Here are four men, a grocer, a banker, a lumber man, a general store man—who are making upwards of \$500.00 a month net profit, without previous experience, operating Electric Maid Bake Shops. Others are making up to \$1,500. Why have they prospered? Because folks like the extra good quality of bread and other bakery products that Electric Maid equipment and formulas produce and because we supply the instructions and proved methods that are making Electric Maid Bake Shops pay all over America.

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# Is Everybody Happy?



[[ The war is fin! And these men of the Twenty-seventh Division cheered until tongues and throats could only utter croaks. Then they went out and found a Liberty Bell—a bell the Germans had tried to carry away—and they let the bell sound for joy. That was Armistice Day of 1918 in France. ]]

## Celebrate Armistice Day, 1927 *by giving a whole year of pleasure to a friend*

DID IT EVER OCCUR to you that your friends who cannot belong to The American Legion would enjoy your magazine which you find so interesting and inspiring?

Wouldn't it please those friends to receive as your personal contribution to a year's happiness, twelve interesting issues of your magazine—a publication which should be read by EVERY American?

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## A Personal View

(Continued from page 39)

from the book I was reading. The value of anything you read is in making you look up and do a little thinking on your own account.

When I first looked up this time I was seeing lean frontiersmen in deerskin shirts and coonskin caps. I was seeing women spinning at log cabin doors and running bullets for the men as they fired from the loopholes of stockades. I was hearing the crack of the long-barrelled old flintlock rifle, the ring of the pioneer's ax and the warwhoop of the Indians bent on taking white scalps in the primeval forest. I was seeing Yankee clippers on distant seas.

Then I stepped forward a century and a half. I was seeing men under tin hats in khaki, those who had been long overseas and those who had just arrived from the training camps and those still drilling in the camps. Where there had been only hundreds in the coonskin caps there were millions in the tin hats.

I was seeing army nurses in hospitals and women in munition factories at home. I was seeing destroyers on patrol. I was hearing the whirr of machine guns, the burst of shells, air-plane motors and the rumble of trucks. I was seeing the tin hats marching down the roads to the Rhine.

The book was Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," written, when he was a young man, in the spirit of one who had lived the life of the frontier when we still had a frontier. It would establish the name of Roosevelt if he had never led the Rough Riders or occupied the White House. Closet historians come and go, their books forgotten, while this one lives, ever fresh, because in rich fellowship Roosevelt entered into the hearts of the men and women of the times he described.

They were the men and women who marched away from the sea coast when the first settlers landed, and through forests, over rivers, across hills and plains and over mountains until they reached the Pacific. The women, too. American respect for women was born in the pioneer days when woman was at her husband's side in the venture, sharing the burdens, hardships and dangers; when every bullet their men folk fired was to bring peace in order that the ax and the plow might fulfil their destiny in peace's bounty.

For that was the American idea in its forming. It was the idea growing up out of the fellowship of all the races brought together in the new land in common labor—the idea ever on the march—the idea under the coonskin caps following buffalo trails—the idea under the tin hats following the roads to the Rhine to bring peace to the old world. We are all right, we are marching on the assigned road, as long as the idea, whether under tin

hats, coonskin caps, straws or derbies, does not change.

Also I have been reading the first of the two big volumes "The Rise of American Civilization" by Charles and Mary Beard. Husband and wife as co-authors seem suitable for this subject, when you think back to the pioneer women. Taken with the Roosevelt book it made me understand better how this America was put together; and to understand is better to appreciate what we have inherited and how to guard it.

It was never quite so clear to me as the Beards have made it that it was not the events before the Revolution that caused it. They were only the match to the powder long accumulating. It was the new idea, the American idea, forming another people in this

new land which called for nationhood, and nationhood such as ours. Independence was as much a matter of destiny as the march westward; it was the creation of the pioneering spirit. It had to come as surely as the prairie went under the plow and his daring made the pioneer free and self-reliant as a conqueror of nature—and bred democracy in him. Each generation that had made another advance, and paid the cost in lives and labor, showed the way to the next and what the faith was and how to keep it. Veterans of the tin hats, veterans who kept the seas free as we must ever keep them free, have their turn now to hold the next generation on the right road; and that through no scattered effort but through the Legion. This may sound a little preachy, but so be it.

## The Woman Who Told

(Continued from page 29)

her employer excused her early after explaining that she worked from seven o'clock to five o'clock every day to earn twelve francs (forty-eight cents). From the factory we went to the Dessène home. Madame Dessène was there, preparing dinner. She smiled, too, and opened a bottle of home-made beer. Claire found the writing pad. We read the letters—"the last of my life"—and the unanswered one Digby wrote to his mother in which he asked her to come to France and see his daughter—his "rightful daughter"—as soon as the war was over. I picked up the handsome certificate of appreciation for "timely help given to distressed comrades."

Claire Dessène looked at it quizzically. It was, of course, printed in English.

"What does it mean?" she asked.

The interpreter made a translation. Though it had been issued to her in 1910, this was the first time she had known what the certificate signified. She replaced it in the pad. There was just a trace of contempt in the gesture.

At this moment Mademoiselle Helena Dessène—ten years old—came in from school. A ribbon held her wealth of auburn hair—the auburn hair of her mother. A finely-molded though serious face, and big, brown eyes; she wore glasses because she studied too hard; a grave, shy little girl. I asked the mother and daughter to pose for a photograph. The mother demurred. I insisted and she agreed, but only after she had shown and explained the ring on her finger that Digby had made from a button of his soldier's blouse.

Madame Dessène wanted us to stay for dinner, but we went out to find Camille Parfait, the mayor, and Achille Poette, the postman. Achille was seated at a table in a café sipping wine. His bicycle was outside the door. Camille, who lived a few doors distant, was eating his noonday soup and bread. Both told their stories, not with animation,

but in the matter-of-fact way of all French peasants who knew the war. They told of their twenty-seven months' imprisonment in Germany because they lied to the sergeant of the patrol who caught the Britishers. They, too, had certificates of "Britain's thanks for a timely deed given to distressed comrades." But until the interpreter made a translation, they, like Mademoiselle Dessène, had never known the meaning. Camille appreciated the translation. He regarded the certificate as a war reminder and was proud of it. The fast-aging Achille was cynical. He squinted as the phrases of praise were read.

"It's nice," he remarked, "but it doesn't mean anything."

It was after the talk with Camille and Achille that I sought the Woman—the Woman Who Told. She was the last, but one of the most important links in the episode. I had asked Achille about her. The postman had only shrugged his shoulders. I had asked Camille, also. With flashing eyes he had shaken his head vehemently and refused to discuss her. I made inquiries at a café and at the postoffice without satisfaction. So I went back to see Mademoiselle Claire Dessène. She smiled at the query. It was an ironic smile, almost a sneer, tinged with the bitterness of memory of the one romance of her life—a romance of few joys and great sorrows.

"When the villagers learned that she had given up the secret of Robert and his comrades to the Germans they ceased to greet her in the street," she said. "Even her old friends and cronies scorned her. And after the war she went away. That's all I know."

Today no one in Hargicourt knows the whereabouts of that woman—the Woman Who Told. No one has heard from her. And no one, since the day of the betrayal, has ever mentioned her name.

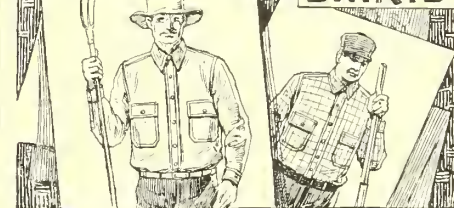
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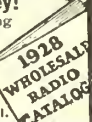
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## Keeping Step

(Continued from page 50)

Mary Reynolds Forbes, in a recent report recounting the work accomplished, says that every unit is expected to provide at least two scholarships in these schools. The scholarships cost \$20. In 1926 fifty-one were provided. This year seventy-one were contributed. Besides rendering direct Auxiliary help, the units have led in the movement to obtain additional assistance for the schools from other organizations in the State.

The schools, separate institutions for men and women, give four-week courses in summer. The sessions are held in the buildings of South Carolina colleges. They are still conducted under the supervision of Miss Will Lou Gray, Adult School Supervisor, who originated the plan in 1921. The State provides a sum for salaries and maintenance of the school and regular college equipment is used, but it is the money contributed by the Auxiliary which enables the pupils to meet their living expenses while attending the courses. Most of the pupils are of extremely limited means. Even with cost of board, lodging and laundry as low as \$10.50 for four weeks, many of those now taking the courses would be denied them if dependent upon their own resources.

"The pupils are boys and girls in their teens and men and women well over forty," writes Mary Reynolds Forbes. "Some are from farms, some from mills, some have gone as far as the fifth grade, and others cannot write their own names. Some come back year after year. They come in Fords, in trucks, by train and trolley, in buggies and wagons, on bicycles, afoot. Sometimes father and son come together and sometimes mother and daughter come. For many the trip to school is the first trip away from home."

The Opportunity Schools are the outgrowth of a systematic effort to reduce illiteracy which began more than fifteen years ago. Night schools for adults were organized in 1913 and now have an enrollment of more than ten thousand. Between 1910 and 1920 illiteracy of whites has been reduced twenty-two percent, a showing that surpasses that made in any other State.

NEW Year's Day, 1928, may prove to be anything but a day of joy and celebration to more than a half-million veterans of the World War. On that day, January 1, 1928, the period will have expired in which veterans of the war could have filed their applications for Federal Adjusted Compensation which was provided by Congress in May, 1924. Three and a half years have been allowed during which applications could be filed, yet there are those men who will complain that they didn't have sufficient time to fill out a simple blank and mail it to

the Army, Navy or Marine Corps headquarters in Washington.

Richard Seelye Jones in his article "Time Is Money" in the October Monthly, told in detail of the benefits that have been and will be derived from the Adjusted Service Certificates which have been issued to three and a half million veterans. Legion posts throughout the world have stressed the importance of filing applications in time and have assisted thousands of veterans, Legionnaires and non-Legionnaires, in filling out the forms. An S. O. S. notice appears on page 90 of this issue.

There is nothing obligatory about filing for this government assistance—as for instance, registering for the draft. The Government isn't going out to find the men who haven't filed. It's up to the veterans themselves. If veterans don't need this aid now, they may need it twenty years from now, when the certificates mature. They should stop also to consider their widows or children or their dependent parents who may require this aid, should the veterans themselves die.

Forms may be obtained from any Legion post, from any Veterans Bureau office or hospital, or from the Army, Navy and Marine recruiting offices.

A FULL squad of Legionnaires is included among the contributors to this issue of the Monthly, and in addition to the veterans whose names will be recognized there are several recruits who are stepping off for the first time. Robert E. Sherwood, author of "Armistice Day," is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City, and Marquis James, who wrote the article on the plight of the families of disabled men in Arizona, is a member of the same post. . . . Peter B. Kyne, author of "They Also Serve," the last installment of which appears in this issue, was the first Historian of the California Department. . . . Joseph Mills Hanson, who wrote "Pay Dirt," is a member of Roy Anderson Post of Yankton, South Dakota. . . . Robert R. McCormick, whose first story in the Monthly is entitled "All Over the Map," belongs to Wheaton (Illinois) Post. . . . Karl W. Detzer, author of "The Murder of Captain Walsh," is a member of Bowen-Holiday Post of Traverse City, Michigan. . . . Chet Shafer, a member of Louis K. Hice Post of Three Rivers, Michigan, obtained the material for his story, "The Woman Who Told," while in France as a representative of the Legion's France Convention Committee. . . . Willard Cooper, who wrote "A Clinic for Homesickness," was formerly Director of The American Legion News Service.

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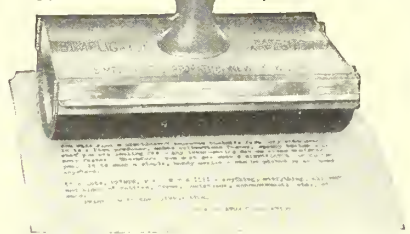
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## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 43)

relieve the cough that was the outgrowth of my little experience with gas, René drenched me with hot milk and soup, which did me a world of good.

After a month with these good souls, the scabs on my wounds fell off and the hair commenced to grow again, carefully nurtured with some sort of pure grease which René applied. And, as is usually the case, the new hair was white; consequently, what with my nineteen scars, I was just a tiny bit piebald, as you see me even to this day. However, since these little white patches are evidence of honorable wounds received in action, the judges at horse shows rather lean toward me when another horse is pressing me hard for the blue ribbon. Indeed, I am of the opinion that several of the cups and blue ribbons which now adorn the Commanding Officer's show case are attributable more to my war record than to superiority in horsemanship.

René and Georgette got me rolling fat and shining like a heliograph. Then one day René put an old saddle and bridle on me and, much against his wife's protests, mounted me. The minute he sat down in the saddle and I felt his light hands on the reins, I knew that old man for an ex-cavalryman, so I buck-jumped a little, cavorted gently and walked on my hind legs to see how he liked it. He was delighted and took me for a ride on which I behaved myself admirably. Thereafter each day he gave me regular exercise.

One day, about noon, the church bells in all the villages scattered throughout the countryside commenced a wild and furious ringing, and old René saddled me and rode over to the nearest village to learn the cause of the uproar. The people were in the streets, embracing each other and weeping with joy and repeating over and over again: "La guerre fini!" So I knew the war was over. To me, however, its ending brought no happiness, for I thought, with bitterness, that it had not ended soon enough to save those I had learned to love. There were fireworks that night and all the people went to church and offered prayers of thanksgiving.

A month later a young Frenchman, in a cavalry private's uniform, burst into the courtyard shouting "Maman! Papa!" and out rushed old Georgette and René and clasped him in their arms and hugged him tight and kissed him. He was their boy, home from the war, unscathed, and at sight of the happiness of these old folks my heart swelled within me.

After the returned soldier had been fed, his father brought me out for the boy's inspection. Marcel (that was the son's name) looked me over with the eye of an expert, then saddled me and

rode me across the fields. When we came to a little hedge he put me at it and I cleared it nicely, which seemed to please him very much. I could see by the manner in which he looked at me and the way he inspected me that he was no fool where horses were concerned.

A week later he rode me all day into the south until we came at last to a huge cantonment filled with American soldiers. In front of headquarters he tied me to a hitching rack and entered, and a few minutes later who should come out with him to look at me but our old divisional commander, the man who had almost ruined the happiness of Ern Givens and Pat Rogan back at Doniphan. And, trotting at the general's heels, was Rogan's setter dog, Demmy, who recognized me at once and touched noses with me.

"You want to sell this horse, do you, my friend?" the general inquired in English, and Marcel replied in the same language.

"Oui, mon general. He is marvelous charger for a general."

The general came around and looked at me closely, observed the old Triangle brand on my left hip and smiled like the fox he was. "Where did you get him?"

"My father raise him, mon general!" Marcel lied.

"Both you and your father are a pair of damned liars. This horse is a stray from the —th Field Artillery of my division. I know him well. He wandered down from the front and your father picked him up. See, he has been wounded. These are the scars of old shrapnel wounds."

"But I assure the general—"

"You will not assure me of anything. This horse is not your property. You have no legal right to him and I'm going to take him away from you. He belongs to the United States Army. There are fifty men in this area who can identify him."

Marcel, who was as cunning and shrewd as any Frenchman—and as greedy—smiled and bowed politely. "Then the general will show to me the brand of his government, eh?"

Of course I wore no government brand and that was one on the old man. But he was not easily out-faced. "When I say this horse is the property of the United States Army, my friend, I do not mean quite that. He is the property of a captain in our army, a private mount."

"Ah! Then I will talk with this captain, mon general."

"He is no longer with the artillery brigade. He was wounded in July and sent home. However, I will, in his name, take charge of this horse until you prove ownership," and with the words the general shouted: "Orderly!" An orderly came running out of the

office. "Take this horse, orderly," said the general, "and turn him over to the stable sergeant of headquarters troop. Tell him he is not to let anybody have him without a written order from me."

The orderly started to untie me, but the disappointed Marcel interfered. Quite calmly the orderly slapped him out of his way and then Marcel had an inspiration. "The saddle and bridle—they are mine," he wailed. "And my father should be paid for the care he has given this horse, mon general. This is brutal—wanton—terrible!"

"Here's a hundred francs for you. Get out," the general roared. Marcel took the hundred francs and commenced to weep with rage and disappointment. The cunning fellow, realizing that I would appeal strongly to any general in need of a charger, and knowing that an American general would pay twice as much for him as any French officer could afford to pay, had planned to sell me at a price which would have represented a small fortune to his parents, but fate had led him up against the one man in the world who wanted me but who, under the circumstances, was resolved now to acquire me for a hundred francs.

The orderly stripped the saddle and bridle off me and tossed them to Marcel, while the general, his face beaming with satisfaction, passed his hands down my forelegs. "This horse never belonged to Captain Burwell," he told the orderly, "but to an enlisted man in his command, who transported him to France fraudulently. I always wanted this horse and tried to buy him in Doniphan. When I learned of Burwell's departure for home, I sent word to this horse's owner to report to me, but it seems he had become a casualty, too, by this time. In reality, therefore, this horse is nobody's property, but I'll be damned if I'll let that cunning Frog have him. I'm going to take him back to the United States. If I can locate the soldier's heirs I will send them a check, but if I cannot I imagine there can be no objection to my keeping the horse."

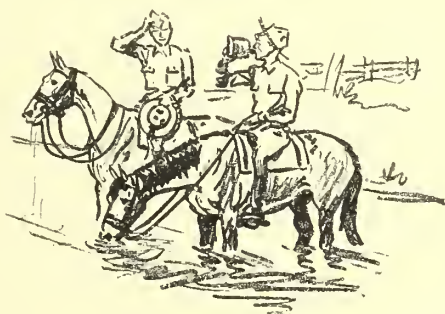
"Yes, sir," said the orderly. "As a private mount, with nobody to look after him, he's bound to be picked up by somebody, so the general might as well take him."

But the general was not destined to take me, for he was the one man in this world who I had made up my mind should never ride me. I threw up my head suddenly and struck him in the face with my forehead, knocking him down. Then I reared and struck at the orderly, who let the haltersank slip through his fingers—and I was free.

I went out of that area with the speed of a tin-canned dog. That general had helped himself to Rogan's wonderful bird dog, Demmy, but I was one thing on four legs that would die rather than permit him to possess me. I knew I would be pursued and the pursuit was not long in organizing, for presently five soldiers in a staff car came rolling down the road after me, so I took to the fields where the ground was too soft for them to follow. Across country I galloped, up over a hill and into a wooded plateau above, where I felt at last that I was free, not only of the general, but of the sly Marcel. I liked his father and mother but I would never trust HIM again.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI

ONCE more I was on the loose and once more the old primitive yearning to remain on the loose stole over me. So I struck out toward the east—



why I do not know—and day after day, with the exception of pauses to water and graze, I pressed into the east. But everywhere I went, there were men who tried to capture me—

young men just home from the war and, with the problem of rehabilitation before them, keenly alive to the value of such a horse as I was. Sometimes they pursued me long distances on horseback and finally I turned into the north because up that way there seemed to be hills and a greater area of forests.

In time I came to the Argonne Forest, although it was long before I knew it by that name. It showed plainly the effect of a great battle there, but—it was a wide area where there were neither farms nor villages. What few farms and villages had been there were heaps of rubble now, so I paused in the Argonne and decided to make my future home there. Surely (I reasoned) I will find other lost and strayed horses here.

Alas, the only horses I found were dead. They were scattered here and there throughout the mangled naked trees, and not infrequently, during my wanderings, I came across the bodies of German and American soldiers that had been overlooked by the sanitary train when collecting the corpses for burial. As I gazed upon these poor lost atoms I realized to the fullest extent one of the meanings of that word "missing."

But there were no wild horses in the Argonne Forest. I did meet, however, a poor old derelict that had formerly been a wheeler on a German light battery. He had been hit through the lungs by a machine gun bullet and left behind to die, in the (Continued on page 90)



Peter B. Kyne

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## THE AMERICAN LEGION

*National Headquarters*

INDIANAPOLIS

## *They Also Serve*

*(Continued from page 89)*

hasty retreat of his countrymen. Like all of us, however, he feared the salvage squad, so he had wandered off the road into the woods, and there, in some mysterious manner, he had been overlooked.

This German's name was Otto. I used around with him, saving him many a weary step by scouting for the best and nearest feed and then leading him to it. Although he had been one of our enemies I bore him no resentment, for he, too, had suffered and suffering makes us all equal. In the spring poor Otto died and I was left quite alone.

However, I was not lonely. The solitude, the freedom from responsibility, the wild free life, appealed to me strongly. My hair grew long and matted and my hoofs, lacking trimming, cracked and broke at the tips, but I did not miss my usual grooming because I could roll whenever I felt like it. I got through the winter very well, and in the early summer of 1919 I wandered west and helped myself to the growing crops in that sector. However, I had learned discretion and made my raids at night, retiring at dawn to the seclusion of the woods.

Thus another year passed. In the following spring I was scouting around a village not far from Metz, when I saw a farmer bringing a load of hay into his farmyard. It had been long since I had tasted good hay and this looked green and well-cured, so, observing that he had left his gate open when quitting work for the day, I came down that night after I had seen the lights go out in the house, and proceeded to help myself. And while I ate, that wily farmer, having observed me from an upper bedroom window, slipped down the back way and softly closed the gate on me.

I was a prisoner, for the wall and the gate were much too high and much too strong for me to think of attempting to leap, so I could do nothing but await whatever fate might have in store for me, which proved to be a pan of oats which the farmer held out to me next morning.

Well, I fell for those oats. Who wouldn't? And while I was eating them the farmer slipped a headstall on me and tied me in his barn. Then he summoned all his neighbors and they arrived, much excited. I believe my presence in the country was a matter of common knowledge but some believed me to be a ghost horse until they had actually felt me.

That day the crowning humiliation of my life was accomplished. They put a harness on me and hitched me to a very heavy old two wheeled cart in company with a big black Belgian. Yes, O'Malley, I was in draft at last, and when I tried to run away that stupid Belgian refused to run with me. He just sulked on his side and dared me to drag him along; when I reared and

plunged he paid no attention to me, and when I tried to kick the box of the cart to pieces the peasant laid a heavy whip across my quarters until I was glad to submit to his desires.

They drove me around in the empty cart that day and the next day I hauled hay with the Belgian. Before the week was out I was doing my share of the draft, finding it easier in the long run to play the game rather than be a continuous rebel, for, if he worked me hard that peasant fed me well. I had got myself into the difficulty.

That was a filthy place to live. The barn in which the Belgian and I were stabled had a cement floor, which is the worst thing in the world to stand a horse on, our stalls were rarely cleaned and we stood in muck up to our fetlocks; the atmosphere was vile and the farmer begrudged us half enough straw to sleep on comfortably.

I had been there about a month when one night, as the Belgian was entering his stall, he slipped on the mucky cement, fell and shattered one knee so badly that he had to be destroyed. But I noticed he was not buried. No, indeed. The village butcher bought the carcass and sold it to his customers, and when I saw that my heart was pretty heavy.

Having no other horse to work with me, that farmer now hitched me with an aged ox, who would have gored me if I had not beat a tattoo on his ribs. That made him respect me, so we finished the haying together and then started summer fallowing. Day after day we pulled an ancient plow through the black earth, and day after day hot rebellion at the disgrace rose in my heart. I was resolved to run away at the first convenient opportunity and, of course, I did not want to run away with any harness on me, otherwise I could have departed at any time. So I was patient and bided my time and one morning, as I was led out to water, I noticed that the gate into the farmyard was open. Instantly I reared and struck at the peasant. He gave ground but still held to my haltershank, so I followed him up viciously and reared and struck again. This time I frightened him into letting go the rope, whereupon I turned and fled back to the solitude of the ghostly Argonne.

I spent the winter there, but in the spring a party of Frenchmen mounted and with forty hounds baying in front of them, came through my domain. They were boar-hunting but I did not know that then. All I could think was: "Here's a big party of men and dogs combing the Argonne for me. By the Corn of Missouri (I had gotten into the habit of employing, to myself, old Tip's favorite oath) I'll let them know they've chased something," and I streaked it out ahead of the pack. There had been so many well-organized

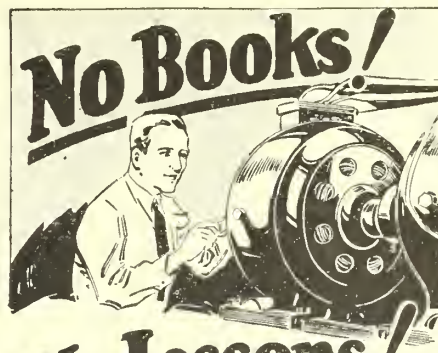
efforts to trap me made by small parties that I had grown very wary and suspicious, and now this dog party decided me to leave the Argonne. I turned across the hills into the east and soon the baying of those hounds was lost to me.

As I proceeded on my uncertain journey east it was my habit, whenever I topped a hill of commanding height, to stand there and gaze over the country below. Thus I was enabled to avoid villages and confine much of my progress to wooded areas, and thus it happened that on the third day of my new pilgrimage I topped a hill and stood gazing at something that aroused all of my curiosity. Below me lay quite a large plateau facing west, and all over the face of this plateau and running down the slopes into the valley below were thousands upon thousands of white wooden crosses rising out of a sea of flowers. It appeared to be a city of wooden crosses, with well-kept streets running between the rows.

It was almost sunset, and since this city of white crosses was deserted save for two persons, a man and a woman, and an automobile with the driver in it parked on the main road that led past this arrangement of man's, I decided to

go down and investigate. I found a low wall bordering the place, so I leaped over and walked down a path between two of the rows. And then I began to realize that I was in the last bivouac of a dead army! Yes, that was it. The Great War had been over nearly three years, and the troops had all gone home, but here reposed those who would not come back from the Great Adventure. In columns of companies, row on seemingly endless row, the men of the great lost legion were lying on dress parade. Somewhere on that vast parade ground I knew Rogan and Ern Givens were standing muster too and when I thought of Pert Havers fleeing from the fight my heart swelled with pride to think that never had a craven leg trembled against my ribs. Pert Havers was missing, but Ern and Rogan were not and never would be; when the section chiefs called the battery roll and reported to the top, of Ern and Rogan they could say, with pride: "First Sergeants Patrick Rogan and Ernest Givens absent, but accounted for. They are with the heroes."

My heart constricted as all the old grief returned. The thought came to me—a foolish thought, I know—that I might call my buddies, and I raised my head to the darkening sky and neighed. Over that silent city my heart-broken cry went—again and again and again—but no deep "yo-o-o-o!" came back to me, for while the men of the lost legion answer to their names in Romagne Cemetery only God can hear them. (Continued on page 92)



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## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 91)

Suddenly, quite close to me, a woman's voice called softly:

"Professor! Is that you, Professor?" I turned my head eagerly and nickered, for Mary Vardon was coming toward me with her hand out and her fingers snapping. "Oh, dear God, are you The Professor?" she cried as I ran to meet her—and then her arms were around my neck and my head was resting on her shoulder.

"Sam, Sam!" she called. "It IS The Professor." She took hold of my long foretop and led me down the path to where a man in civilian clothes stood beside the automobile. The man was Sam Burwell, as I saw when he walked limply toward me.

"The age of miracles is still with us, honey," he said, and took my nose between his hands and kissed it. "Yes, there's the old Triangle brand on his left hip, Mary—and he appears to have walked into some more shrapnel since I saw him last. . . . Yes, he's nobody's horse, Mary. He hasn't been curried since the armistice, I do believe, nor has he been shod. Look at the length of his hoofs . . . well, I don't care two hoots in a hollow if some Frog in this countryside DOES think he owns my horse. I know different—and this old buddy has been A. W. O. L. too long. I'm going to steal him, Mary, if it's the last act of my life. Yes, old pal, you're going home."

"I saw him when he jumped the wall," Mary Vardon cried excitedly. "The little white patches on his hide fooled me at first, even though I said to myself, 'How much that horse resembles our old Professor.' But when he raised his head and ACTUALLY called to the dead, I had to go up and investigate; when I saw the Triangle brand and realized that the little white patches were old scars of war wounds. I knew! Oh, Sam, dear, what a reunion! Here we are, out visiting the graves of your battery dead—making a little holy pilgrimage—and we find your old charger doing the same. Sam, I wonder if horses can think—if they have souls, too. Do you suppose he knew it was Memorial Day?"

Sam Burwell did not answer her, for the very simple reason that he couldn't. I was nibbling the side of his face with my lips and he was thinking of old days and the Great Adventure and the men that had ridden boot to boot with him in the old battery while the caissons were rolling along . . . he was trying not to be a cry baby.

So at length I came back to my own. I followed Sam Burwell's limousine into an adjacent village, where he hired a camion and had me loaded into it. Late that night we rolled into Paris and I was put up at a riding academy in the Bois de Boulogne. The next day I was clipped and trimmed and shod and groomed and polished until I shone—

and Sam Burwell rode me out into the Bois with Mary mounted on a French thoroughbred, and when we made a quarter mile dash at top speed I ran like a youngster, only—a quarter was all I could do. Once I would be going strong at a mile and a quarter, but now—well, I'm just an old gunner that's been gassed.

I came home across the ocean in an upholstered stall and crossed the continent to California in an upholstered express car with two grooms to look after me. And when I got out to Sam Burwell's country place here, who do you suppose came up to me and wept all over me like any lubberly boy of ten?

"I couldn't guess, unless it was The Top," O'Malley replied.

I reminded him that they had never heard that man called by any name except The Top.

"Come to think of it, I don't believe we have, have we Taffy?"

Taffy shook his head.

The Top (I resumed) is my beloved master, ex-First Sergeant Ernest Givens. He did not die that day by the pirate gun. He was hit through the body twice by machine gun bullets and recovered from that, but when the gun wheel ran over his leg he lost the old pin below the knee. Sam Burwell realized, of course, that the loss of that leg had ruined a good cowboy, so after Ern received his discharge from the service, Sam gave him a good job taking care of Mary Vardon's (that's the Commanding Officer) show-horses, and what with a liberal salary and his compensation from the Government, Ern is saving money. When I got back he had already gotten married to the girl he left behind him when he went to war—and there's no danger of his strain being lost.

SIX months have passed since I told the tale of my service to Charles O'Malley and Taffy—six quiet months, each day like its predecessor, days filled with the rich contentment that comes of good health, good food, good shelter, good care, enough exercise to keep one fit, the society of old friends who understand and above all, freedom from worry. Such days, indeed, as make one feel that the joys of the middle years far transcend those of youth—such days as old soldiers look forward to following their retirement.

Yesterday morning, just after Ern Givens had led me out of my box stall and tied me to the ring bolt in the side of the barn, preparatory to policing up my quarters, The Skipper came limping around and stood for a while in silence.

"Has the captain got something on his mind?" Ern inquired presently.

Sam Burwell nodded. "You're fired," he replied shortly. "Busted flatter than soup on a plate. Sorry to have to let

you go, Givens, but I have a good man coming to take your place this morning."

Ern looked stunned but made no complaint. He wouldn't, of course, because he wasn't that kind. He merely nodded. "Very well, sir. I've been mighty happy in your employ all these years, and I thank you for keeping me on. Of course I realize that the job calls for a more active man, although I don't mind telling the captain that I've met men with two legs who couldn't handle the job as well as I have with a leg and a half."

The Skipper put his arm around Ern Given's shoulder. "Good old red-leg," he cried. "You always could take them right on the nose without whimpering. Yes, you're fired from this job and promoted to a better one—one that you're eminently qualified to fill. When my father passed away and left me the Triangle ranch, he left me also his old general manager, who had been too long on the payroll to be fired, even if he deserved it, which he did not. I thought some of retiring him on an ample pension, but realizing that would break his heart I have permitted him to stay on. And now he has resigned to go into the cow business in a small way on his own. Your cork leg wouldn't be a handicap in the management of the Triangle ranch, because your riding boss can look after the details and I'll furnish a nice automobile for you and one of the boys can drive it. Your job will be to use your head and make that ranch pay dividends. Any objection to my program?"

"Yes," Ern Givens shot back at him. "I'll drive my own car and put that cowboy chauffeur in a saddle, where he won't be a luxury. That ranch'll be run as a ranch should be run and not as a rich man's plaything. Thanks for the promotion, Skipper. I'll take it. I like cows. I understand them and, to tell you the truth, I've been lonely for some wide spaces for a long time. This is a nice job but it makes me feel like a crippled retainer. Not enough work for the salary you pay me. But I'm a cowman and a good cowman, if I do say so. If anybody can make your ranch pay dividends I can."

"Then that detail is settled. Your salary will be five hundred a month, with a nice house for yourself and family, free light, telephone and water, vegetables, beef and poultry. I suppose you'll do some riding, and of course you'll want a horse you can trust. I'll have The Professor expressed to the ranch."

"You must not, sir. He belongs to The Commanding Officer now. She found him, you know. And besides, The Professor is on the retired list, and if I'm going to make your ranch pay dividends I can't have any boarders hanging around. Every horse in the remuda must earn his keep, and as a cow horse The Professor can never again do the things he used to do. When he's

pressed a little hard he whistles—and that hurts me."

"Have it your own way."

"Who have you got to take my place here, sir?"

"Some old retired first sergeant of Field Artillery. A few months ago I wrote to the commandant of the school of fire at Fort Sill and asked him to keep his eye open for some good old non-commissioned officer about to go on the retired list but capable thereafter of looking after a string of horses. The commandant is sending me such a man and has wired me that your relief should report for duty to-day or to-morrow. He says I'll be satisfied with this man but that if I am not to notify him, as he has other jobs he can secure for the man."

"There's a car turning into the avenue now, sir," Ern declared. "I wonder if this is the man."

When the car rolled into the stable yard we saw a gray-haired man seated in the tonneau with a black-haired woman at his side. The man appeared to be about fifty years of age and the woman in the early thirties. She had a baby in her lap, a little girl about five sat between them and a boy of about ten sat on the seat with the driver. The man's hat was pulled down over his eyes and I could not see his face clearly, yet there was something very familiar about him and the woman. I noticed, too, that the man wore with his civilian clothing shoes of the old light regular army issue. He came to attention and saluted Sam Burwell.

"Sir," he said in a pronounced Irish accent, "Firrst Sergeant Rogan, Retired, reports to the captain."

"Rogan," said Sam Burwell in a small, awed voice, "you're a great disappointment to me. The last time I saw your old carcass it was fit for burial. How dare you, of all men, report to me."

"Ochone," Rogan replied in the mock agony tones of one who believes himself to be hardly used, "'tis no fault av mine or ould Fritz' for that matther. I'm afraid, sir, it's jist because I'm bad black Irish and hard to kill."

Then Ern Givens said something. I may not repeat here what he said, but it was soldier talk and terrible. "You dirty old skunk," he yelled, and then with a hop, skip and a jump, he was beside Rogan.

"Ernie—ye blackguard!" Rogan roared, and then they were in each other's arms, pounding each other on the back and rolling out the choicest line of affectionate abuse any horse ever heard. Sam Burwell stood by, smiling at their happiness, and I gathered that he had known all along that Rogan was coming back and had staged this little reunion for the two old buddies.

"Well, say howdy to The Professor. Rogan," Sam ordered presently.

"Well, may I never," Rogan yelled. "Professor, ye ould darlin', shake hands wit' me."

So I thrust (Continued on page 94)



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## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 93)

out my front leg and we duked each  
other, and then old Pat put his arms  
around me and kissed me on the nose  
and wept a little because words and  
affectionate thumpings were not suf-  
ficient to express what was in his  
heart. Then he shook hands respect-  
fully with The Skipper and after that  
the trio departed for the house and  
Rogan and Ern did not return for an  
hour. When they did I saw that they  
had been talking over old times and  
dipping their noses into something  
stronger than coffee. They had com-  
pletely forgotten Rogan's wife and  
family seated in the car, but Laurette  
didn't seem to mind.

"Cherie," she called to the two old  
reprobates, "you are a leetle zig-zag."

"A little?" Rogan yelled. "I'm pie-  
eyed an' glad of it."

"I am desolate," Laurette complained.  
"Monsieur Geevens has passed me up  
like white cheep on the floor of Monte  
Carlo."

"Good Lord!" cried Ern. "Is that  
Laurette? I thought she and the kids  
were other passengers this jitney had to  
deliver in the neighborhood."

So Laurette hopped out and Ern  
hugged her and the kids and Laurette got  
excited and did all the talking and some  
weeping. Then they all went over to  
Ern's bungalow to meet Mrs. Ern and  
compare their children, and I was left  
for two hours without food or water.  
Of course, in the midst of all that tur-  
moil, Rogan had no opportunity to tell  
Ern his story, so when, eventually, they  
returned to the stables together and Ro-  
gan gravely examined all my old scars  
and there was nobody to interrupt him,  
the story came out.

"It," began Rogan, "was a close call,  
although, God knows, I'd had thim be-  
fore." He removed his hat and showed  
Ern a long white, jagged scar along the  
side of his head. "Some bone and a  
spoonful av brains wint wit' that," he  
continued, "but not enough to ruin me  
milit'ry morals or desthroy me horse  
sinse. The same shell took away a bit  
av me sirloin an' a piece av the round.  
I remember holdin' on to me failin'  
sinses long enough to put Tip out av  
his misery; thim the lights wint out an'  
whin they come on agin 'twas a month  
later in hospital. Four months I was in  
that hospital an' whin I was able to  
get about on crutches they sent me down  
to Nice to convalesce. Whilst there I  
met wan av the ould batt'ery—little  
Bob Hanford that used to ride swing  
on No. 2 piece. From him I heard that  
The Skipper an' you had both been kilt,  
so whin I finally quit cryin' I thought  
no more av the ould outfit or av thryin'  
to get back to it. I'd managed to get  
paid in the meantime, so I sint for  
Laurette an' we were four more months  
on the Riviera in a bit av a house we

rinted, wit' Laurette takin' good care  
av me. The lad was born there, an'  
whin Laurette was able to move, be-  
the same token I was too, so home  
we came at govermint expinse. The  
A. E. F. was scattered to hell be that  
time an' I made no effort to get in  
touch wit' what was left of our ould  
batt'ry, not being fit for djooty as yet.

"Well, sir, in the course av time, a  
medical board looked me over. I was  
a bit shitt in me legs on account av the  
scars dhrawin' a bit, but I knew time  
would remedy that, provided they give  
it to me, which they declined to do,  
although I plead wit' thim to remimber  
I was an old soger close to me retiremint  
an' what good would it do to rob me  
of me retiremint pay an' substitute the  
insurance compensation, which would  
only be taken away from me or rejected  
to a pittance once I could walk wit'out  
too much limp'in'. I bluffed thim that  
day an' got a promise to reconsidher me,  
an' whilst they were reconsidherin' me  
I wint A. W. O. L. an' down to Wash-  
ington to see me ould friend, General  
William Snow, the chief av Field Artil-  
lery. I towld the ginerall what the ras-  
cals av docthors were tryin' to do to  
me, an' faith he was sympathetic enough.  
But for all his sympathy, I could see he  
was not minded to poke his nose into  
the business av the medical departmint,  
so before he could tell me so I pulled  
a fast wan on him. Sure, I'd been too  
long in the service not to know that  
the only chance I had of shtayin' till  
me retiremint was to invint a sound  
milit'ry excuse for cuttin' red tape.  
'Sir,' say I to the ginerall (an' may God  
forgive me the lie!) 'for years I've had  
in the back av me head an idjea for  
great improvemints on the saddle for  
pack artillery, but divil a bit av spare  
time have I had to wurk it out. An'  
what good, sir, is an idjea av that nature  
to the artillery if I carry it back to  
civil life wit' me?'

"Divil a hair, Rogan," says he,  
cockin' up the two ears av him at once.

"Thru'e for the ginerall," says I. 'The  
presint saddle is far from efficient. The  
weight is not distributed fairly on the  
mule's back, an' as a result what have  
we got? A picket line av mules wit'  
sore backs. I want to make a saddle  
that'll be handier to pack an' unpack,  
that'll fit the animal's back wit'out gal-  
lin' the crature, an' whin I do that,  
sure 'tis little enough to ask that the  
saddle be named afther me. The Rogan  
saddle for pack arthillery, eh, sir? What  
a fittin' finish to me long an' honorable  
service, sir?'

"Hum-m-m!" says the ginerall, and  
commenced walkin' up an' down.  
'You're right about the presint saddle,  
Rogan. God knows you've had a wurld  
av experience wit' it, an' if any man  
should know what's wrong wit' it you

should. I'll do what I can for you, Rogan. I'll see the surgeon-gineral of the Army this very mornin' and see what he can do for you.'

"For all me stiffness I fairly floated out av the good man's presence, an' two days later the examin'in' board marked me as ye would an old highway in process av repair: Dangerous but passable.

"I knew what would happen. Havin' done that much for me, the gineral would sind me as far away from him as he could so he wouldn't have me botherin' him askin' for favors he couldn't grant me in the future. Sure enough he had me assigned to Fort Sill, and there, for the sin av tellin' lies, they put me in the saddlery shop an' towld me to invint to me heart's contint. I'd perfected wan improvemint by the time me enlistment had expired, so they could do no less than let me hold up me right hand for three years more in order to finish the great job. So at long last I finished me saddle, an', considerin' the fact that I hadn't the ghost av an idjea in me head whin I stharterd, begorra I inded up by havin' a damned fine saddle for pack artillery named afther me. an' received a complimentary letter from the chief av artillery himself. As for

the commandant at Fort Sill, he was so plazed that whin I come up for enlistment agin he towld the medical officer to take me word for me physical condition an' to have a care would he undhress me lookin' for physical defects.

"'Begorra,' says he, 'Rogan's head is O. K. an' I'll be usin' that same head to advantage until he retires.' Which he did. He made me instructor av horsemastership an' the care av animals, an' whin I retired it was as top sergeant av a batt'ery for the last day av me service, so I could dhrav the three-quarters pay av that rank. Thin the regimint was paraded for me, an' the school band played me to the depot afther all the officers at the post had shook me hand an' wished me well. So here I am, provin' that come Sunday, God'll sind Monday an' I'll always have somebody to take care of me."

"Hurrah for hell!" Ern Givens yelled, and commenced singing Caissons Rolling Along. Rogan hit me a smart slap on the rump. "And be the Rock av Cashel," he yelled, "we kept thim rollin'."

**W**ELL, the caissons are still rolling along. I know this is so because Rogan has a habit of sitting on an upturned bucket in the feed room after the day's work is done, and gazing at me as

I look out of my box stall at him. He smokes thoughtfully, but there is a far-away look in his eyes and I know that in his mind's eye he is watching imaginary privates grooming imaginary horses on an imaginary picket line. At other times I know that he sees on the side of the barn long lines of combat troops slogging through heat and mud and rain, men in khaki swarming over the Tartar Wall while Reilly's Battery pounds upon the Gate with three point two shell, demanding admittance. I know he sees long tropic vistas down which wind in single file the stout little pack mules of a mountain howitzer outfit, with old lost Tip mincing along at their head. And then this vision fades and the old comrades pass in review—some taking their last ride on a caisson with the Flag draped about them, bound for pretty little well-cared-for cemeteries in forgotten army posts in the days when peace gave time for sentiment—others squelching under the gun wheels when they fell, mingling their

flesh and blood with the soil of France and left behind for the rats.

Old soldier memories; bitter memories; poignant memories, glorious memories of big men, little men, beggar men and thieves trained to the common faith

that kept the caissons rolling along! I have a feeling that some day Laurette will come over from their bungalow to waken Rogan as he sits there on that upturned bucket—and when she touches him he will not be there. When he grooms me he has to rest frequently; he wheezes so I suspect a touch of gas; he trembles at times and leans against me and sighs, so I know the war took out of him much more than he will admit. But his future is secure and he has bred children and known, at last, the comforts of domesticity and the joys of paternity. I am comforted by the thought that he and my beloved Ern are very happy, nevertheless, and I am glad that together we drank deeply of the wells of life. The long pleasant years stretch ahead of us, who have borne the heat and the burdens of the day and while I miss Ern and will, in all probability, never see him again, I am content, for I know that all is well with him and that up to the last I shall have my other comrades around me. When I grow too old to masticate my food there will be no long, lingering death by starvation and malnutrition for me. Rogan will look me over and he will know! And then he'll borrow The Skipper's old service pistol and kiss me and put the barrel in my ear and let me blink out like a soldier. Dear old Rogan!

THE END



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Without cost or obligation, please send me full details of your home-study course in

### ELECTRICITY

Name .....

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## TEN MAGAZINES for 10¢

**10¢ NOW**  
The smartest, most interesting, entertaining and instructive Magazine in America! 10 weeks for only 10¢. Special introductory offer. No magazine like it. Full of important facts, pictures and the best, most popular fiction. For all members of the family. Send name, address and 10 cents immediately. Grab this limited offer now. The Pathfinder, Dept. N-7, Washington, D. C.

## ★ WORK FOR UNCLE SAM ★

\$1700—\$3100 year. Ex-Service men get preference. Vacations. Short hours. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book with list of positions and particulars on how to get them.

### FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. R-185

Rochester, N. Y.

## 10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

### Sent on Trial

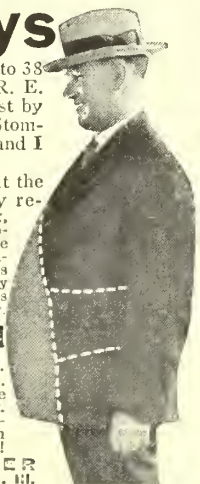
Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

**LONDON & WARNER**  
332 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....



## Clipping Coupons!!

**D**URING 1926, national advertisers spent more than \$176,000,000 for advertising space in ninety-two magazines. Naturally, these advertisers didn't spend this huge sum just because they liked to see the name of their products in print. Their reasons for advertising were perfectly logical and legitimate—they wanted to find new buyers for their product and so, increase sales.

It's often been demonstrated that the intelligent advertising of a good product—fairly priced—will increase the demand and consequently the sale of that product. However, many factors enter into "intelligent advertising."

One of the big problems that faces every advertiser is—"What magazines shall we use?" At the present time, there are more than 3,500 weekly and monthly magazines published in the United States. The cost of *one* page of advertising ranges from \$10,000 down—depending on the magazine's circulation and the size of the printed page. Obviously, no advertiser can use every magazine published. He must select a group of publications that will reach the greatest number of logical prospects at a minimum cost.

To do this isn't as easy as it might seem. Numerous conferences are held to determine just what magazines shall be used. In the meantime, the solicitors from the thirty-five hundred magazines are calling on the advertiser. Each solicitor claims that he represents the best publication. Eventually, the magazines are selected and the advertising campaign launched.

Some advertisers use a very simple and ingenious method to substantiate their choice of magazines and to find out whether their advertisements are being read. They use what is known

as *keyed copy*. That is, the coupons appearing in the advertisement have some distinguishing mark such as "Suite 4-B," or "Dept. 32" or "A.L.M.7." All of which means something to the advertiser when he receives the coupon. For instance, "A.L.M.7" could mean "Advertisement that appeared in The American Legion Monthly for July." And, from the number of coupons bearing a magazine's *key*, the advertiser finds out whether his message is going over in that particular publication.

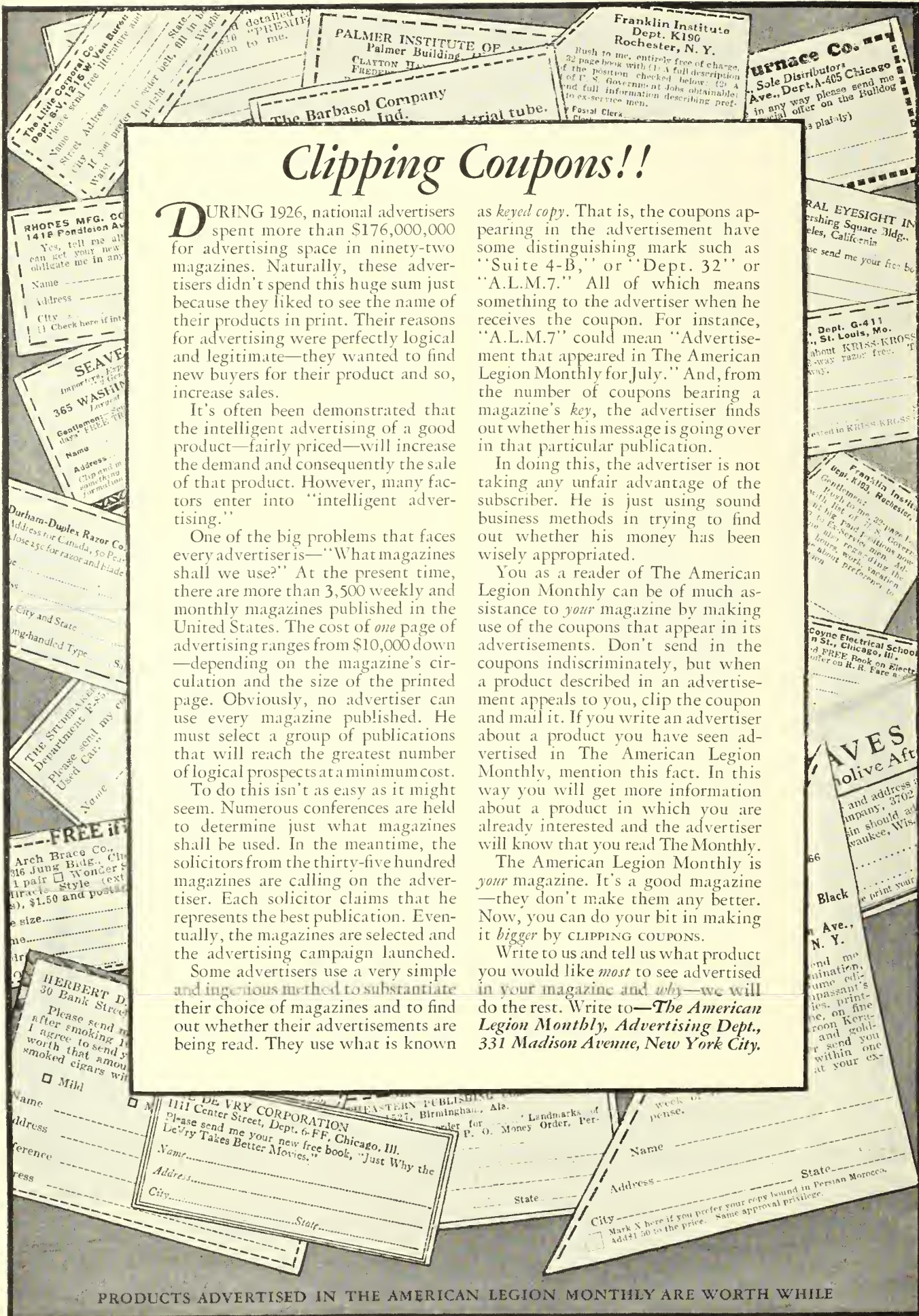
In doing this, the advertiser is not taking any unfair advantage of the subscriber. He is just using sound business methods in trying to find out whether his money has been wisely appropriated.

You as a reader of The American Legion Monthly can be of much assistance to *your* magazine by making use of the coupons that appear in its advertisements. Don't send in the coupons indiscriminately, but when a product described in an advertisement appeals to you, clip the coupon and mail it. If you write an advertiser about a product you have seen advertised in The American Legion Monthly, mention this fact. In this way you will get more information about a product in which you are already interested and the advertiser will know that you read The Monthly.

The American Legion Monthly is *your* magazine. It's a good magazine—they don't make them any better. Now, you can do your bit in making it *bigger* by CLIPPING COUPONS.

Write to us and tell us what product you would like *most* to see advertised in *your* magazine and *why*—we will do the rest. Write to—**The American Legion Monthly, Advertising Dept., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.**

PRODUCTS ADVERTISED IN THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY ARE WORTH WHILE





*For Legionnaires Only!*



**Y**OUR copy of the 1927 Emblem Catalogue is ready to mail. Write for it today. It's free to Legionnaires.

This interesting booklet illustrates and describes many useful and attractive articles, all of which bear the American Legion emblem, and all of which are moderately priced. And none but Legionnaires may profit by the low prices!

The selection includes *rings, jewelry, post supplies, flags, post banners, caps, grave markers, automatic lighters, auto emblems* and a score of other attractive and practical emblem combinations, all of which have been designed for your personal use.

The coupon brings your FREE copy of this interesting catalogue beautifully illustrated in colors. Mail it today!

THE AMERICAN LEGION  
Emblem Division  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Gentlemen:

Please send me a FREE copy of the 1927 Emblem Catalogue. It is understood that this will in no way obligate me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Post No. \_\_\_\_\_ Dept. \_\_\_\_\_

11-27

THE AMERICAN LEGION

Emblem Division  
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



*Nothing stops 'em!*



*For four consecutive years  
America's fastest growing  
cigarette. It's a clear field  
ahead for this cigarette  
of pure natural tobacco  
taste and fragrance...*

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.